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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 18, 1948

10¢

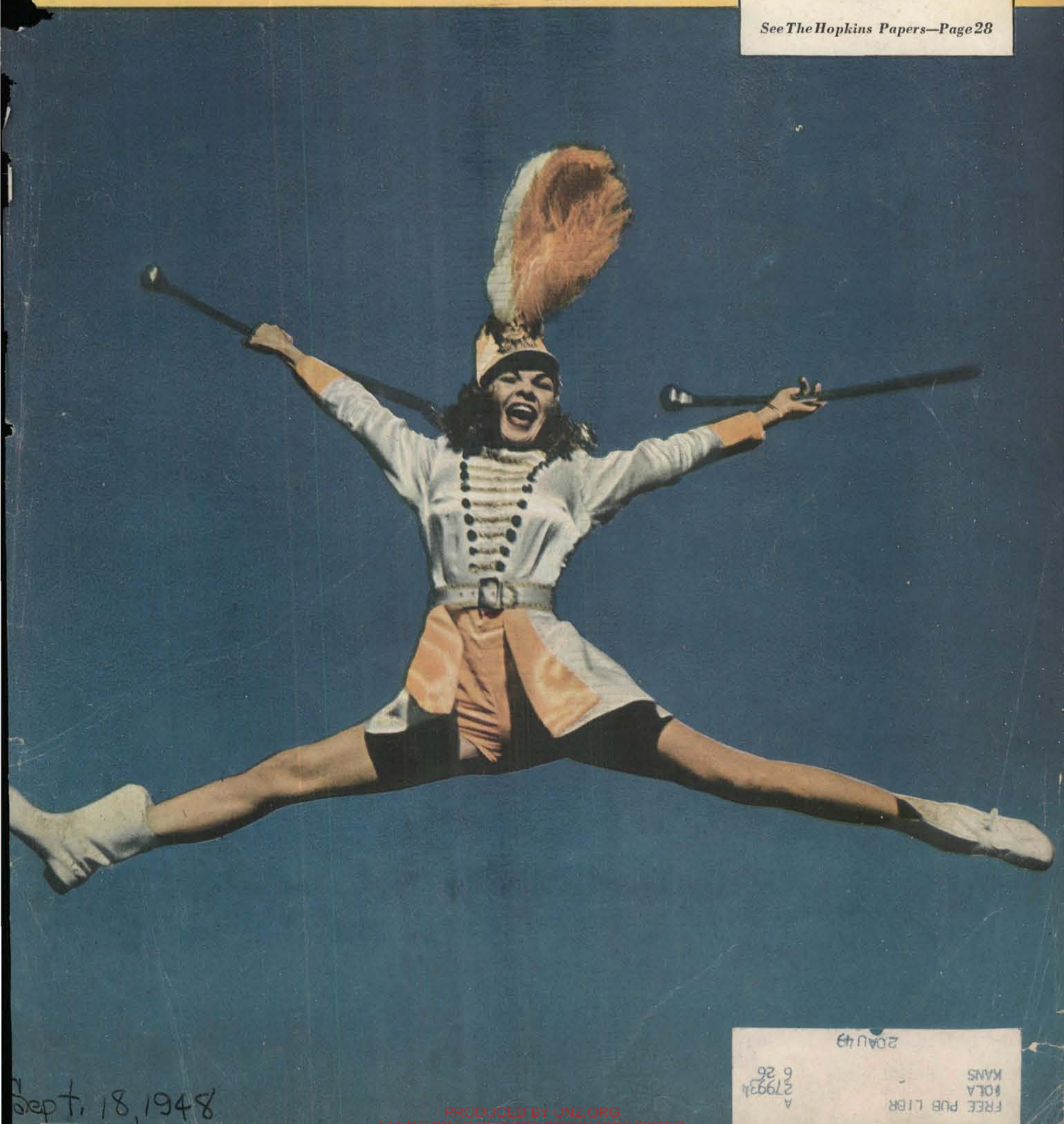
How the Reds Snatched Wallace

By Louis F. Budenz

—

The dying Hopkins flies a last mission to Moscow

See The Hopkins Papers—Page 28



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The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is that you, yourself, seldom realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be absent one day and present the next. And when it *is* present it stamps you as an objectionable person to be avoided.

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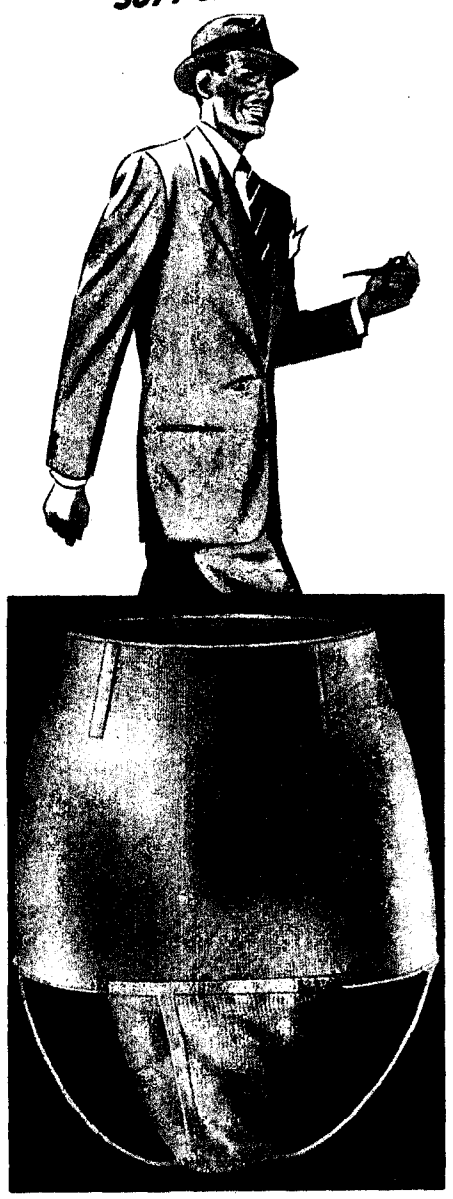

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Collier's

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This Week SEPTEMBER 18, 1948

Fiction

MARRIAGE '48 (*The first of five parts*) *by Vera Caspary* 11

★ THE WEDDING PRESENT (*The Star Story*) *by Stuart Cloete* 16

SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW *by Josephine Bentham* 20

THE GLASS CORNET *by Kingsley Tufts* 26

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET (*Serial Story. Conclusion*) *by Edwin Lanham* 54

DUFFY TAKES A HAND (*The Short Short Story*) *by Jerome Brondfield* 78

Articles

HOW THE REDS SNATCHED HENRY WALLACE *by Louis Francis Budenz* 14

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST STORE *by Dickson Hartwell* 18

NANCY AND ME *by Ernie Bushmiller* 23

A PRINCESS SELLS HER SARONG *by Bill Davidson* 24

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS (*Conclusion. Last Mission to Moscow*) *by Robert E. Sherwood* 28

HAS POLIO MET ITS MATCH? *by J. D. Ratcliff* 30

THE HUMAN FEMALE *by Corey Ford* 32

Departments

THE WEEK'S MAIL *from our readers* 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD *by Freling Foster* 6

THE WEEK'S WORK *by Ted Shane* 8

INSIDE SPORTS *by Bill Fay* 34

COLLIER'S BELIEVES: *In This Day and Age* 86

COVER *by Ardean Miller III*

The Week's Mail

THE TROUBLE WITH PSYCHIATRY

DEAR SIR: I wish to put up an argument against the two decisions reached by the "Seminar in Emotions" as set forth in Lester Velie's Does Your Job Make Yo Sick? (July 24th) namely, that a man should worry as much as he likes, and that it is quite all right to get as mad as you want providing your behavior is controlled.

It is a known scientific fact that both worry and anger are not only physically harmful but they actually draw worry and anger from others. The mind cannot function in a normal manner, the senses are restricted, the heart is affected, and enough of these two negative elements will cause actual physical illness, which every doctor knows.

They amount to a slow accumulation of poison and bad habits. Calm thinking, after the worrying has passed, has brought good results, and forgiveness after the anger.

The fault with psychiatrists is that they take this body and this brain as being all there is of life. They entirely ignore God, the true forces of life, the purpose of life. They teach people deliberately to limit their vision and their reason; to take a fault, such as worry and getting mad, and encourage it.

To tell people that they should continue to worry is like telling them there is nc hope for them.

IRMA P. CARLSON, Seattle, Wash

I LOVED F.D.R., BY W. PEGLER

DEAR SIR: The public has had an oppor tunity to read all about the late Franklir Delano Roosevelt in articles by everyon from Farley to Fala, and we have had tha

(Continued on page 49)

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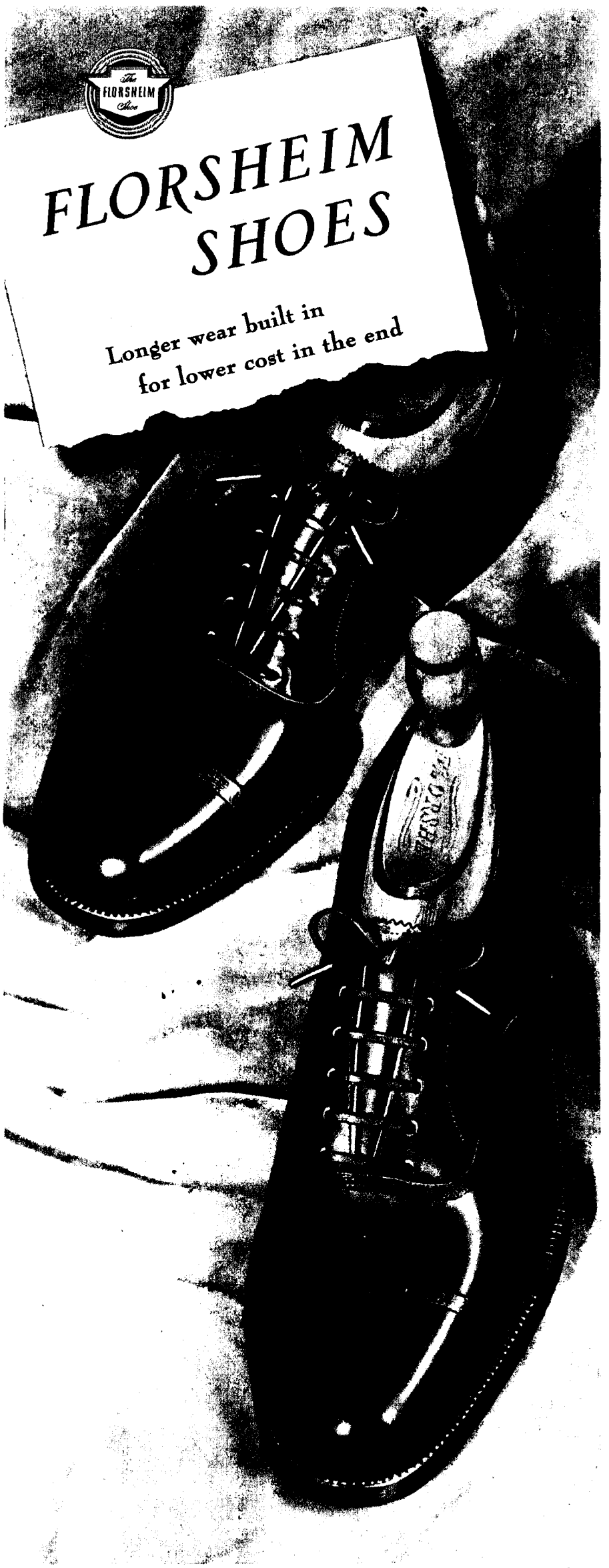

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

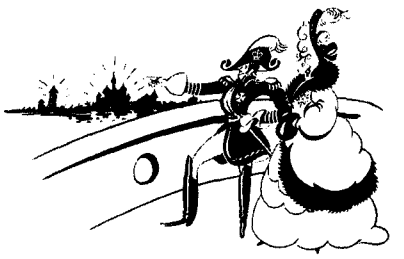
BY FRELING FOSTER

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, before fingerprint experts knew that prints could be successfully forged and transferred, a Chicago jeweler perfected such a process, as a hobby, shortly before he was sentenced to serve a prison term for sedition. Wishing to demonstrate his method before a convention of criminologists, he sought but was refused permission by the warden, who called his assertions nonsense. So the inmate, when alone in the prison office a few days later, took some money from the safe and planted the prints of the warden's son on the door. The next morning, after the robbery had been discovered and the fingerprints identified, the prisoner explained why and how he did it, much to the warden's relief.

SAILORS ARE BELIEVED to be the only occupational group that has its own private heaven, a paradise called "Fiddler's Green." Every good seaman hopes to go there when he dies, because it is a happy land where he has nothing to do but drink, sing and dance forever with a pretty lass.

MANY FAMILY NAMES in the United States are still spelled in an amazing and confusing number of ways, among the outstanding being Bailey, with 25 spellings, Snyder with 29, Burke with 40 and Baer with 45.

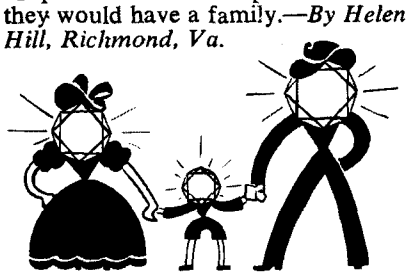
THE MOST STUPENDOUS and costly deception of all time was played on Catherine the Great of Russia in 1787 by Potemkin, her field marshal. Believing his claim that he had already populated and made prosperous her recently conquered Crimea, she insisted on visiting the once-barren territory to see his fabulous achievements. Eventually, he took the empress on a 1,200-mile trip down the Dnieper River and proudly showed her—from the deck of the boat—hundreds of large farms, fields of crops and thriving villages filled



with happy peasants. But Catherine did not learn for many years that everything she had seen had been staged, that the towns were made of theatrical scenery and populated by actors, and that all the sets and performers were transported ahead each night. On this gigantic hoax, Potemkin spent three years and nearly $4,000,000,000.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR belief, it is almost ten times easier to shoot a hole in one in golf than it is to roll a perfect game of 12 consecutive strikes in bowling, as the odds against the golfer are 30,000 to one; against the bowler, 290,000 to one.

AN AGE-OLD BELIEF which persisted up to the 20th century was that various gems had sex and could reproduce offspring. In fact, as late as 1913, many a pearl diver of Borneo still frequently laid away a likely pair of pearls with the expectation that they would have a family.—*By Helen Hill, Richmond, Va.*



DE ZAYAS

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THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

distinguish these favorites

A coat of short, white hair decorated with black or brown polka-dots identifies the **DALMATIAN**—favorite mascot of America's fire departments.

The **AFGHAN HOUND** is distinguished by his long, aristocratic nose and a unique "hair do" that flows down over his neck and ears.

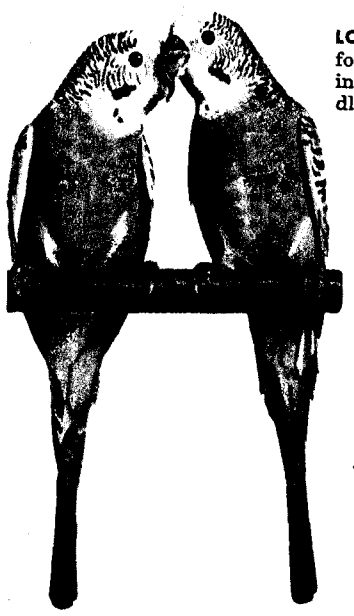
If you see a dog that looks like a lamb, you can be sure it's a **BEDLINGTON TERRIER.**

Three aquarium favorites:

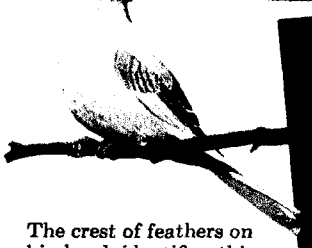
ANGEL FISH—marked by large, crescent-shaped fins that suggest the wings of an angel.

RASBORA—characterized by a funnel-shaped spot that covers rear half of body.

ZEBRA FISH—identified by dark stripes running from gills to tail.



LOVE BIRDS are known for their habit of perching in pairs and cuddling up to each other.



The crest of feathers on his head identifies this saucy little songster as a **TOP-KNOT** canary.

When you buy gasoline...

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

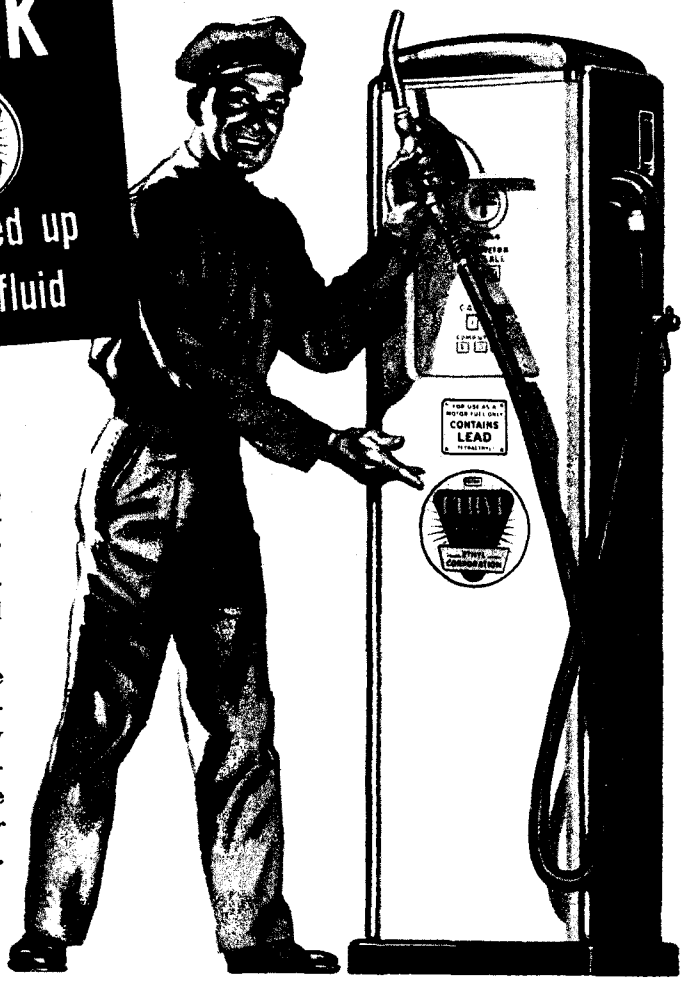
identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

You can tell a **PERSIAN** or Angora cat by the long, soft, glossy fur that forms a thick ruff around the neck.

Slant eyes, bright blue in color, and a dark mask on his face make it easy to recognize a **SIAMESE** cat.

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trademarks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*



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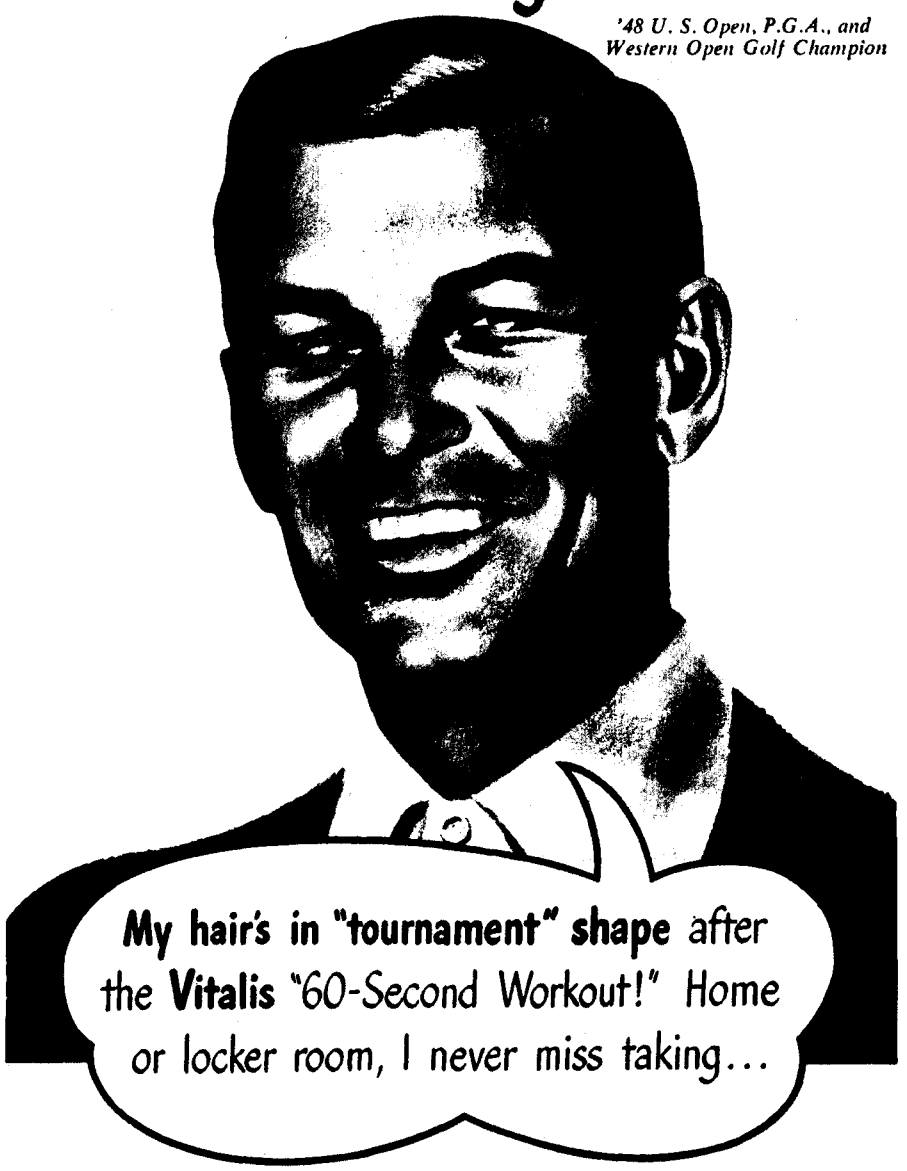
Working Out with Ben Hogan

'48 U. S. Open, P.G.A., and Western Open Golf Champion



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"10 seconds to comb." Now there is hair that looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Just *pure vegetable oil* that prevents dryness, keeps hair in place. Get Vitalis today!

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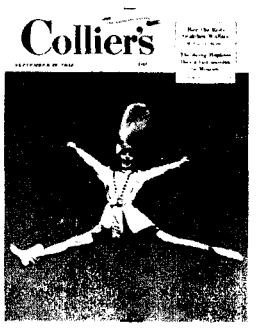

The Week's Work

IN HIS article, How The Reds Snatched Wallace (p. 14), Louis Francis Budenz raises the Iron Curtain to reveal Communist intrigue to obtain "custody" of Mr. Wallace. These revelations will be incorporated in Mr. Budenz's new book, Men Without Faces.

Mr. Budenz, it will be recalled, is the former managing editor of *The Daily Worker,* and a member of the Communist National Committee, who publicly renounced Communism and returned to the "faith of my fathers, the Catholic Church."

Born in Indianapolis on July 17, 1891, fourth-generation American, Mr. Budenz attended Xavier University in Cincinnati, St. Mary College in Kansas, and was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1912. In 1915 he entered municipal and labor reform work, and in subsequent years, was arrested twenty-one times in labor disputes and acquitted twenty-one times, gaining himself quite a reputation for breaking down legal barriers to organization.

Papa Budenz and Joanna enjoy the sunshine of a brand-new existence

Joining the Communist party in 1935, Mr. Budenz did comradely work till October 11, 1945, when he, his non-Catholic wife, and three daughters were received back into the fold at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who has influenced Mr. Budenz considerably, received them.

After a "year of silence," teaching at Notre Dame, Mr. Budenz exposed Moscow agent Gerhard Eisler over the radio. Mr. Budenz is now professor of economics, teaching labor relations at Fordham University.

THE latest of a long line of charming stories of adolescence by Josephine Bentham is She's a Big Girl Now (p. 20). She explains:

"In writing of young people, I have relied almost wholly on the memory of my own youth, because I feel that the emotions of youth don't change much. Every experience encountered for the first time is likely to lift one to the heights, or dash one to the very depths.

"What I remember most vividly is the embarrassment I was continually enduring. Just about everything I said, did or wore seemed the wrong thing to say, do or wear. I was convinced anyone who witnessed any small blunder of mine would remember and talk about it for the rest of his life. Imagining myself the center of the universe made life interesting, but difficult. And I am virtually sure, when I talk to young people today, that they are in the same dire but fascinating predicament."

THE new serial: Vera Caspary describes Marriage '48, beginning its romantic course on page 11, as the illegitimate child of a trip to Arizona, and a newspaper clipping. She and I. G. Goldsmith, a British scenarist who has made pictures of a couple of Caspary novels, drove through Yuma last year and were astonished by the billboards advertising Cozy Marriage Chapels, with Quick Bride & Groom Service. Goldsmith said there ought to be a story in this assembly-line matrimonial business.

A short time later Miss Caspary read that there was one divorce in every three marriages during the first year. This fitted in nicely with the Marriage-an-Hour-Quick-Service billboards—and so a story was born. Miss Caspary sat down and wrote the serial; while Mr. Goldsmith did a screen play for Warner's.

As for Miss Caspary, she says she's a graduate of the Cheese & Sausage Mail Order Business. "My first published work," she confesses, "was an ad entitled Rat Bites Sleeping Child. From that I progressed to milking machines, corsets, cosmetics and correspondence courses."

Later, she was editor of The Fingerprint, The Dance, and a Broadway throwaway. "Then after I had written my first novel and my first play had flopped," she says, "I settled down in Greenwich Village and kept writing.

"Like everyone else I had a Connecticut house and vowed I'd never live in Hollywood. So now I live on a Beverly Hills summit. I work in the studios about six weeks a year and cultivate my garden." (N.B. The three bride outfits illustrated on p. 11 were furnished by Russek's Fifth Avenue.)

This week's cover: Split Personality. The lovely drum majorette suspended in mid-air is Muriel Marshall, who is twenty-two, and attended the University of Miami. Muriel's married to Robert A. Marshall, is Florida State Baton Twirling Champ, and All America Majorette, was Orange Bowl Queen in '44, and Miss Florida in '43. Ardean Miller III made the shot in Florida. . . .

TED SHANE

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HONEYMOON IN THE SMOKY MOUNTAINS. Known as the "Land of the Sky," the mountain areas of North Carolina and Tennessee unfold their magic in verdant, peaceful forests and lofty, blue-tinged peaks. Painted by Hobson Pittman for the De Beers Collection.

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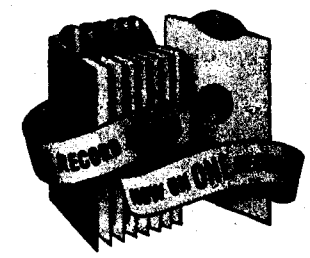

A full release of over 100 classical and popular, long playing records, issued by Columbia, are now on sale at record dealers. New releases of high fidelity recordings will be issued regularly.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 122, NO. 12

SEPTEMBER 18, 1948

Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Beginning a new and significant novel of today in which the distinguished author of Laura describes the erratic and stormy course of three modern marriages, each conceived in love, faith, and shining hope—and all haunted by the bitter specter of divorce

NO MATTER how unsentimental you think you are, nor how sturdily you vow you'll not let it affect your heartbeat, when the day comes, you go hollow. Some say it's like butterflies in your stomach, but to Lilith it was more like scorpions. If this had been her first wedding there might have been excuse, but now, on the fifth of June in the year of Our Lord, 1948, she was sufficiently aged and ripened (or so she thought) to take a dispassionate view of marriage.

With a formal wedding there would have been a million details to absorb her anxieties. Her first had been a nightmare tangle of caterers, striped trousers, silver mayonnaise bowls and distant cousins. She had been eighteen then, her fear dewy-eyed. Today, with two marriages behind her, fear was the fleshless image of failure. The only thing that kept her from putting on her old slack suit and whisking off in the roadster was her faith in Henry Fowler. Lilith had once described him as having bowels; a

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nasty word but good enough for Shakespeare. Like everyone else Henry had his weaknesses, but he was not afraid of the diving-off place.

She rose that morning quite as if it were an ordinary day, had her fruit juice and coffee in bed, read the newspaper and dressed in her gray suit. As a last-minute concession to the day's importance she chose a pair of new white gloves which had been sent to her from Paris, with eleven other pairs, by an old admirer. Except for Henry's white orchid, she was less like a bride than a worldly young woman setting out for a morning cocktail party.

She had her best friend and business partner, Margery Sears, standing up with her, and Henry had brought Stanforth Grimes, a solemn pathologist in rimless spectacles, as best man. As they got into Henry's sedan, it looked more like a double date than a wedding, with Margery making coy advances to the pathologist.

OUTWARDLY Lilith and Margery were somewhat alike—the sort of young women who walk arrogantly into the best restaurants and make demands on headwaiters. In the tilt of their hats, the way their gloves crumpled at the wrists and the manner in which strings of small furs were slung over their shoulders was the air of breeding, experience and superb self-confidence. Lilith was softer, more appealing. Although she had tried, with all the perversions of fashion, to deny conventional prettiness, she could not disguise the symmetry of her features nor the fresh charm of her coloring. A slight slant gave distinction to her bright blue eyes and the freckles dotted on her nose were a welcome flaw. She wore her dark brown hair untinted.

"Nervous?" asked Henry as he started the car.

She pushed off the memory of an item she had read in the morning paper, and said, "Of course not."

"Well, I am."

"When you've been married as often as I have, darling, you'll find it's no worse than a hang-over." The metaphor she thought, was apt; falling in love being the intoxication, marriage the hang-over. But she wisely kept it under her hat. Although Lilith had often laughed at Henry for taking life seriously and had teased him about his righteousness, she loved him for his virtues rather than in spite of them.

Why else had she consented to a church wedding? It was not at all necessary for moderns of their sort. Neither she nor Henry had a relation within three thousand miles. But he wanted to please his mother. Old Mrs. Fowler had never been near California, but she was an invalid and amused herself with movie magazines so that she knew more about the Little Church in the Vale than Lilith who lived within ten miles of it. To please his mother Henry had chosen an altar at which many movie stars had taken their vows. Corny, Lilith had termed it, adding that if her friends knew, they would die laughing.

No, she was not at all nervous. When once the ceremony was over and she was safely Henry's wife, she would look back upon this journey and wonde why she had suffered. It was no worse than facing a half-hour in the dentist's chair, or the first dive into cold water. In her twenty-ninth year she ought to have learned that no reality can come up to the pain of apprehension. And she had promised herself sternly that she would not talk about her previous marriages, nor even think of them. If only she had not noticed that item in the morning paper!

They seemed to be creeping along the boulevard, but when they entered the canyon, Henry slowed down to forty. "Couldn't you go just a bit faster, darling?"

Henry shook his head. The road was steep and full of curves. "Suppose we get there five minutes later?"

Lilith looked at her wrist watch, pouted and beat her white-gloved fists against the cushions. "It's the first time I'm late to one of my weddings." As soon as she had said it, she was sorry. Her mind should have been fixed on the bright future with Henry, and not on her dark past. One marriage out of three, the newspaper had said, ended before the year was up. That was the latest statistic, not only for Los Angeles County where so many divorces were front page news, but for the entire nation. She was angry with the newspapers for having printed the item on her wedding day, quite as if the editors had known and put it there to worry her.

"Perhaps, darling, it's a sign, a warning, perhaps they won't hold the church if we're late," warned Margery, captious because the best man, after staring through his rimless glasses, had not given her a second squint.

"At the risk of being called a sourpuss for the third time today," the best man said, "I'm going to remind you girls that Henry and I were on time."

"For the first time in Henry's life," Lilith said.

"Yes, I take marriage seriously. I'm a stuffed shirt," teased Henry, throwing back words she had used in violent argument. "I happen to think that on your wedding day, you should forget business." Because he had contrived with fate to keep any of his patients from having babies that morning, he felt that Lilith could certainly have discouraged her customers.

She had locked the doors of her interior decorating shop, but her apartment was above it and there was an extension telephone. "Is it my fault that my best sucker got back to town this morning? After all, darling, business isn't so hot that I can afford to snub the Leveret millions. If it weren't for their new beach place, Margery and I might have to shut up shop."

"And let your husband support you. What a tragedy!" mocked Henry.

"I thought we'd come to an agreement about that," Lilith reminded him, bristling because he refused to take her career seriously.

"Sorry, dear. It was tactless of me to mention it." He bowed his head in mock humility.

They wound out of the canyon, crossed the boulevard and sped along an avenue lined with eucalyptus trees which had been planted as wind guards for the orange groves. It was a bright Chamber of Commerce day, June but not rare in a climate where such perfection is as typical of December. The gold of the oranges contrasted with the dark sheen of their foliage; on every fence giant roses grew; beyond were purple mountains. The only flaw in this picture postcard perfection were the trails of smoke made by the skywriters attempting to find a new advertising medium in the heavens.

THE little church was set cunningly among the live oaks of the hillside. Its stone terraces were guarded by low stone walls over which the roses ran riot.

At the determined picturesqueness Lilith shuddered. "I can't take it." She groaned and covered her eyes.

"Be brave," counseled Margery. "They don't shoot brides at church weddings. Although in most cases, it'd be the merciful thing to do."

Henry opened the car door but Lilith would not move. Having worked for years to shed convention, she found herself embarrassed by its shadow. "Couldn't we just duck down to the City Hall and be married respectably?"

"Hurry, we're late," Henry said.

"You could write your mother and tell her we'd been married in the church. How'd she ever know?"

He was not the sort of man to start his marriage with a lie. As if he had not heard her nonsense, he took her hand and helped her out of the car.

"I give you one last warning." She stood as if she had cast anchor in the pavement. "If they sing, Oh Promise Me, I'll scream."

"Will they sing?" asked the best man. "I thought if you wanted a singer, you'd have to hire him yourself. Or at least ask for it."

Even at this hour the tourists thronged, popped from behind bushes with cameras and stared hopefully at the girls behind the orchids. The church management guaranteed privacy to all wedding parties, and had an attendant posted at the door. When he saw the girls' corsages he knew these were no ordinary tourists. "Fowler-Clark?" he asked, consulting a typewritten page clipped to a wooden board. "You're late."

"Sorry," said Henry, "but circumstances . . ."

The attendant had not time to listen to excuses. "Your minister's waiting in the Groom's Chamber. He's been here seventeen minutes. The Bride's Boudoir"—he scowled toward Lilith as if he knew instinctively that she was to blame for the tardiness—"is up the staircase in the rear. I trust you won't be long. We've got three weddings this morning. The next party's here already."

Unconventional she was, but still woman enough to want her hair tidy while she was being married. She went up to the Bride's Boudoir while Margery remained in the vestry garden, having a cigarette with the best man.

At the door of the Bride's Boudoir, Lilith paused to cast an experienced eye over the interior decoration. It was what she had expected, all charm and chintz like a movie set designer's interpretation of the word cozy.

At the dressing table a girl in a white gabardine suit was combing a blond shoulder-length bob. She had taken off a white, flower-trimmed hat with short veil, which lay beside her gloves, and a white leather prayer book. When she saw Lilith she started gathering up her things.

"Excuse us, please," she said. "We were a little early and they let us wait up here."

At the window were two young girls in rayon taffeta and cartwheel hats.

"You girls needn't leave, I'll only be a couple of minutes," Lilith told them.

The girls in taffeta giggled, whispered something about the ladies' room and scuttled out.

The girl in white gabardine offered Lilith her place at the dressing table. "You're ahead of me, I guess."

"Are you being married this morning, too?"

"Yes, I am. At ten. Only we were all so nervous, we looked at the clock wrong and got here almost an hour early. I'm so nervous I'm sweating. Look," and she held out her palms for inspection. "That's very unusual for me, I don't usually sweat much." Her voice was soft but rough in texture, a working girl's voice.

VENETIAN blinds had been closed against the morning glare, and the dimness of the room along with the gardenias' heavy scent made the room solemn, more like a funeral chamber than a bride's boudoir. The two brides had little to say to each other.

"Cigarette?" said Lilith at last, and held out her gold case.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke. I don't know why. I got nothing against it, some of my girl friends smoke like chimneys, but I never got started."

Down below, in the parking space allotted to members of wedding parties, a car rattled to a stop. "That's him," the little bride said, her pallor mottled by a rising blush. "My boyfr—the bridegroom, I mean. I can always tell by listening when that jalopy comes along. He got here early, too." She laughed as in triumph.

It was not like Lilith to waste so much time over her make-up. Twice she smeared the lipstick, had to remove it and start all over again.

"I guess you're not having a formal wedding, huh?" the young girl said, looking at Lilith's suit and hat.

"No, I'm not."

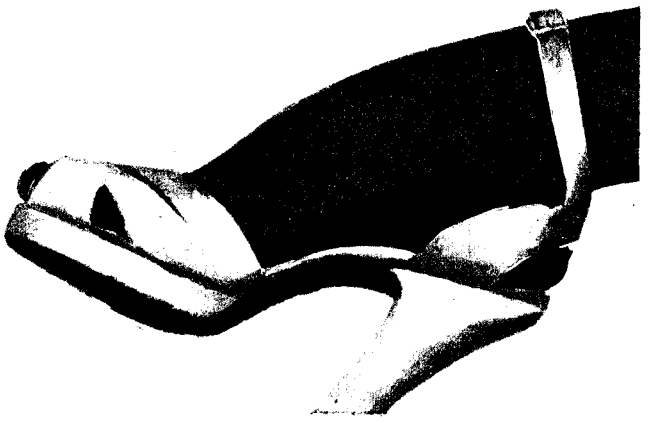
"We're not either. Just two of my girl friends standing up as maids, and my cousin and his wife from Glendale. I'd always dreamed of having a wedding at home with all the folks around, but when you think of the cost of everything nowadays, it's hardly worth it. I mean, when you've got to get a home started and all. My folks are back East."

"Where?"

"Colorado."

Lilith ordinarily would have been amused by this gauche Western geography, but she only half-heard the girl's coarse-sweet voice. Irrelevantly there had appeared, out of some guarded cavern of her mind, the face of her (*Continued on page* 64)

Lilith was reminded of the pale blue ribbon on the imported slip that she had worn at her first wedding, and of the borrowed handkerchief tucked in her cuff. She couldn't refuse this girl now



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EUROPEAN

On the first anniversary of his dismissal from the Truman Cabinet, Henry Wallace rails against anti-Russia hysteria. This was September, 1947, in New York

How The Reds Snatched Henry Wallace

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

IF HENRY WALLACE should be elected President of the United States on November 2d, what would happen? Don't shrug your shoulders. Sure, it's unlikely—but you'll be better prepared to understand what I have seen and what I know by accepting the question.

First of all, there would be great rejoicing at the Kremlin, and delirium on the ninth floor of No. 35 East Twelfth Street, in New York, the headquarters of the American Communists. The party everywhere, in fact, would celebrate the election as a major victory and as the first long stride toward the sovietization of America. And with good reason. For although it seems certain that Wallace, a man of extraordinary unawareness, doesn't realize the extent to which he has been engulfed by the shifting quicksands of the Communist conspiracy, he is their man. But Wallace himself is not a Communist.

Moscow placed the stamp of approval upon him more than four years ago. Since he returned from a visit to Siberia in 1944, the Communists have never doubted that he would support any policy put forward by the Soviet Union and denounce any attempt by the United States to counter Russian aggression. As early as February, 1945, Alexander Trachtenberg, a top party boss who always knows what the Kremlin wants, said at a meeting of the Communist hierarchy in New York, "We are taking Wallace into custody." I attended this meeting as managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, the Communist newspaper published in New York.

Whether he realizes it or not (and he would be loud in his denials) Wallace is a prisoner of the Communists. Assuming his election, we could expect an inaugural address as woolly and unrealistic as anything he has said so far, plus loud guarantees of peace and abundance for everybody. Then would come the payoff. Belatedly, he'd begin to see what he'd blundered into—how he had been captured. It might at last become clear to him that he owed more to the Communists than to any other party or group.

He would be reminded brusquely that the Communists conceived the idea of a third party, that they organized it, named it and chose him as their candidate. The comrades would be swift to point out that not only had Wallace failed to repudiate Communist support, he had specifically refused to do so.

If Wallace had dismissed his Communist followers (and if they had accepted the dismissal) he would have been left almost alone. From the mo-

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ment he announced his candidacy the ranks of his advisers have been loaded with Communists and fellow travelers.

Because of what they'd done for him, the Communists would demand representation in Wallace's Cabinet. And before Wallace, immersed in his visionary plans, knew what was going on, the Communists would be firmly entrenched in the government. Russian agents would arrive in swarms. Then would begin a sequence of events similar to those which resulted in the overthrow of democracy in Czechoslovakia, and the enslavement of other Eastern European peoples by the Reds.

At first the Communists would not be greedy. They know that America is at heart overwhelmingly antitotalitarian, and they'd proceed with caution, with their customary indirection.

They would permit a pliable nonentity to be named Secretary of State. Almost anyone would be acceptable during the period of transition in which American foreign policy was being changed to conform to the wishes of the Kremlin. But Communists or reliable fellow travelers would be slipped into the key Cabinet posts. They would appear first, probably, as Attorney General, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of Commerce, and Secretary of Defense.

In all probability the Communists would insist that Wallace name one of two men as Attorney General—Lee Pressman or John Abt, both left-wingers who were among the group that controlled Wallace's nominating convention. Pressman, a lawyer, was formerly counsel for several government agencies, and was general counsel for the C.I.O. until Philip Murray threw him out.

Abt is likewise a lawyer; he also has worked for the government, and was formerly counsel for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, of which the late Sidney Hillman, not a Communist, was president. Abt is the husband of Jessica Smith, editor of *Soviet Russia Today*, a Stalinist magazine which was set up by the Communist conspiracy.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Wallace would certainly be urged to consider Frederick Vanderbilt Field, a rich radical who gives elaborate dinners for Communist big shots. At this writing, Field's town house at 16 West Twelfth Street, New York City, only a short distance from Communist headquarters, is the scene of the meetings of the group which does the "research" for Wallace's statements and speeches. Very close to Field is Paul Robeson, the Negro singer, who so admires Russia that he has had his children educated there. Robeson would be a natural for American ambassador to Russia.

And somewhere in Wallace's Cabinet, perhaps as Secretary of Defense (which would give Wallace's backers virtual control of the Army and Navy), would be Wallace's campaign manager, C. B. Baldwin, better known as Beany, another prominent left-winger. Baldwin has been close to Wallace for years; he worked for the Farm Security Administration—for a time he was the Administrator—when Wallace was in Washington as Vice-President and Secretary of Commerce.

In my files at *The Daily Worker* I had a list of government officials and others in Washington upon whom the Communists depended. Beany was on this list. Working with Baldwin, or perhaps as a member of the White House Secretariat, would be David Ramsey, former ghost writer for Earl Browder. He now assists in the writing of Wallace's speeches and public statements.

To be sure, getting confirmation of such appointees by the Senate might be a little difficult. But strange things have happened when politicians get scared. And consider the pressure that has stopped many an anti-Communist measure.

At any rate, the American people would read in their newspapers one morning that J. Edgar Hoover was involved in an anti-Wallace plot and had been ousted as head of the F.B.I. His successor would be a man of whom very few people had ever heard, but he would be a Communist, probably trained in Russian police methods. A little later the head of the Secret Service would be dismissed and some other unknown would take his place. This has been Communist practice in every country where they've gained control.

It is true that the duties of the Secret Service as authorized by law include protecting the President and his family and chasing counterfeiters and forgers. But this could readily be changed. The Wallace Attorney General could be induced to rule that it could be changed by Presidential directive. The phrase "protecting the President" could be subject to broad interpretation. It could, naturally, mean detecting conspiracies against his life. And the comrades would not fail to detect them.

I would be willing to gamble everything I possess or hope to possess that within six months after the inauguration of Wallace, a Sovietized F.B.I. or Secret Service would discover a conspiracy involving some very prominent Americans, perhaps Thomas E. Dewey, Harry S. Truman, Herbert Hoover, Arthur Vandenberg or General Dwight Eisenhower. Such men would be dangerous to a Communist-controlled government. Their liquidation would be necessary. Accusation, of course, would be tantamount to conviction. Civil rights? If the Communists get hold of the government, there will be no civil rights.

The F.B.I. and the Secret Service would be reorganized along Russian lines, and within a few months these agencies probably combined would be transformed into an efficient secret police force. Then would come the terror, with firing squads and concentration camps, and the abrogation of all the traditional American freedoms. Henry Wallace, too, would be dispensed with, once he had served his purpose. And after a lifetime of frustration and bewilderment, he would at last achieve one distinction—he would go down in history, rewritten, of course, on the Soviet model, as the last President of the United States.

If all this seems somewhat fantastic, consider how narrowly Henry Wallace missed becoming President when Roosevelt died in April, 1945, a year after Moscow had gathered Wallace to its bosom

This is the simple story of how the realistic Reds took dreamy Henry Wallace "into custody." Should he miraculously be elected, here's what's going to happen. Told by a man who helped draft the plan. Read it—you, too, Henry. You'll learn a lot

and while the Communists in this country were already boasting that they were "taking Wallace into custody." Whether Roosevelt was aware of the Kremlin's absorbing interest in Wallace is unknown. But if he had not refused to accept Wallace as his running mate, the corn-fed hero of the comrades would be sitting in the White House today. And if the Communists are correct in their appraisal of the man, the United States might be well along the road toward totalitarianism.

Not even the top men of the American Communist party know what, if anything, happened during Wallace's visit to Siberia to cause the Kremlin to send urgent directives to this country that his political ambitions were to be supported. Moscow's orders are never explained, never questioned, never disobeyed.

Instructions from the Kremlin concerning Wallace began arriving in the United States while he was still in Asia. Most of them at that time were transmitted by Hans Berger, also known as Gerhard Eisler. Until he was arrested and held for deportation, Berger was one of the most important of the shadowy figures who flit back and forth between Moscow and New York, carrying orders for the Communists in America.

The American people never knew much about Wallace's adventures in Siberia except what they read in the newspapers, and what was disclosed in his book, *Soviet Asia Mission*. Perhaps there was nothing more to know. Wallace has been almost as reticent on this subject as on the notorious Guru letters with all their mystical abracadabra. In Soviet Asia the englamored Wallace praised conditions. Speaking in the slave-labor region at Irkutsk, he proclaimed that "men born in wide, free spaces will not brook injustice and tyranny. They will not even temporarily live in slavery."

This noble utterance was made soon after Wallace had posed for a photograph with Ivan Nikishov, chief of the NKVD (secret police), and dictator of Russia's slave empire. Wallace described Nikishov as "an industrial boss." One of the leading American Communists announced that Wallace's Siberia speech, with its apparent approval of the Russian slave-labor system, indicated "a deep understanding of Soviet democracy and how it had to defend itself." I do not remember that Wallace at that time mentioned the Soviet slave camps or the terror under which millions of Soviet prisoners live.

While Wallace was on his Siberian-China trip, an insistent directive came through from the Kremlin ordering the party here to support him. The Russian press and radio leaped to his defense every time he was criticized. I was told by Alexander Bittelman that the Kremlin would support Wallace. Bittelman, an extremely important member of the Communist movement, is the chief theoretician of the party, and his interpretation of a Moscow directive is always accepted as final.

The Communist campaign to take Wallace "into custody" began in late June of 1944. On a hot night in that month I was busy at my desk in the office of *The Daily Worker* when Jack Stachel burst into the room. Stachel is a dark, dour man with a rasping voice and a habit of blinking his eyes rapidly when talking or thinking. For years he has been an important member of the party's Political Committee, now called the National Board, which is the executive committee of the National Committee. Even among party members Stachel is noted for the agility with which he follows the twists and turns of the Moscow line.

Stachel was greatly excited. He told me to come upstairs at once for a special meeting of the National Board. Urgent orders from Moscow had just been received through Hans Berger that Henry Wallace was to be supported for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the forthcoming Democratic National Convention. Only Stachel did not say "from Moscow"; the Communists seldom mention the Soviet capital. With characteristic indirectness they say that a message has been received "from across the sea" or "from the east," or even, sometimes, simply "from there."

When the meeting convened, six or eight top-flight Communist leaders were present, including Earl Browder, Eugene Dennis, Robert Minor, Jim Ford and Alexander Bittelman. And, of course, Jack Stachel. Alexander Trachtenberg was also there, though technically not a member of the Board. Trachtenberg is head of the publishing house which handles translation of the writings of Lenin and Marx. Hans Berger was not present. He had gone underground and was not appearing at such conclaves. However, full reports were made to him by Stachel and Bittelman for transmission to Moscow.

I was not a member of the National Board, but as managing editor of *The Daily Worker* I attended many of the Board's meetings. It was my duty to transmit the decisions of the Board to the rank and file of the party, by means of articles and editorials in the *Worker's* daily and Sunday issues. I also wrote basic articles on the party line for *The Communist*, the theoretical organ of the party, which is now called *Political Affairs*.

No written record of the proceedings was kept, although before the Hitler-Stalin pact in 1939, which partitioned Poland and loosed the German hordes upon Europe, a stenographic report was sent secretly to all members of the National Committee and to district leaders.

The instructions from the Kremlin caught the members of the Board by surprise. Only a month before, Adam Lapin, Washington correspondent of *The Daily Worker*, had surprisingly been ordered to write that Wallace was too intemperate in his criticism of big business, and that if he was defeated for the Vice-Presidential nomination it would be largely his own fault. This was at the time when the Communist party had been officially "dissolved" and transformed into the Communist Political Association, and during the period when the line was to concede graciously that *(Continued on page 76)*

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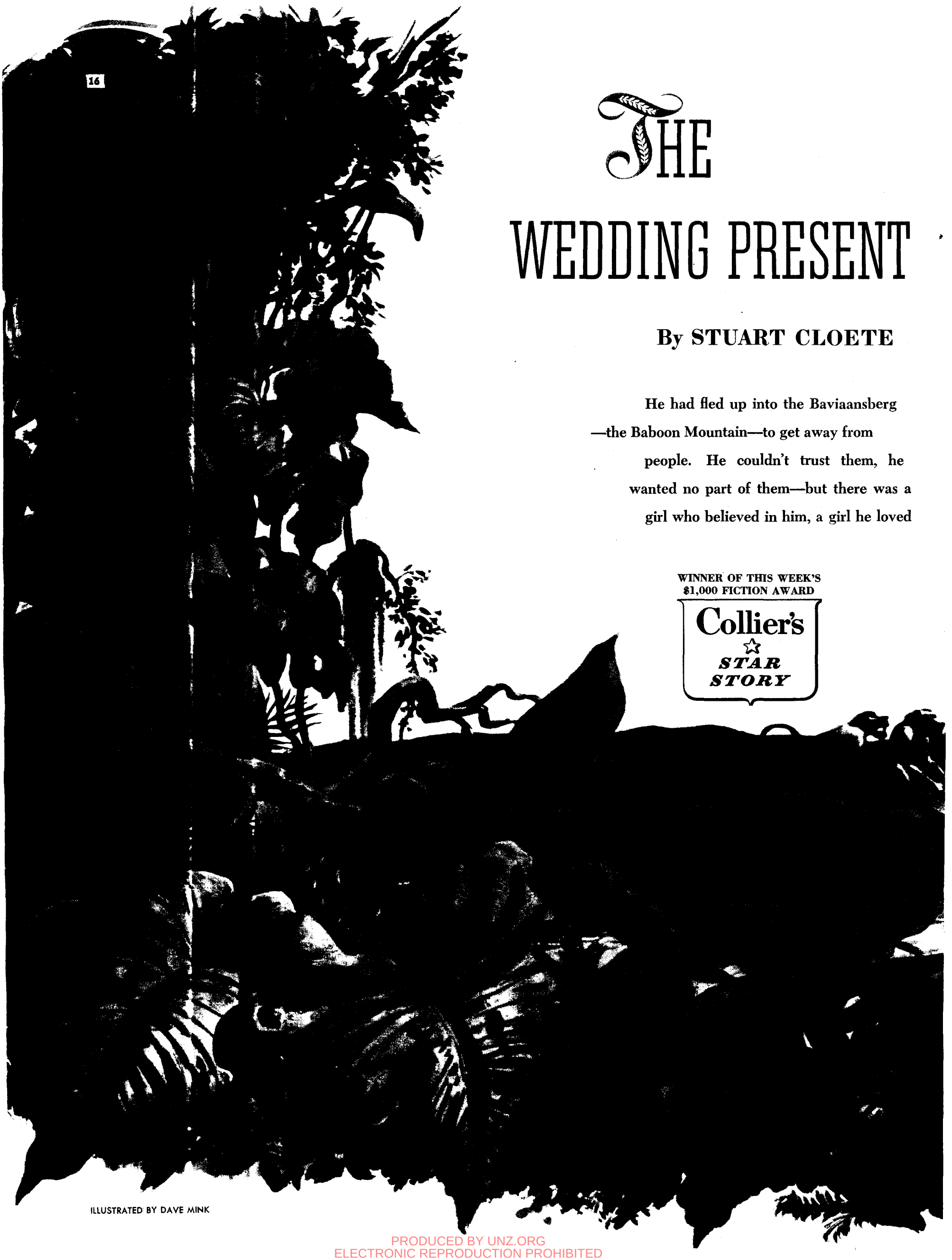

THE WEDDING PRESENT

By STUART CLOETE

He had fled up into the Baviaansberg —the Baboon Mountain—to get away from people. He couldn't trust them, he wanted no part of them—but there was a girl who believed in him, a girl he loved

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EVERYONE has heard of children being stolen by baboons. Just stories, none of them proved. But when a man goes to them—among them—then it's something. Yes," he said, "then it's something, all right, and that's what happened 'ere. Ought to be locked up, that's what he ought ter be."

"Here," I said.

" 'Ere," the man said. Then he stuck out his hand and said, " 'Erbert's the name."

"Where?" I said. "I mean, where is the man who went to the baboons?" It struck me as rather a humorous way of putting it—like a man going to the dogs. Bars are few and far between in that part of Africa, and I was in a friendly mood. My informant, Mr. Herbert, was garrulous, almost quarrelsome. But talk is meat and drink to me; so I thought: I'll draw him on. Worth a drink or two, I thought. So I said, "Tell me, Mr. Herbert, I'm a stranger here and— What will it be?" I pushed my glass forward suggestively.

"Brandy," he said. "And a glass of water."

The barman smiled and said, "Yes, Floater." He seemed to know him well.

Herbert laughed. Taking the water he drank it down, then he took the little glass of brandy and drank that. "Some folks take a chaser," he said, "drink the spirit first and then chase it away. But me, I'm different—I like the taste of it in me mouth so I floats it—like oil on the top of the water in me stummick. It's the stummick juices wot combines and makes it float like oil."

He was a big man and there was no point in arguing with him, so I said, "—And the baboon boy?"

"Ah," he said. "It's this way—" he paused and wiped his mustache with the back of his left hand. "The man was in the war, of course, and that might make a difference. After the last one—the great war—I was a bit queer myself. Went a bit mad over the girls—the little dears," he smirked. "But baboons." He banged his empty glass down on the counter. "Says he likes 'em. Says they're more human than people, more friendly-like, imagine that—than humans."

He shook an immense finger in my face. "Air Force. He was shot down and a prisoner, in solitary, too, and beaten up they say, and so I make a lot of excuses for him. If it was drink or girls I'd say nothing. But baboons is a bloody scandal. He's writing a book about 'em, they say. About their 'abits and loving ways. Like a lot of bloody Communists, them monkeys are, all minding one another's business. And one another's wives—free love and no morals."

"You're all for morals," I said. "Against free love."

"Yes," he said. "Communists—robbers."

"But the man, tell me about him."

"Him? Nobby," he said. "Clarke's his name. Nobby they call him. Did you ever figure that one out, Mr—?"

"Fraser," I said.

"Mr. Fraser," he said, "why's every man in the British army whose name is Clarke called Nobby?"

"Don't know," I said, "but it's true."

"Yes," he said. "It's like all Americans with red 'air being called Red. All sexes. I lived in America once. I used to—"

"Clarke," I said.

"Yes, Clarke," he said. "Nobby. His granny left him a little money, they say, and he's got a little pension and he lives in a pondokkie, a hut, up in the mountain on some land that belongs to him. He bought a piece there and built his house himself with a couple of Kaffirs. Below the house, half a mile away, he's got a shed for his old car. Can't get her any nearer than that. After that you got ter climb. I've seen where it is but you wouldn't catch me going there, not me. Before that he lived in a cottage near the sea, and that was bad enough."

"It's a wild bit of country, gentlemen." The other man, who had been leaning against the counter at the other end of the bar, came up to us. "Very wild, but for those who like it, wonderful. There's a splendid view of the sea," he said, "of the great rocks with little beaches and pools between them, and up the valley is the *kloof*, the ravine leading into the high berg behind him. And the whole place is alive with baboons. Always must *(Continued on page 80)*

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The World's Biggest Store

By DICKSON HARTWELL

Name your item, and Macy's will provide. If they don't have it they'll get it from somewhere on earth. The huge store in New York is feared by its competitors. But its customers snuggle up to it like chicks to a mother hen

Beneath Macy's motto, "It's smart to be thrifty," shoppers have found everything from canaries to carousels. This is an aerial view of the mammoth store taken from the Empire State Building

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

A MAN wishing to select a career girl for a wife, one of sound limb and mind, and holding down a $3,500 to $30,000 a year executive job, will find more of them concentrated under one roof at Macy's New York department store than anywhere else in the world. To people familiar with the fantastic, sometimes pixilated Goliath that is Macy's—undoubtedly the strongest shopping-money magnet yet devised—a large and diversified stock of unusual items is not surprising. At one time or another New Yorkers have purchased Macy ponies, airplanes, canaries, automobiles, and prefabricated houses.

Every day more people crowd into the square block of Macy's than live in Des Moines, Grand Rapids or Salt Lake City. Sometimes jammed into the store is a population equal to that of Atlanta, Louisville, Portland or Denver. These are the jackpot days, when sales top $1,000,000 and have even reached $1,481,072.

Although ninety years old and homely, Macy's is a vigorous enterprise. It is alive with unceasing pother that extends from the tremendous expanse of toys, center of the Christmas universe for 300,000 children, through acres of furniture and women's hats and on into a conglomeration of blueprint, maintenance, carpenter, sign-painting, printing and testing shops, the whole erupting with elevators and punctuated by cavernous spaces piled high with reserve stock. Through all this strangers may wander for hours, unrecognized and lost.

The store executives can usually be identified by a peculiar gait, neither running nor walking but somewhere between—a half lope, half heel-and-toe. Even when briefly halted, they always seem poised for a quick start.

The Tempo Is Slower in Other Stores

Most department stores operate more leisurely. A Macyite, recently resigned from a competitor, described his first-day reaction. "It's like stepping out of the Smithsonian Institution into Forty-second Street and Broadway," he said, panting.

In retailing circles Macy's is the most feared by its competitors. But its customers snuggle up to it like chicks to a mother hen. A million new ones appear each year—shopping, elbowing and buying an average of more than $4 a sale.

It is the world's best-known store.

It has the world's largest drugstore, where 1,000,000 prescriptions have been filled in the last ten years. It has the world's largest fancy grocery. In one year Macy's bookstore sold 750,000 books; its barnyard department sold 1,000,000 baby chicks.

With equal equanimity Macy's clerks sell a mink to a Rockefeller or $3,000 worth of

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silk prints for the harem of a Saudi Arabian prince. Fur jackets totaling $90,000 sell in two hours; 12,000 neckties and 975 mouton coats go in a day.

Macy's is 27 stores under one roof. It employs some 300 people to represent its customers and beat out the brains of any Macyite, from the president down, who tries to get by with shoddy merchandise, exaggerated sales talk or high prices. It has a merchandise-checking Bureau of Standards that is so particular it deems ordinary moths inadequate for testing mothproof fabrics; it must breed its own wool eaters jam-packing them with vicious vigor.

Paging a Lady Shopper by Telegram

Macy's $50,000 Thanksgiving Day parade, seen annually by 2,000,000 happily gaping onlookers, is one of the world's biggest publicity stunts. More than 55,000 people a week begin letters with: "Dear Macy's . . . " and at least one telegraphed: % R. H. MACY NEW YORK, MRS. LEE WALLACE, PAGE GROUND FLOOR FIRST ENTRANCE OFF SIXTH AVENUE, JUST INSIDE DOOR. CAN'T MEET YOU TODAY. PAPA.

Although regarded by a few as less than fashionable, Macy's reputation is based on a combination of economy *and* style. Its interior decorating department has a laundry among its clients, to be sure, but it also has major corporations, resorts (including Fred Waring's Pocono Inn), the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, the staff residences of the Camp Upton atom-bomb laboratory, the presidential mansion of Liberia, and President Truman's yacht.

Clients may spend from $3,000 to $300,000 but none was more surprising than a twenty-one-year-old Syrian who walked into the store, plunked down a stack of greenbacks four inches high and demanded designs, plans and specifications for equipping a fifty-room Syrian resort hotel which he could describe only vaguely. He got them, too, and spent $200,000.

Wealthy Macy customers, while itching to save a few pennies, used to deny having traffic with the big store. In recent years, though, regulars have included 13 Rockefeller families, Prince Felix and Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, Princess Marie Anne of Portugal's House of Braganza, James Verner Reed, William H. Vanderbilt, Vincent Sheean, Mrs. John P. Marquand, Maurice Evans, Dorothy Thompson, Greta Garbo, Harry Guggenheim, Joseph E. Davies and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich. When California's Governor Earl Warren was in New York at the time of the Republican convention he sat quietly in Macy's while Mrs. Warren tried on hats.

Least-known among the store's operations is the department run by Miss Hertha I. Hanssen to substantiate Macy's controversial claim that it undersells charge-account stores by six per cent on all comparable merchandise on which prices are not fixed by law. To maintain this policy Macy's employs a large staff of secret operatives who keep track of competitor prices within a fifty-mile radius, including five-and-dime stores and neighborhood shops. These comparison shoppers comprise the world's largest organized force of bargain hunters. As many as 125 of them may be scouring the town at one time. They shop some 40,000 items a week. Their purchases amount to $250,000 annually, making Macy's one of the biggest retail customers in New York.

Miss Hanssen is the absolute dictator of Macy's prices. No executive, not even president Jack Straus or chairman Beardsley (pay-as-you-go) Ruml will take an appeal on her decisions or ask her to change one. Macy buyers often may watch with pleading, wounded eyes while she knocks down to cost, or below, the price on merchandise they bought too dearly. But they seldom argue. When Miss Hanssen cuts a price—about 600 times a week—a department is given 20 minutes to make the change. No time out is permitted for making appeals.

Macy's may buy up all the goods on sale by a competitor who has undercut cost. But if Macy buyers try to take their merchandise out of stock to avoid meeting a competitor's temporary price cut, Miss Hanssen is on them like a schoolma'am crisply ordering them to take their beating. And she watches every article in the store.

When rival B. Altman & Company turned out an apple pie for $1.10 Miss Hanssen discovered the Macy model sold for $1.30. Said Macy's baker, "It's not the same as ours." Miss Hanssen measured the diameters. They were the same. She measured the contents. They were the same. She tested the crust, she sampled the aroma. She noted that Altman's provided a tin plate, Macy's a paper one. She tasted both pies. She made the baker taste them blindfolded. "Macy's might be better," she finally ruled, "but not 20 cents better. Reduce the price to 94 cents." The baker moaned, "But it cost me 95 cents to make."

"To 94 cents or go out of the apple-pie business," said Miss Hanssen crisply.

Probably the most difficult period in Macy's history occurred ten years ago when the store was forced to compromise its buy-and-sell-only-for-cash principle. A couple of generations ago a cash buyer was considered a man of virtue. The use of personal credit at one time was regarded as a step along the highroad to hell. More recently such virtues have become secondary, in winning community esteem, to a mechanical refrigerator, a washing machine and similar appurtenances costing somewhat more than a washboard. Installment buying made these goods available to huge and eager markets, and Macy's found that its immovable cash policy was bucking an irresistible trend.

For two and a half years Macy executives sweated and finally evolved an ingenious credit scheme. It's called Cash-Time. It permits installment-buying of almost all Macy goods by all customers. And the skirts of the precious less-for-cash policy are kept clean by charging over 100,000 Cash-Time buyers 6 per cent more than is paid by purchasers who put cash on the line.

A Quarter Million D.A. Customers

Macy's answer to customers who demanded charge accounts as a personal convenience, rather than as a means of deferring payment, was Deposit Accounts, begun in 1902. This device is simply a bank. Customers deposit money with Macy's and charge goods against their deposits. Macy's has some 250,000 active depositors.

The cash-on-the-line policy itself is not always inflexible. When General Eisenhower moved into his house at Columbia University, Mrs. Eisenhower needed extensive furnishings. She dispatched a secretary to Macy's. But the secretary had no money and a C.O.D. would be inconvenient. Macy's decided to trust the new president of Columbia, and the goods were delivered and billed for later payment. The naval hero of the Spanish-American War, Richmond Pearson Hobson, was not similarly honored. In 1898, when his fame was as great as Eisenhower's is today, his mother ordered a pair of slippers for her illustrious son. Because no cash accompanied the order Macy's refused to deliver them.

Some manufacturers have blacklisted Macy's for generations because of the store's cut prices. Some book publishers refuse to sell to them, and Macy buyers have ranged as far west as Texas to get best sellers at retail for sale at 6 per cent less.

Macy's major reply to price fixing by law on standard merchandise is to sell similar products under its own brand. Not only are vast quantities of goods made to specifications, but buyers purchase manufacturers' end-of-production *(Continued on page 73)*

The blindfold test helps Macy's grocery executives compare brands of bologna. Hertha Hanssen, price arbiter, conducts test

Miracles of selling are performed on the crowded stage that is Macy's brightly lighted street floor. Below, the telephone order board, part of the swift backstage machinery which receives all telephone orders and speeds delivery to millions of customers

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She's a big girl now

First she had to solve the painful problem of growing up. After that the boy next door was putty in her hands

FROM the vantage point of a front porch step, Sally Richards surveyed her world. It was a new world, and in many ways more interesting and exciting than the familiar stretches of the African Gold Coast and the Malayan Archipelago. She was now turning an adolescent gaze on the town of Medville in a Middle Western section of her native America, and finding the very look of it as good and nourishing as corn on the cob.

As the daughter of Septimus Richards, the distinguished anthropologist, she had traveled and lived in some strange and exotic spots. And as a companion to her father and his learned colleagues, Sally had been given an informal education that not only ensured her entry into the graduating class of the Medville High School but gave her a considerable edge in Greek and Latin, to say nothing of Swahili. But, of the extracurricular activities of the American young she had no knowledge—and therefore no fear.

Sally yanked a shrunken and faded old sweater over her blue jeans and ambled down the porch steps to a great, untended lawn. Not many years ago this property had been farm land. An old red barn still stood at some distance in back of the house and a long-abandoned well, choked with trailing vines, was midway between barn and house. Sally's father had commented on the enormous job it would be to tidy up the place, but Sally liked it as it was. She had not yet acquired any great feeling for orderliness.

As she came to the well she stopped short, extremely pleased to behold a person of the opposite sex, also in blue jeans, who was mowing the grass next door. He was a good-looking boy, with a thick mop of ginger-colored hair. He was lean and lithe and, although he obviously felt no love for the lawn mower, he handled it with easy strength.

He caught her eye and flashed a grin. "Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said Sally.

She had no way of knowing that love had come to her instantly, like a rocket shooting across that untended lawn. She was dimly aware of a warm feeling in her bones, as if they all had turned to molasses. And in her innocent and happy excitement she hurried right over to him.

"I guess I'd better introduce myself, hadn't I? I'm Sally Richards and we've just moved in, my father and I! My father's Septimus Richards, but I guess you've heard of him, haven't you? He's sort of famous. Oh, perhaps I shouldn't say that about my own father because he'd have a fit, but it's only natural to be proud of your father if he's famous, don't you think so? But anyway he's going to write another book and we're going to live here for at least a year and I'm going to high school!"

The boy seemed a trifle dazed. "Are you?" he said.

"Oh, yes! Isn't it wonderful. I was only fifteen the week before last and that's sort of young to be a senior but I had a lot of private tutoring. But, oh, my gracious, I'm talking about myself all this time! Are you a senior, too, by any chance? And what's *your* name?"

"Tom Whitney," he said, staring at her.

It was hard to pry more information out of him but she went at it patiently, in the manner she had employed when dealing with shy contemporaries in blackest Africa. She had the advantage here in that she could speak in English and not in some smattering of dialect. Pulling the facts out one by one, she discovered that Tom Whitney was sixteen years in age and five feet ten inches in height, that he had a sister Paula who was eighteen and a sister Mercedes who was seven, that he had not yet decided on his career in life, and that his favorite pastimes were football, baseball, swimming—and going to the movies if they didn't have too much mush in them.

Sally could scarcely believe she had found such an interesting friend before she had been in Medville a week. She beamed on him in artless pleasure.

"We'll have such loads of fun!" she cried.

"Yeah, sure," he said.

He was not a very talkative person, she thought indulgently. But so many of the bashful native boys, who had not been talkative at first, had babbled like anything when they felt better acquainted.

"Well, but excuse me," he said at last. "I guess I'd better be mowing this pasture."

She thought it witty of him to have called the lawn a "pasture," and laughed appreciatively. She watched him pursuing his work for a few moments, then she turned and headed for home. She had not yet reached the stage of walking gracefully from point to point. She saw an objective and lunged toward it, eagerly, like a colt, and sometimes she bumped into things.

Luncheon was ready by the time she returned;

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

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she seated herself across the table from her father, and Trevor brought in cold meats, salad and hard, salty little biscuits. Trevor was the elderly but indestructible Englishman who accompanied father and daughter on all their travels, serving them in jungle, desert or forest with the same imperturbable dignity that he was bringing to the present occasion.

Sally had much to set forth.

"Oh, Dad, there's the most wonderful family next door you'd simply never believe it! There's a boy about my age and he's the only one I've met so far, but there's a girl two years older and a little kid! Oh, imagine having such nice neighbors along with everything else! This big old house and me being so near school and you having such a perfect place to write in and—oh, everything, Dad!"

SEPTIMUS RICHARDS smiled at her, but with a certain trace of concern. He had often reflected that, even if Sally had not been his own child, he would have marveled at her qualities. She had great generosity and instinctive kindness, loyalty and high courage. Yet he worried over her.

She had lost her mother when she was three and he was beginning to realize, ever more keenly, what a tragedy that was for her. A mother could have led her over the difficult steps of these transition years. As a father, he felt helpless and inefficient.

"Sally," he began, "you mustn't expect too much all at once. You know you've had a rather strange life for a young girl." He looked at her ruefully. "I'm afraid I've thrown you too much with people in tribes! It will be all quite different now. People will be *individuals*—"

He faltered here, knowing no way to say that these individuals might misunderstand her eager, natural friendliness. The time had come for her to discover, for herself, all the little cruelties of a civilized world. There was no possible way to protect her from them, but his heart ached for her.

"You're a good girl," he concluded. "You'll come out all right."

Sally was mildly perplexed. "Why, you mustn't worry about me, Dad! I'm simply going to love the people here! I know I am!"

He nodded, sighed, and let the subject drop. . . .

Right after lunch, Sally bounded over to the Whitneys'. Tom wasn't home, to her vast disappointment, but she met his mother and sisters.

Mrs. Whitney seemed amused. "Tom doesn't always favor me with his confidence, but he'll be home this evening, so far as I know."

Paula was eying Sally as if she had been something fallen off a leaf. "You lived in Africa, didn't you?"

"Oh, just the last couple of years. Before that it was Alaska. Dad's quite an authority on the Eskimo, you know."

Paula hadn't known, and she did not appear particularly impressed. Apparently Sally had more charm for little Mercedes, who had been subjecting her all this time to a candid, round-eyed appraisal.

"You're diff'rent, aren't you?" demanded Mercedes.

"Mercedes!" cried her mother, in despair. "What a thing to say! You'll have to excuse her, Miss Richards. She says anything that comes into her head."

Sally had never been called Miss Richards before and it embarrassed her a little. But before she could make any comment on the matter Paula had cut in to remind her mother of an appointment with the dentist.

Sally jumped up. "Goodness!" she said. "You should have told me! After all, we're neighbors and I don't think we should stand on any ceremony, do you?"

Mrs. Whitney smiled and patted her shoulder. She was extremely kind. Sally could scarcely say goodby over the lump in her throat. It was so wonderful to be in her own country at last, and to be making friends. . . .

She telephoned Tom that evening. There was a Western movie playing in town and she thought it would be fun for them to see it together. "No mush in it!" she reported.

"Oh," he said, and hesitated a second. "Well, I'll tell you—I've kind of made a date to go bowling with some of the fellows. As a matter of fact."

"Okay!" she said blithely. "Better luck next time."

As she was putting down the telephone her father came into the hall. She explained the situation. "I think I'll have to take up bowling, too," she said.

"Sally—"

"Yes, Dad?"

"Never mind. I forgot what I was going to say."

He had not forgotten, but he could not bring himself to tell her that she should not have telephoned young Whitney. The days of her innocence—even the hours—were measured. She was like a little Eve who had not yet tasted the fruit of the Tree. He could not bear to put that fruit in her hand, and bid her eat—

The next day she gathered together her gigantic collection of African photographs and, with laden arms, set forth for the Whitneys'. This time Tom was home and he did not seem in the least surprised to see her. He sat beside her on the porch swing and looked at all the pictures and listened to her explain about them.

She talked right along, hardly pausing to draw breath, because she had such a deep, inexpressible longing to share all her treasures and experiences with him Mrs. Whitney and Paula came out to the porch for a while and went back into the house, but Mercedes, licking apricot jam from a large piece of bread, kept meandering in and out.

Sally closed the last of the albums with a bang.

"There!" she said. "Now you know all about my terrible past!"

"Well," he said, "I'm much obliged."

"Haven't *you* got any snapshots to show me? And yearbooks and things?"

He rubbed his fingers against the firm line of his jaw. "Nothing special. They'd bore you."

"Oh, no! No, they wouldn't!"

He shifted uneasily. "I don't even know where they are."

But at that moment Paula called him to the telephone and Mercedes came out of the house to take his place on the swing. The piece of bread was gone but some of the jam was on her face. She peered at Sally.

"Why," she demanded, "haven't you got any insinks?"

Sally smiled. "What are insinks?"

"I dunno. Paula says you haven't got any." She reflected, and launched carefully into a long word. "Any feminine insinks, Paula says."

Sally moistened her lips. "Instinct," she said. Her heart was pounding. She did not know what Mercedes was going to tell her, but her heart was pounding anyhow.

"Paula said the way you keep chasing my brother is the most awful thing she ever heard of," Mercedes went on, affably, "and Mother said it was because you came from Africa and didn't know any better. And Paula said, 'Oh, but my goodness! Wouldn't you think her insinks would tell her?'" Mercedes paused, and looked at Sally in pleased curiosity. "*Why* haven't you got any insinks? Why *haven't* you?"

But Sally, not hearing the question, not looking at Mercedes, was gathering up her albums and stumbling down the steps of the porch. Then, eyes blind with tears, she was hurrying, in her clumsy, coltish way, across the lawn.

AT THE dinner table, Septimus noticed that something was seriously wrong. Sally cut her meat and carefully buttered one of Trevor's hard little biscuits, but she ate scarcely anything. But because he was a man who could be as courteous to his own child as he would be to a stranger, Septimus refrained from asking questions. The confession came voluntarily after Trevor had retired to the kitchen, having brought in coffee for Septimus and candy mints for Sally. She had choked on the candy mint she was trying to nibble. In the next moment Septimus had come around to take her in his arms.

She could not tell him everything she had heard from Mercedes. It would have been too great a pain even to say the words.

Nor could she have explained, even to herself, that the feminine instinct, whose lack in her Paula had so greatly deplored, had been given no time for a gentle, gradual unfolding. Within the space of seconds it had been forced into full being, so impelling anl obvious that Sally looked back on her previous self in incredulous shame.

She could share the Whitneys' opinion of her conduct. But she had no words for this inner revolution and torment. She could only stammer out her intention to have nothing more to do with Tom Whitney, or with the other Whitneys, or with anyone else in Medville, even if she were to live in the town for a million years.

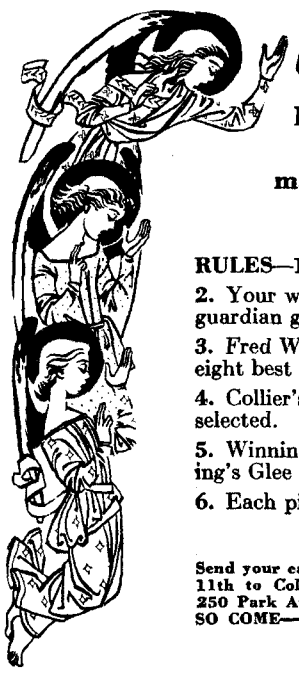
"Sally," he said, "everyone has to go through these things. Everyone has to learn. The person who has never been humiliated is the person who's never had the courage to face the world at all. But you'll have learned something. You'll see! And you'll be big enough to be grateful for it!"

Yet, even as he spoke, he knew the utter hopelessness of trying to send experience down the channel of the years. She was giving him a bright little smile that did not deceive him in the least.

"Sure! I'm not really worried about it. I guess," she added, "I'll just go wash my hair."

With this touch of bravado she left him, and went quickly toward the stairs. There was nothing he could say to comfort her. There was nothing he could do. He sighed and went wearily into his study, where he tried to throw himself into the mores of West Africa.

He began shaping up the second chapter of his book. It had mainly to do with certain difficulties he had encountered in Ashanti. There had been the natives who had balked at being photographed, and the natives who had refused to answer any questions, and the natives *(Continued on page 45)*



COME ALL YE YOUNG FAITHFUL!

If you are under 18 years old, if you want a chance to have your carol published this Christmas in Collier's, submit your carol for Collier's Second Annual Award before October 11th

RULES—1. The words and music must be yours alone.

2. Your work must be accompanied by a letter from your parent or legal guardian giving us permission to publish it in Collier's.

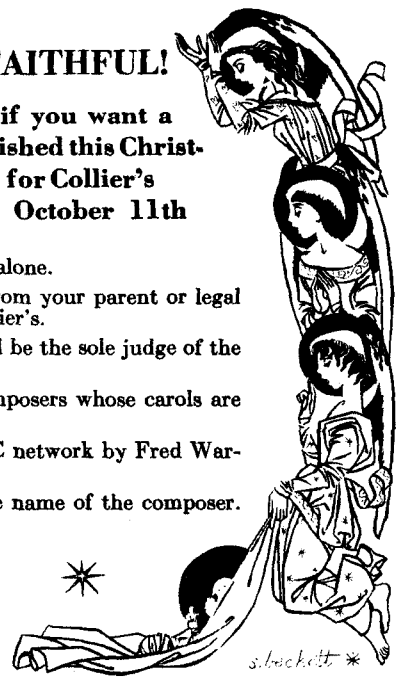
3. Fred Waring, leader of the Pennsylvanians, will be the sole judge of the eight best carols submitted.

4. Collier's will send $25 to each of the eight composers whose carols are selected.

5. Winning carols will be broadcast over the NBC network by Fred Waring's Glee Club and Orchestra.

6. Each piece we select will be copyrighted in the name of the composer.

Send your carol and letter of permission by October 11th to Collier's, Christmas Carol Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
SO COME—JOYOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!



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Nancy and Me

By ERNIE BUSHMILLER

Millions of newspaper readers laugh at Nancy's antics but few know she was created in desperation. This is the first of a series about America's favorite comic strips

THE editors of Collier's and an innocent bystander whose name I didn't catch, browbeat me into drawing the pictures on this page between newspaper deadlines. There are a couple of items I had to leave out about Nancy and me, though, because when I draw words in the strips I draw them large. Older people tell me this saves wear and tear on their eyeglasses, and little kids who have just staggered through first grade tell me they can often get the point of a Nancy gag without bothering Pop to spell out the story.

It's funny about Nancy. When I started comic-strip life 26 years ago, at the age of eighteen, I thought some cheesecake would do the trick, so I created a character named Fritzi Ritz.

Fritzi did all right but not well enough to suit me, and so, in something like desperation, I experimented around with snub-nosed Nancy ten years ago, and Nancy soon stole the show.

I work on a schedule that produces six daily Nancy and Sluggo (her tough pal) strips between Sunday and Tuesday evenings. The Sunday page evolves after I've taken Wednesday and Thursday off. If this sounds confusing, then you have a fairly accurate picture of a newspaper cartoonist's life.

Unlike other strip cartoonists, I draw the last picture first and work back toward the beginning, which is exactly the opposite of the way you read it (I hope).

I know a guy who draws his cartoons upside down, so I don't worry much about drawing backwards.

Self-Portrait of an Artist

The fat, redheaded gent in the biographical strip at the right is supposed to be me, although I gave myself a break and left out the gray hairs. The paunch is a sort of compromise.

Other intelligence: Six months of high school was all I could take. I married (and am still married to) a gal named Abby Bohnet. I still live in the Bronx and am making a fabulous fortune. Otherwise, I'm just working for laughs.

The only other fact I can locate in my files at the moment is, I get some rather peculiar mail.

One letter was from a horse-race enthusiast on the West Coast who somehow detects racing tips in the Nancy strips. How he does it I don't know and I'm not going to try to find out. I have trouble enough with Nancy and her bangs without fooling around with the bangtails.

Another letter was from a woman in Brooklyn whose daughter wanted a baby sister so she could name it Nancy. Since the lady was about to produce a brother or sister for the daughter, she hoped it would be a sister. But what, the woman asked me with considerable agitation, if it turned out to be a boy? She didn't want to name the infant Sluggo.

P.S. The baby turned out to be a girl. ★★★

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A PRINCESS SELLS HER *Sarong*

By Bill Davidson

Some women can wear sarongs and some can't—anyway shouldn't. But there's a Javanese Lana Turner who can wear them and sell them too. If you don't believe it study the opposite page

UP UNTIL a few months ago, the undisputed Queen of the Sarong and authority thereon (so far as the Western world was concerned) was Dorothy Lamour. On April 7th, however, a diminutive, golden-skinned, Cleopatra-faced, Lana Turner-bosomed Javanese princess named Malia Sunario Wiranata Kusuma set foot on American soil, and immediately thereafter Lamour's reputation with sarongs commenced to topple.

Like nearly all of her countrywomen, Princess Sunario wears sarongs. Unlike the scant Lamour garment, which terminates midway on the thigh, the princess' sarongs are evening-dress-length affairs. When asked about this disparity, the princess burst into gales of laughter and told her questioners that Dorothy Lamour's abbreviated sarongs are known in Indonesia as "sarong à l'Américain" and that Miss Lamour has become one of the great comedy stars in Indonesia merely by appearing in them.

"One should tell Miss Lamour," the princess politely added, "that Javanese women only wear sarongs in her fashion while working in the rice fields—or while taking a bath."

After loosing this salvo, the curvaceous daughter of the president of West Java continued on her official mission, which consisted of (a) demonstrating to the people of the United States that Indonesian women were charming, well-educated and happy under the Dutch; (b) studying American school and hospital methods for adoption, under her supervision, in Java; and (c) visiting such centers of culture as the M-G-M lot, the Yankee Stadium and Coney Island.

The sarong issue, however, was not allowed to fade from the public eye. The princess discreetly let it be known that she is a partner of a Batavia firm that is desirous of exporting sarongs to the United States. The influential trade paper, Women's Wear Daily, passed this intelligence along, and wherever the sarong-clad princess went, she was swamped with orders.

Genia D'Arsen, a Hollywood dress designer, compared the batik print dress she was wearing with the princess' sarongs, discarded her dress in disgust and ordered 16 of the real thing from Princess Sunario. Actress Jeanette MacDonald begged for a single sarong from the princess' own wardrobe. So did socialite Mrs. P. L. Jackson, wife of the publisher of the Portland (Oregon) Journal. The princess bestowed a bright, new red one on Mrs. Jackson. After several lessons in how to wind the sarong about her person, that lady wore it as a cocktail gown and forthwith became the sensation of the Portland social season.

Typical of the princess' reception in various parts of the country was her appearance before the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce. She spoke about Indonesia and its political problems. Then she asked for questions. Question number one was: "Is Java near China?" Question number two was: "When can we get sarongs to sell?" At this, a Netherlands Trade Commission official mopped his brow and smilingly declared, "Madame Sunario has started a fad. Thousands of American women will soon be wearing sarongs as cocktail and evening gowns."

The royal sarong peddler, who speaks with a charming Dutch accent, is thirty-six years old and the mother of four children. She looks so much like a teen-age model for a South Seas travel poster that she causes confusion to nearly everyone she meets. In Hollywood, for instance, the following conversation was recorded between her and movie star Van Johnson:

Johnson: "Do you go to school here in America?"

Sunario: "No, I visit here. I have a daughter sixteen who goes to school."

(Embarrassed silence.)

The entry of this attractive female into the sarong business is one of the minor by-products of the war. Since, like most Javanese, she is a Moslem (a faith which frowns on any feminist activity), it is also a minor miracle. She was born in West Java, the second eldest of the 21 children of (Prince) Ario Adipati Wiranata Kusuma, a direct descendant of the Hindu kings that conquered and ruled West Java, after an amphibious campaign in 1433.

Because of the royal lineage, her father was regent of Bandung (the second largest city of West Java) under the Dutch, and the young princess led the life of the Indonesian nobility. She was educated by a wealthy Dutch family in Batavia, absorbed Indonesian and Moslem culture from her father, and got her higher education—including a good knowledge of German, English and French—at a Catholic convent school selected by her father.

After that, Prince Sunario, the handsome young police commissioner of Bandung, was selected to be her husband; and at the age of seventeen, she settled down to be a good Moslem wife and mother.

This placid existence was ended by the war. The princess was caught in the Japanese bombing of Bandung's biggest civilian hospital, and she worked there day and night as a Red Cross nurse caring for the wounded. During the occupation, she became the head of a federation of women's clubs which went off on treks into the mountains to teach the children of the people who had fled there after the invasion.

The civil war which followed liberation found her cut off from her husband and virtually imprisoned for six months in her home in the Dutch quarter of Bandung. She lived during this period by baking cakes and sending her servants into the streets to peddle them. Finally, a B-29 pilot brought her and her children to Batavia in a bomber.

But here, too, she faced the problem of making a living. She solved this in a unique way. Every day, republicans came into Batavia's railroad stations laden with sugar and other food products from the hinterland. They refused to sell these products directly to the Dutch. The princess, trusted by both sides, became their go-between—operating on a bicycle, and for a percentage of the profits.

From this she expanded into another bicycle go-between service whereby wealthy but starving Indonesian ladies sold their jewels to Java's Chinese merchants. Her unexpected business acumen in these matters so impressed the merchants that an affluent Chinese corporation took her in as a 45 per cent partner, and set up a textile importing corporation called "Pembina." When her husband finally crossed the battle lines and found her, he nearly collapsed when he discovered not a famished, helpless female, but a prospering businesswoman well on the way to becoming Java's first sarong magnate.

Princess Sunario's sarongs range from simple house-dress types to fancy gold-leaf wedding sarongs over 100 years old. They range in price from a few dollars to several thousand.

A sarong traditionally is a rectangle of specially made cloth exactly 3½ yards long. Since it only covers the female form from the waist to the ankles, supplementary equipment generally consists of a brassière and a tailored jacket known in Java as the "Kebaya" (Princess Sunario's *kebayas* are expensive Western-type garments made by Paris *couturières).* For the curious, the most commonly desired form of undergarment worn with the sarong is the American two-way-stretch girdle.

When Madame Sunario arrived in this country, she had some 60 regulation-size sarongs with her. To the astonishment of observers, each of these was folded to the dimensions of a man's necktie, and all 60 reposed comfortably in a small suitcase. This, the princess explained, can be done with cotton fabrics finished in the ancient Indonesian batik methods. She further explained that such fabrics are practically indestructible and are passed along from mother to daughter. *(Continued on page 48)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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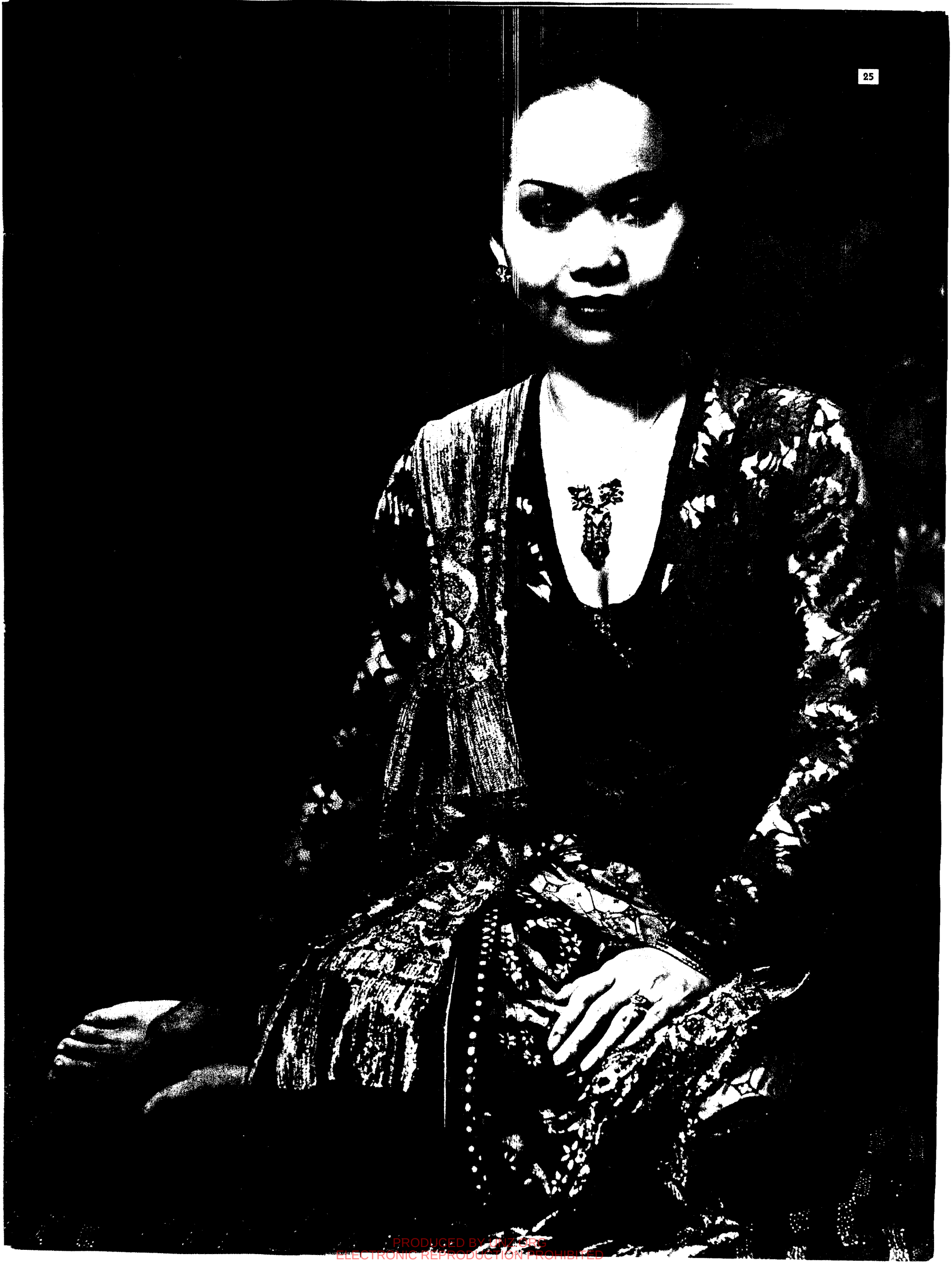

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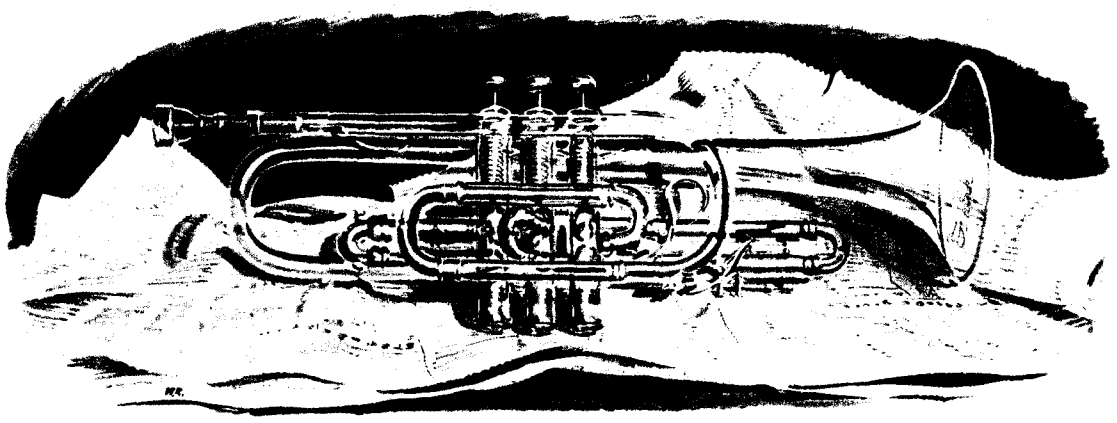
The glass cornet

Ole Krosteson and Frankie were years apart in age, but they had two important things in common—a love of beauty, and faith in a dream



By KINGSLEY TUFTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

FRANKIE WILLIAMS' heart pounded for joy as he left Ole Krosteson's house and started for home. All his life, it seemed, he had wanted a cornet. But never before had he spoken of this desire. It had been one of the impossible things. Then tonight, suddenly, he had confided in his friend, Ole Krosteson, and Ole had promised a fabulous thing. He had promised to make a cornet of glass.

As Frankie left the neighborhood of the glass factory, following his shadow in the moonlight, he could hear the throb of the pumps in the oil fields half a mile beyond. The Williamses lived in the newest subdivision of town. Behind their street lay the open fields, bright with California poppies, and farther on, beyond the windbreak of eucalyptus trees, rose the oil derricks.

His father had worked in the oil fields a year. Sometimes Mr. Williams worked a split shift, other times at odd hours. And often his father was sleeping when Frankie wanted to blow his khaki Army bugle. At these times he would lay it across the handle bars of his bicycle and pedal out to the eucalyptus windbreak. Sometimes he crawled up on one of the hundreds of oil derricks and blew it there. As he thought of the glass cornet, he imagined himself on top of the tallest rig in the field, valving the scales, practicing to be the greatest cornet player on earth. He gritted his teeth for joy as the goose pimples prickled his arms.

He jerked open the front door, crying, "Guess what! Ole Krosteson is going to make me a glass cornet!"

His mother sat with one of Esther's stockings pulled over her hand. His father glanced up from the newspaper. His sister buried her nose deeper in her schoolbooks at the dining-room table.

His father grunted. "Glass cornet, eh? Ole must have changed bootleggers. His regular hooch isn't that strong."

"George!" Mrs. Williams said in a shocked voice. "Not in front of the children."

"Ah, Mom, I know Ole drinks," Frankie said. "But he wasn't drinking tonight."

"Who ever heard of a glass cornet!" Esther said scornfully.

"Gee whiz!" Frankie cried. "I've just been telling you."

"Look, son," Mr. Williams said seriously. "Krosteson was under the weather. He was pulling your leg. Even if he was able to make one, it would fly to pieces from vibration with the first toot. Don't believe everything anybody tells you."

"I think a glass horn would be nice," Frankie's mother said, "even if you couldn't blow it."

"Especially if you couldn't blow it," Esther added.

"Will you shut up! Ole is one of the greatest glass blowers in the world!" Frankie burst out. Then stoutly to his father: "He's going to make it out of a special kind of glass. It won't break."

Esther asked, "Did you tell him you can't go to San Pedro with him Sunday?"

Frankie's heart sank. A week ago Ole Krosteson had asked him to ride over to the harbor with him on Sunday and have a look at the ships. His father had forbidden it. He had been unable to bring himself to tell Ole he couldn't go. "We were talking about other things," he hedged.

"You mean you didn't tell him," his father said flatly.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" his mother asked. "Frankie can tell him tomorrow."

"I don't want Ole Krosteson sitting out front in that wooden-wheeled tin can on Sunday morning honking his horn when I want to sleep," George Williams growled.

"I only wish we had a tin can like that!" Esther said.

"Well," Mrs. Williams said, "we're not likely to —at least for a while yet."

Frankie looked at them. They didn't care about the cornet. And they didn't understand about his friend. To them, Ole was just an old gaffer at the glass factory. At the sideboard he unbuckled the belt from around his books, and slumped down across the table from his sister. He drew pictures of cornets around the margins of the pages in his history book. He made musical notes out of all the "o's" in the text. . . .

The next day, Saturday, he had two lawns to cut. It was not until late afternoon that he pedaled over to Krosteson's house. But the blinds were drawn, and Ole's car was gone from the garage. It occurred to him that Krosteson might have gone to Los Angeles, some twenty-five miles away, to get the special glass. He turned his bicycle toward the library to look up cornets again in the encyclopedia. He had read everything on cornets scores of

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times, but now the articles had a new and burning importance. Twice in the evening he rode over to see if Krosteson had returned, only to find the house dark. There was nothing to do but wait for morning, and when Ole came by, tell him he couldn't go with him to San Pedro.

He was awakened by the honking of an auto horn. In the street a motor was being raced experimentally and quieted.

Mr. Williams was already in the living room pulling on his trousers as Frankie dashed for the door.

"You stay in here," his father said. "I'll talk to Krosteson."

"Why not let him go, George?" his mother said from the kitchen.

"He's not riding anywhere with anybody that drinks," Mr. Williams said sharply.

"Ole surely ought to be sober on a Sunday morning," she answered.

"We'll see," his father said, slamming the front door behind him.

FROM the window Frankie saw Ole Krosteson stiffen in the car, and sit very erect. He straightened his black derby and smoothed down his mustache as Mr. Williams approached. Frankie saw his father talking earnestly. Though acquainted, he and Krosteson were not friends.

"Let me go out!" Frankie begged his mother.

"Your father said no," she answered.

At last Frankie saw Ole reach down and release the emergency brake. He said something to Mr. Williams, and Frankie saw his father step back as smoke poured from the exhaust, and the car shot away from the curb.

"What did he say?" Frankie flung open the door.

"He had liquor on his breath," his father answered. "He didn't say much of anything."

"Was he going—anyway—without me?"

"You were talking about a cornet the other night," Mr. Williams said. "I noticed Krosteson had one on the seat with him. Silver one. Must have picked it up somewhere last night when he was plastered."

"What?" Frankie cried.

"Don't get excited," Mr. Williams said. "It wasn't a glass one."

Frankie looked at his father helplessly. Of course it wasn't. He would have bet anything in the world that Ole had got it in Los Angeles to use as a model for the glass one. Suddenly it came over him that his friend had been planning a great day for just the two of them, talking about the glass cornet, looking over the ships in the harbor.

"You sure fixed things!" he cried angrily.

He felt his father's hand close tightly on his shoulder. "I know you wanted to go," he said, "but you'll be a lot better off in Sunday school." A friendly slap followed. "Don't take it so hard, son."

The rest of Sunday passed in agony. Frankie told himself he wouldn't blame Ole if he threw the whole thing over. He waited until after supper, then pedaled over to Krosteson's house. He had to explain that his father didn't understand—that he took the wrong attitude about some things. But everything was dark. He waited on the porch until nine o'clock. Finally, when Ole didn't come, he gave up, and went slowly home.

The next afternoon he ditched school and hurried to the glass factory. He walked swiftly down the planked floor past the first six blowing platforms, past the glass furnace, and toward the second battery of blowing holes on the other side. No matter how many times he came here, the heat and clatter of iron, the shouts of the men, the fiery glow and crystal brilliance of the great cylinders of glass were still exciting and terrifying.

Ole was out on the platform of the "big hole" leaping back, bracing his body against the weight of an almost completed triple-strength roller. The twenty-six-pound iron blowpipe whirled in his hands as he sighted down the length of the glass cylinder. His muscles strained beneath the sweat-soaked undershirt as he stood, legs spread, pressing his lips to the bee-bee of the pipe for the last blow. Covering the bee-bee with his thumb, he completed the full arc of the cylinder in the pit, swinging the seven-foot, sixty-pound roller up to the glory hole, catching the spinning pipe in the guide.

There was a little puff as the expansion of the imprisoned air inside the roller blew a hole in the soft glass. The edges began *(Continued on page 68)*

But most conspicuous of all was the silver cornet, suspended by two strings in the breakfast nook. It hung evenly, just above Krosteson's eyes when he was seated. "Oh—what a beauty!" Frankie exclaimed. Ole nodded. "The best"

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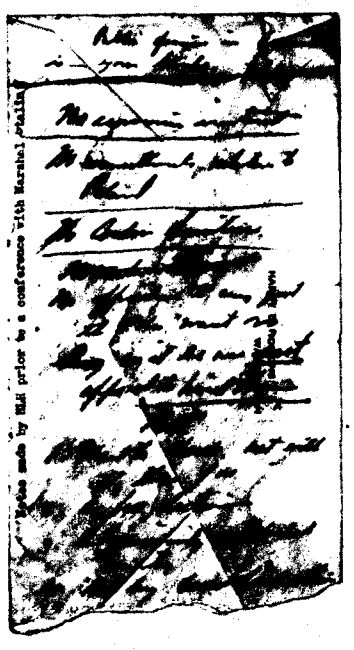
SOVFOTO

Homeward bound, Harry Hopkins and his wife found Soviet hospitality in Berlin "almost embarrassing." They were shown all the Nazi sanctums including the Reichstag



Public opinion in America is in your hands.
No economic interest
No commitments relative to Poland
No *cordon sanitaire*
No opposition to any government the Poles want so long as it be one *not* opposed to Soviet Union

But
1. Want to work out with the three of us
2. A free election
3. A genuinely independent country
4. Not by unilateral action

Before meeting Stalin, Hopkins jotted down on an envelope the points he must watch out for in discussing Poland. President Truman and the State Department had briefed him as to where he could give way, where he must stand firm

The Secret Papers of HARRY L. HOPKINS

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Hopkins staves off the gods of war and death in one final, desperate "Battle of Moscow." For the last time, the growing misunderstanding between the Soviet and the West seems to be completely bridged

Part 17: Last Mission to Moscow

Conclusion

IN HIS first talks with President Truman after Roosevelt's death, Hopkins said that he would remain in Washington for a few weeks and make available to the new Chief Executive every scrap of knowledge that he possessed concerning Roosevelt's unrecorded plans and hopes and apprehensions for the future—and there was, of course, a considerable amount of knowledge that only he possessed. Truman wanted Hopkins to stay on to give him the same kind of advice and counsel and assistance that he had given the late President. But Hopkins was obviously at the end of his physical rope and he could not make even a pretense of holding any official position.

Just before the San Francisco Conference Hopkins wrote a personal memorandum, inspired by an "inside" story in Drew Pearson's column in the Washington Post on April 22, 1945. Pearson had written:

"Though it may get official denial the real fact is that American advance patrols on Friday, April 13th, one day after President Roosevelt's death, were in Potsdam, which is to Berlin what the Bronx is to New York City," but "the next day withdrew from the Berlin suburbs to the River Elbe about 50 miles south. This withdrawal was ordered largely because of a previous agreement with the Russians that they were to occupy Berlin and because of their insistence that the agreement be kept." Pearson stated that this agreement had been made at Yalta. Hopkins indignantly wrote:

"This story by Drew Pearson is absolutely untrue. There was no agreement made at Yalta whatever that the Russians should enter Berlin first. Indeed, there was no discussion of that whatever. The Chiefs of Staff had agreed with the Russian Chiefs of Staff and Stalin on the general strategy which was that both of us were going to push as hard as we could.

"It is equally untrue that General Bradley paused on the Elbe River at the request of the Russians so that the Russians could break through to Berlin first. Bradley did get a division well out towards Potsdam but it far outreached itself; supplies were totally inadequate and anyone who knows anything about it knows that we would have taken Berlin had we been able to do so. This would have been a great feather in the Army's cap, but for Drew Pearson now to say that the President agreed that the Russians were to take Berlin is utter nonsense."

On May 1st the Hamburg radio declared that Adolf Hitler was dead. On May 2d the Russians captured Berlin and hostilities in Italy ended officially.

On May 4th, all German forces in the Netherlands, northwest Germany and Denmark surrendered to Field Marshal Montgomery's 21st Army group.

On that day Hopkins received the following telegram from Eden, Molotov and Stettinius in San Francisco: "At a dinner last night we three drank a special toast to you in sincere recognition of the outstanding part you personally have played in bringing our three countries together in the common cause. We regret that you are not with us at this moment of victory. With our affectionate personal regards."

On May 8th (V-E Day), Hopkins cabled Churchill, "I want you to know that I have been thinking of you very much today," and Churchill replied, "Your message reached me while I was sending one to you. Among all those in the grand alliance, warriors or statesmen who struck deadly blows at the enemy and brought peace nearer, you will ever hold an honored place." With these and other encomiums to cover the many scars that he had received, Hopkins felt that he could now retire forever from public life.

However, less than a week after V-E Day, it seemed that the San Francisco Conference was going on the rocks. Molotov and Eden were both headed for home. Harriman and Bohlen were on an airplane flying across the Continent with a *(Continued on page 37)*

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A thought to take inside

WE'VE PUT these four red roses outside your favorite bar to remind you how to get the very finest highball or cocktail you ever tasted.

When you go inside, just say to the barman, "Make mine with Four Roses, please."

You'll discover, at the very first sip, why more people are asking for Four Roses today than ever before in the 60-year history of this illustrious whiskey.

The reason is simply this: no other whiskey, however fine, combines quite the mellow smoothness and distinctive flavor that has won so many friends for Four Roses.

Try it and see!

. . .

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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The bright-eyed mouse at the right spells hope to doctors and parents. He and the paralyzed mouse at the left received identical injections of a polio virus. But the healthy mouse also received Darvisul, a drug which may lead to victory over polio. Holding the mice is patient technician Fritz Popken

Has Polio Met Its Match?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

The import of Darvisul's discovery may easily be misunderstood. It cannot yet be regarded as a successful treatment for polio. The new drug is available in limited quantities to physicians qualified to use it, but no one can be certain how effective it will be in practical use. It is still too early in the game. Here Collier's presents the dramatic story of the latest polio research.

At last—Darvisul, a new drug in the fight against polio and other virus diseases. It may open the way to more successful treatment of a deadly host of infections — influenza, sleeping sickness, yellow fever, rabies and colds

SULFA, penicillin and streptomycin have written a brilliant record as conquerors of bacterial disease, but they leave almost untouched another great class of microbes: the viruses. These are the submicroscopic bits of violence which cause such illnesses as sleeping sickness, yellow fever, infantile paralysis, colds, influenza, rabies. With no drugs to touch them, the viruses have remained one of medicine's greatest pieces of unfinished business.

There is now evidence that this unfinished business may be on the way toward great results. A new drug seems to have cracked the virus defense and, in doing so, becomes the greatest medical news since the discovery of penicillin. *Potentially* the new drug opens the way for a pill which will conquer the common cold in the dramatic fashion that sulfa combats pneumonia. It opens the way to a drug which will stamp out wildfire flu epidemics. Of more immediate importance, the new drug opens a new field for specific treatment against the most terrifying of all diseases: infantile paralysis.

By now, over 100 children sick with polio have had this drug. In a heartening proportion of cases, fever—which marks the grim progress of the disease—has disappeared in less than 24 hours. In many cases, spinal fluid, often cloudy with castoff cells destroyed by the disease, has cleared. If the drug has been administered early enough and in proper doses, the progress of paralysis *apparently* has been stopped in its tracks.

In a series of 60 cases treated by one physician, there was but one death. This case arrived at the hospital late, and polio had attacked certain points in the critical bulbar area where the spinal cord joins the brain. This area controls breathing, heartbeat and other vital functions. When it is injured, respiratory failure—and death—follow. These accomplishments of the new drug are more impressive when it is remembered that, up to now, no drug has been effective on the devastating polio virus.

The story of this research achievement begins in the pretty little town of Pearl River, New York—up the Hudson from New York City, and back inland toward the rolling hills of Rockland County. This is the home of the Lederle Laboratories, makers of pharmaceutical products.

A year ago last April, the late Dr. Y. SubbaRow, India-born, Harvard-educated director of Lederle Research—and one of the foremost biochemists in the world—faced up to the virus problem. All attacks on virus had been done in piecemeal fashion. No one had ever undertaken an all-over frontal attack in the quest for drugs *(Continued on page 50)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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"WITH CUNNING HAST THOU FILCHED MY DAUGHTER'S HEART!"

CRYSTAL SUMMER REPERTORY PLAYERS

MATINEE TODAY AT 2:30

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF!"

"WHAT GRACES!"

"WHOEVER LOVED THAT LOVED NOT AT FIRST SIGHT?"

"TO SIT AS IN CLOUDS!"

"AND THOU SHALT LIKE AN AIRY SPIRIT GO... ON 'HYDRA-COIL' SPRINGS IN FRONT, 'PARA-FLEX' IN REAR."

"MORE TUNEABLE THAN LARK TO SHEPHERD'S EAR!"

"PICK OF NEW V-8 OR SIX ENGINE...BOTH WARBLING OF ONE SONG, BOTH IN ONE KEY!"

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE DID NEVER RUN SMOOTHER!"

"BY THE SIMPLICITY OF VENUS' DOVES, IT'S A 'LOW SILHOUETTE' DREAM."

"'TIS A WISE FATHER THAT KNOWS HIS OWN CHILD IS PROTECTED BY FORD'S 'LIFEGUARD' BODY AND 'MAGIC ACTION' BRAKES!"

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DIRECTED BY ALFRED E. GREEN
Original Story and Screenplay
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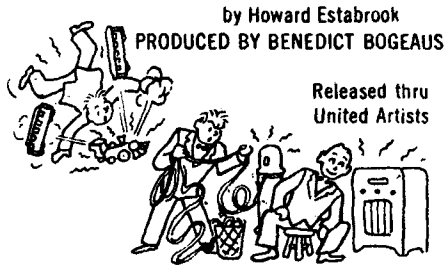

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The Human Female

By COREY FORD

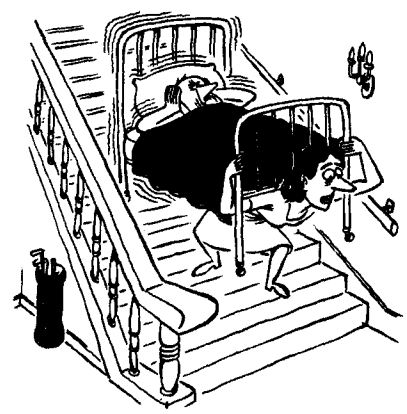
Women can take furniture but they can't leave it alone, according to our authority on the foibles of females. This is the first of a series of revelations which will prove to be no news to human males

IN PREPARING the Collier's Report on the Social Behavior of the Human Female, our special investigator secured the names and addresses of 492 married women, or wives, which he entered in a small pocket notebook. This notebook was found in his pocket that night by his own wife. The *next* special investigator that we hired interviewed the husbands instead.

These husbands were assured that their reports would be treated with the utmost confidence, and consequently they were only too glad to talk. Some of them said it was the first chance they'd had in years. The interviews thus secured were placed in a pile and held up to a strong light, as a result of which it was possible for the first time to observe a complete pattern of the human female. By moving these papers up and down in a circular motion, moreover, the pattern could be made to do some very unusual things, and we would be glad to show you any time you want to drop around to the office. Ask for Harry.

To be sure, the Collier's Report makes no effort to explain *why* the human female behaves as she does. (Cf. The World's Greatest Mysteries, Vols. I-IX, incl.) All we have attempted in this survey is to list certain behavior characteristics typical of all women, such as a total inability to put a Sunday newspaper back together again the way she found it, an instinctive distrust of all road maps ("I don't care what it says, George, I know we turn off here") and a tendency to drop both gloves under the table whenever she sits down. The husband's behavior pattern, on the other hand, is always the same, i.e., murmuring resignedly, "Yes, dear," and getting down on his hands and knees to look for the gloves.

Probably the most universal characteristic of the human female, according to our survey, is the habit of shifting or rearranging furniture. Out of 492 married males interviewed by our special investigator, only one husband, a Mr. B—, stated that the furniture in his home had remained in the same place ever since he was married. (He admitted later that he had secured all the chairs to the floor with twentypenny spikes.) From our file of case histories on the subject, we offer the following experiences as typical:



Case No. 98: Mr. J—, who has been married 20 years and says it seems like 20, claims that his wife has shifted the furniture in their home 347 times, to his certain knowledge. "The trouble with my wife," he says, "she can't take furniture and leave it alone. It's a vice with her, like opium. A love seat is a challenge. A bridge table is a gauntlet flung in her face. A sofa will be in one place in the morning and somewhere else at night, until it's as much as your life is worth to cross the living room in the dark, let alone sink back into your favorite easy chair without feeling behind you first to see if it's still there.

"Once she pulled the chair right out from under me as I was sitting down," he stated, rubbing the back of his head reminiscently. All day long, Mr. J— said, chairs and tables would keep moving past him in a steady stream, and at night he'd be kept awake by the rumble of furniture being shifted from one end of the house to the other, usually by Mr. J—.

He has finally solved the problem by sleeping every night in the display window of a local furniture store. It gives him a feeling of peace and security, he says. At least they change the exhibit only once a week.

Case No. 247: Mr. McQ—, who is married to a Mrs. McQ—, had a red leather armchair which he always kept on the right-hand side of the fireplace, and from which he had learned to flip cigarette butts past the andirons without even looking up. One night when he got back from the office, he told our investigator, he discovered that his wife had shifted the armchair over to the left-hand side of the fireplace. Mr. McQ— set about learning to flip his cigarette butts from the left-hand side, and he had just about mastered the technique when he came home one night and found that his wife had shifted the armchair back to the right-hand side again.

Mr. McQ— took one look, put his hat back on, went downtown and bought another red leather armchair exactly like the first. He placed one armchair on the left-hand side of the fireplace, and the other armchair on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Now his wife can spend all day long shifting the two chairs back and forth, and Mr. McQ— isn't bothered a bit. He's even learned to sit in his chair while his wife pushes it back and forth, and flip his cigarette butts into the fireplace as he goes by.

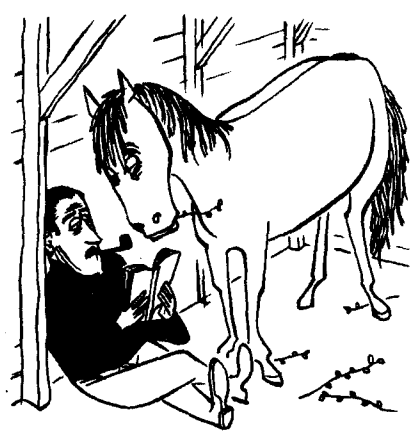
Case No. 27: Mr. K— states that his wife doesn't so much rearrange furniture as exchange it for *other* furniture, which for some reason always turns out to be a little less comfortable. Ever since he has been married, Mr. K— said, new furniture has been moving in one door of his house, and old furniture has been moving out the other door, and his wife has been standing in the middle tapping her teeth with her knuckles.

"That's the danger signal," Mr. K— warned our investigator, "when a woman starts to tap her teeth with her knuckles and gets that faraway look in her eyes. 'Look, dear,' she'll say 'do you really like that new curly maple set?' 'Of course I like it,' I'll say. 'Why wouldn't I like it after I've just finished paying for it?'

'Because I was just thinking,' she'll say, 'it doesn't really go with that colonial ladder-back chair that Aunt Harriet just gave us—'

"So then the whole thing will start all over again, and just about the time we get our living room done over in early American antiques, my wife will pick up a Chinese teakwood table at an auction someplace, and she'll start tapping her teeth with her knuckles again, and that is why I'm living out here in the barn, with the horse."

It is hoped that these few case histories have served to illustrate the furniture-rearranging aspect of human female behavior. There were a lot of other case histories, but I can't seem to locate them right now. It seems I've just rearranged the furniture in my office. ★★★



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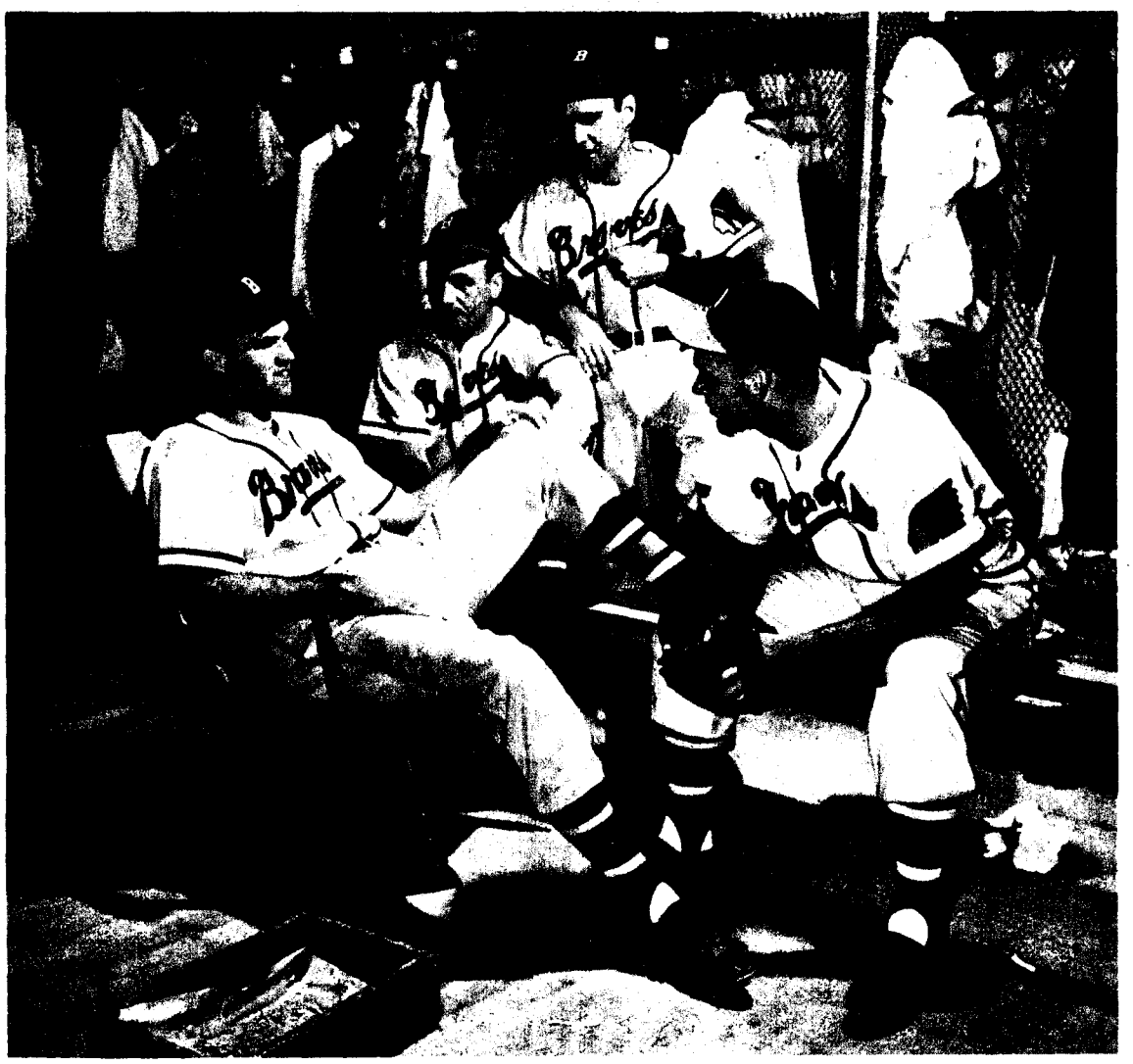
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Johnny Sain's success story began in the Navy, when he practiced what others pitched. Now he relaxes between games, hoping for 20 or more wins for the third straight year



Left to right: Sain, Phil Masi, catcher, Tommy Holmes, outfielder, and Mike McCormick, outfielder

THE Boston Braves were in Chicago. Johnny Sain, the big right-handed pitcher, was dozing in a beach chair on the hotel veranda. The breeze from Lake Michigan was cool.

"Now there's a man who insists on being comfortable," first baseman Earl Torgeson remarked. "Look for the softest chair and the most shade and you'll find Sain. You know, he bought a car last fall. Tried out half a dozen models and finally took the car he could slide into without knocking his hat off."

Sain sat up. "Run along, rookie," he advised Torgeson. "Buy yourself a cigar."

After Torgeson left, Sain said, "That kid is quite a ribber. I remember when he joined the club down in Florida two springs ago. He'd sit beside me after practice and say, 'Gosh, Johnny, it sure is a thrill to be playing ball with you big stars,' and we'd get talking, and pretty soon I'd say, 'Here, kid, have a cigar.' Well, I'd passed out a lot of cigars before I discovered the kid was just playing me for cigars. But I got even. Went over to Tampa and had some 'Torgeson Specials' made up. Pretty awful. Must have been half rubber. I fed a couple of them to Torgie—and he hasn't bummed another cigar since."

Johnny looked out over the water for a moment. "Funny business, baseball. I should never have got into it, and if I'd had any sense I would have quit a long time ago. But here I am on a pennant contender. Know where I started? The North East Arkansas League in 1936. Played four straight years and never got more'n a couple hundred miles from my home town, Belleville. Salary wasn't much. Fifty a month the first two years and seventy-five a month the last two.

"Had a fair curve but no fast ball. The scouts never talked to me. They were looking for kids with a live fast ball. Guess I should have quit when the Detroit Tigers made me a free agent in 1940. Instead, I went down to the Nashville training camp at my own expense and made the team as a relief pitcher.

"Pitched two years for Nashville without showing much. Larry Gilbert, the manager, planned to put me on first base in 1942, but the draft took a lot of his men, and he said I'd have to keep on pitching relief. Turned out that was a break, because the Braves were looking for a relief pitcher. They trained with Nashville that spring, and Larry asked Casey Stengel to look me over. Casey said my curve might get by and he bought me for $6,000—not a very flattering sum.

"Pitched fair ball for the Braves in '42, but the other clubs labeled me a five-inning pitcher because I was knocked out the few times I started. Went into Navy flight training in '43 and that should have finished me as a ballplayer, but I got another break. Was assigned to Chapel Hill and got a chance to play with Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky. I was a test pilot and instructor for three years.

"Played enough ball to let me experiment on pitches I'd seen other fellows use effectively—like Brazle's sidearm sinker. Sometimes I worked in the outfield and threw as far and as hard as I could. That loosened my shoulder and put a little extra on my fast ball. When I went back to the Braves in '46, I was throwing overhand and sidearm and underhand.

"First time Masi warmed me up, Southworth asked, 'What's Sain got?' and Phil said, 'Not much of anything and a little bit of everything.' Well, Southworth gave me a chance to start, and I won, and I kept on experimenting and won some more. Some smart baseball people say pitchers shouldn't experiment with new stuff. That's all right for fellows with natural stuff—like Simmons of the Phils or this young Johnny Antonelli we bought last month—but I have to keep fooling the hitters with something different. Right now I'm trying to learn the knuckler—it's the toughest pitch to hit.

"Well, that's the story—look at the time—11:30—time to start for the park—"

Sain is that rarity among modern pitchers—a 20-game winner. Johnny captured 20 victories in 1946 and 21 last season. Since 1920, only five National Leaguers have won 20 games three straight years. Another 20-game harvest this season would move Johnny into the select group with Wilbur Cooper, Dizzy Dean, Carl Hubbell, Paul Derringer and Mort Cooper. Christy Mathewson threw 12 consecutive 20-game seasons for the Giants from 1903 to 1914—averaged 27 triumphs per season—but that was before the home-run baseball was invented.

ALL-SPORTS AMERICAN

Jimmy Robinson, the man from Minneapolis who knows all there is to know about trapshooting and skeet, detoured past the house for a hunting-lodge breakfast (six eggs up) on his way to Sun Valley last spring.

"Look up Russ Aitken next time you're in New York," Jimmy advised. "Russ'd make a good story."

"What's he do?"

"Everything, and he'll probably be the favorite to win the national skeet tournament at Las Vegas. He's the most versatile sportsman in the country. He's a writer, sculptor, big-game hunter. In fact, there isn't much he doesn't do.

Aitken wasn't in New York for the Louis-Walcott fight. Versatile Russ had anticipated that malodorous meeting perfectly and was several thousand miles upwind—on safari in African elephant

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

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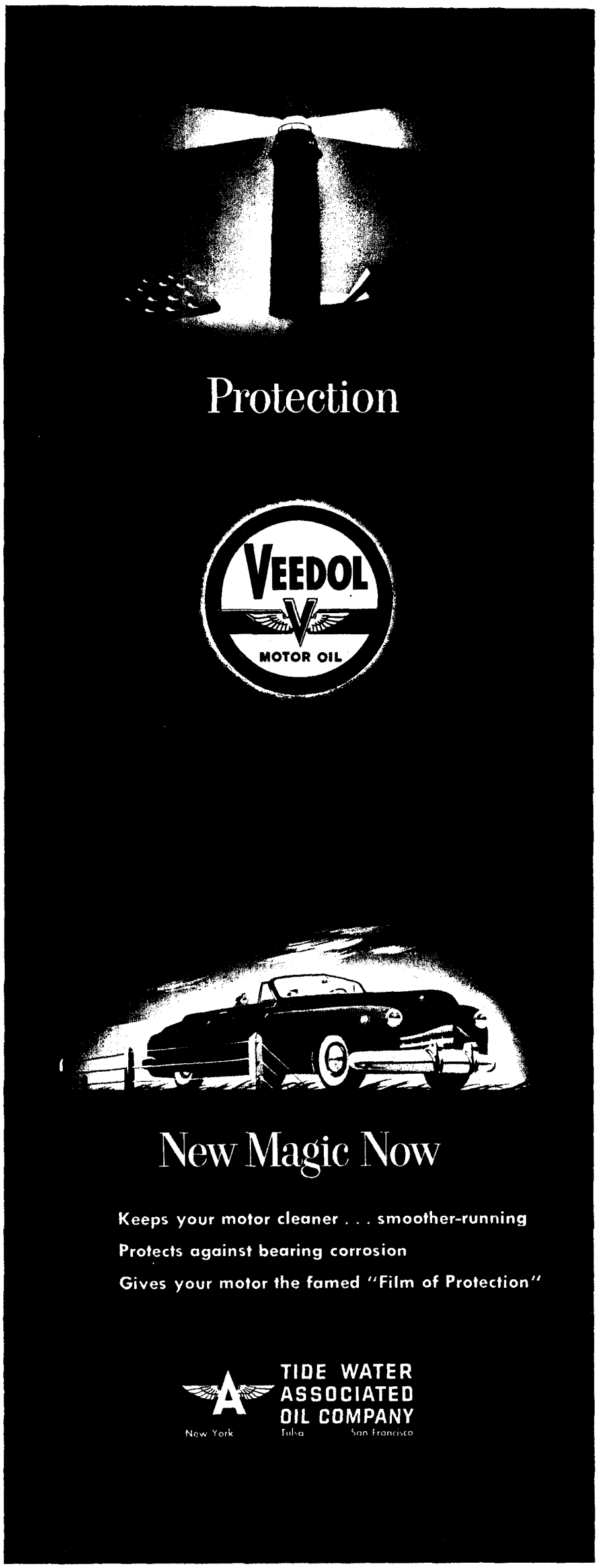


country. However, a friend supplied some background information.

Aitken is a big fellow—six feet three inches and 200 pounds. About forty. A ceramics artist who has done glazed and baked sculptures. His "Hitch Hiker" (a nymph riding piggyback on a centaur) is on exhibition in the Whitney Museum. He is wealthy, plays polo, fences, skis, flies racing planes (of his own design). He's taught gunnery to some 38,000 Army pilots at Yuma.

As Robinson claimed, Aitken is versatile. But what about his big-game hunting? We finally reached Russ a few weeks ago. He was back in New York and resting in LeRoy Sanitarium.

"Just a sore back," he explained.

"How was the trip?"

"Splendid. Traveled about 2,000 miles in a safari car—sort of a Rube Goldberg contraption—and walked another 300. Lost about 25 pounds."

"Any luck?"

"One elephant. Passed up 60 before we came across the one I wanted. Those African bull elephants are tremendous. They make the little Indian fellows you see in the circus seem puny by comparison. Got a lion, too."

"How'd you hurt your back?"

Well, that was a long story. Essentially, here's what happened. Versatile Russ is an expert photographer, too . . . He develops his own prints at home. While washing a print of that African bull elephant, Russ bent over the bath tub—and threw his sacroiliac out of whack.

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Miss Rebecca West, the British writer, doesn't agree with Hollywood directors who cast sports reporters as happy-go-lucky, hat-on-head characters. After visiting press row at the Ike Williams-Beau Jack fight, Miss West commented: "Sports writers are the gravest looking men I know. Compared with them our House of Lords is a raffish bunch, though maybe our ecclesiastical conferences presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury match them in solemnity."

If Miss West thinks fight writers are solemn, she should meet the Chicago baseball scribes who watch the White Sox play 154 games each season. They are a reasonably solemn facsimile of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

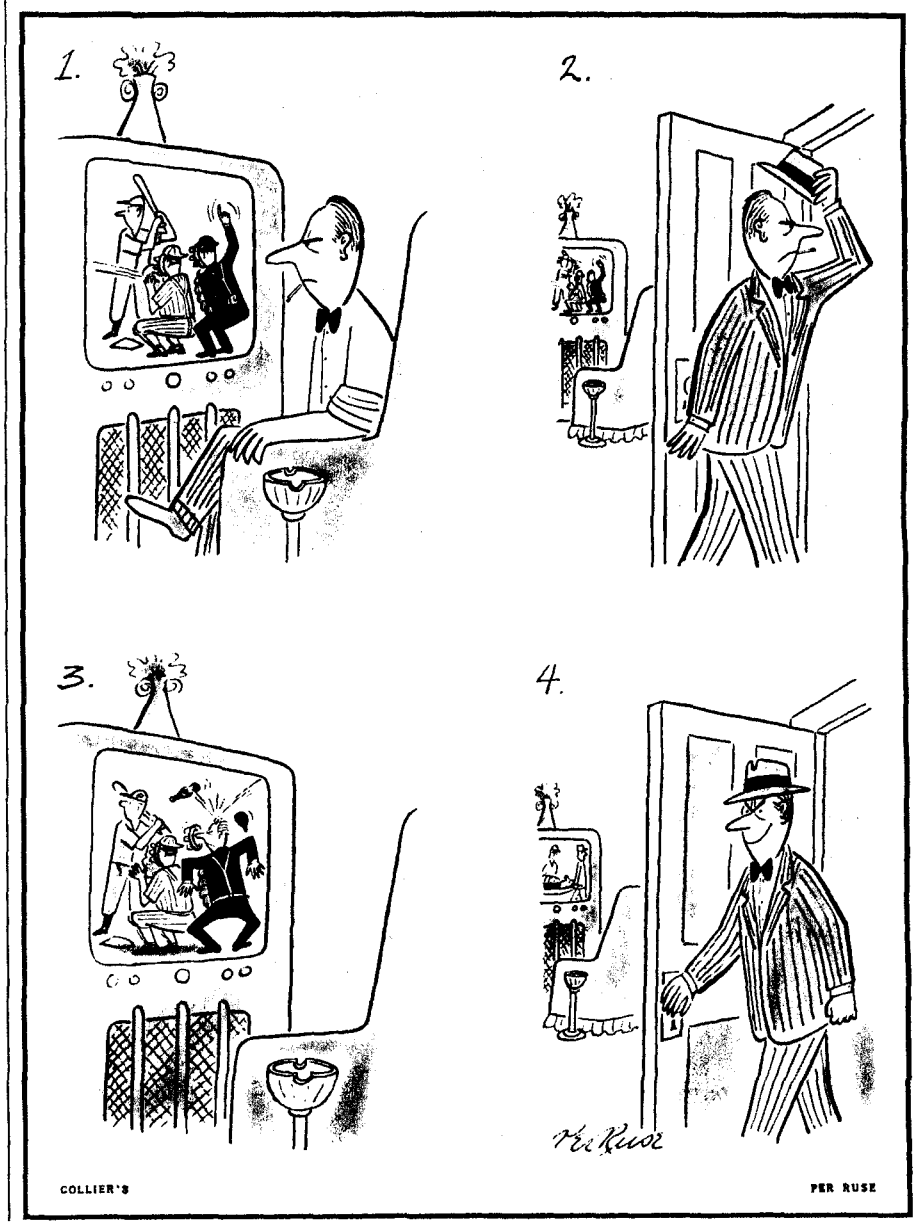
CAMPAIGN SONGS

Football songs featured the Republican political pep rally at Philadelphia. Governor Dewey and Senator Vandenberg used the fight song of their native Michigan. Senator Taft's band boomed Ohio State's. At the Democratic convention, President Truman stuck to the Missouri Waltz, but he may switch to something livelier for the campaign. If Harry's looking for a college number to match Dewey's militant Michigan melody, he could do worse than adopt the rousing Columbia tune that begins, "Roar, Lion, Roar!" Be a nice gesture, too. The fellow who runs Columbia has done a lot for Harry.

HOGAN'S BAD DAY

Confirmed bogey shooters may be comforted by what happened to Ben Hogan on a 140-yard par-3 hole at Jacksonville, Florida, last year. Ben dropped his tee shot into a pond and wasted four swings trying to play out of the water. He took a penalty stroke, dropped his ball on dry land, and chipped back into the pond. Another penalty stroke, a chip onto the green, two putts . . . and Ben was down in 11!

THE END



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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 28

sense of despair in their hearts. Bohlen suggested that Truman might send Hopkins to Moscow to talk things out directly with Stalin and Molotov. Harriman was enthusiastic about the suggestion and, on his arrival in Washington, went immediately with Bohlen to see Hopkins in his Georgetown house. Both Bohlen and Harriman have told me that Hopkins' response was wonderful to behold. Although he appeared too ill even to get out of bed and walk across N Street, the mere intimation of a flight to Moscow converted him into the traditional old fire horse at the sound of the alarm.

Harriman then went to the White House and presented the suggestion to the President.

Several anxious days followed. Then Truman sent for Hopkins and asked him if he felt capable of making the long journey; Hopkins' reply was an immediate, enthusiastic affirmative.

A SESSION IN THE KREMLIN

He left Washington on May 23d, less than two weeks after his retirement from government service. On this trip, he was accompanied by his wife, and also by Harriman and Bohlen. They arrived in Moscow on the evening of May 25th. The first meeting in the Kremlin was at 8:00 P.M. on May 26th. Those present were Stalin, Molotov and Pavlov, and Hopkins, Harriman and Bohlen. They chatted for some time, recalling previous meetings, and speaking of President Roosevelt's death. Then Hopkins got down to business. The conversation follows:

Mr. Hopkins said that . . . there were a number of things that he and Mr. Harriman hoped to discuss with Marshal Stalin and Mr. Molotov, but before going into those specific questions he wished to tell the marshal of the real reason why the President had asked him to come, and that was the question of the fundamental relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Two months ago there had been overwhelming sympathy among the American people for the Soviet Union and complete support for President Roosevelt's policies which the marshal knew so well. . . . The American people at that time hoped and confidently believed that the two countries could work together in peace as well as they had in war.

Mr. Hopkins said there had always been a small minority, the Hearsts and the McCormicks, who had been against the policy of co-operation with the Soviet Union. . . . He said he did not intend to discuss this minority but to discuss the present attitude of the millions of Americans who had supported President Roosevelt's policy in regard to the Soviet Union and who believed that despite different political and economic ideology, the United States and the Soviet Union could work together to bring about a secure peace for humanity.

He said he wished to assure the marshal with all the earnestness at his command that this body of American public opinion who had been the constant support of the Roosevelt policies were seriously disturbed about their relations with Russia.

In fact, in the last six weeks deterioration of public opinion had been so serious as to affect adversely the relations between our two countries. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said that it was not simple or easy to put a finger on the precise reasons for this deterioration but he must emphasize that without support of public opinion it would be very difficult for President Truman to carry forward President Roosevelt's policy.

He said that, as the marshal was aware, the cardinal basis of President Roosevelt's policy which the American people had fully supported had been the concept that the interests of the United States were world-wide and not confined to North and South America and the Pacific Ocean and it was this concept that had led to the many conferences concerning the peace of the world which President Roosevelt had had with Marshal Stalin. President Roosevelt had believed that the Soviet Union had likewise world-wide interests and that the two countries could work out together any political or economic considerations at issue between them. . . .

He said in a country like ours public opinion is affected by specific incidents and in this case the deterioration in public opinion . . . had been centered in our inability to carry into effect the Yalta Agreement on Poland.

Marshal Stalin replied that the reason for the failure on the Polish question was that the Soviet Union desired to have a friendly Poland, but that Great Britain wanted to revive the system of cordon sanitaire on the Soviet borders.

Mr. Hopkins replied that neither the government nor the people of the United States had any such intention. . . .

Marshal Stalin replied if that be so we can easily come to terms in regard to Poland.

Mr. Hopkins said that he had in mind the other following questions to discuss with Marshal Stalin. (1) The desire of President Truman to meet Marshal Stalin in order to discuss all of the problems arising out of the end of war in Europe and the time and place of such a meeting.

Marshal Stalin said that he had already replied to President Truman concerning the place of meeting and he had suggested the region of Berlin. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said the second question he desired to discuss was the setting up of the Control Council for Germany. General Eisenhower had already been appointed the American representative on the Control Council and he hoped that at an early date the Soviet representative would be named so that the council could meet and get to work.

ZHUKOV IS CHOSEN

Marshal Stalin apparently had not heard of the appointment of General Eisenhower and stated that Marshal Zhukov would be appointed the Soviet representative on the Control Council for Germany. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said the third question he wished to discuss was that of the Pacific war and the future relations of the United States and Soviet Union to China. He said that . . . it would be most useful to the American military authorities if he could take back some idea of the approximate date of the entry of the Soviet Union into the war in the Pacific.

Marshal Stalin said he would discuss that question with his advisers and let Mr. Hopkins know.

Mr. Hopkins concluded that . . . if Marshal Stalin for his part had any political questions concerning the United States which were worrying him he would of course be glad to discuss them.

Marshal Stalin replied that they had in fact several disturbing questions in regard to the United States. He added that he was very glad that the President had sent Mr. Hopkins to Moscow and

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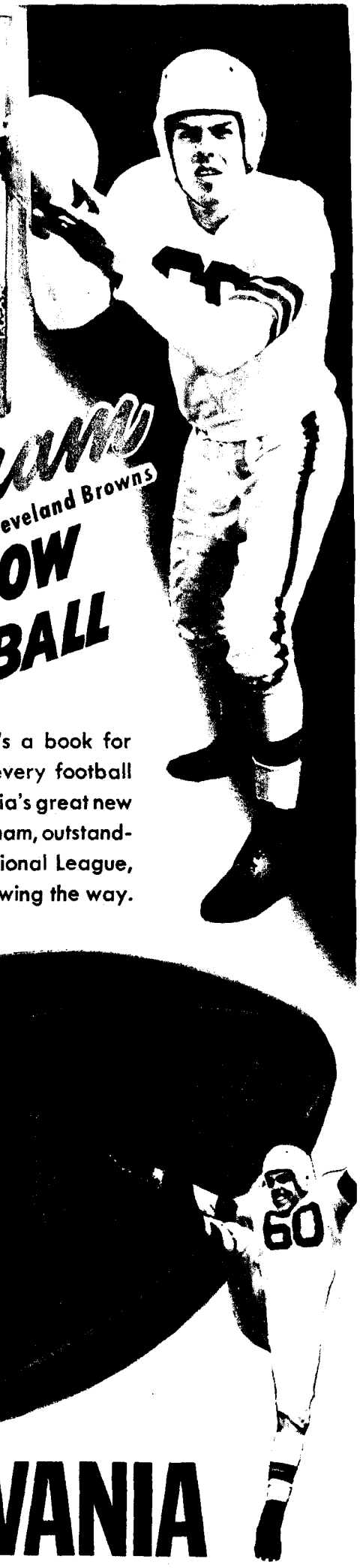

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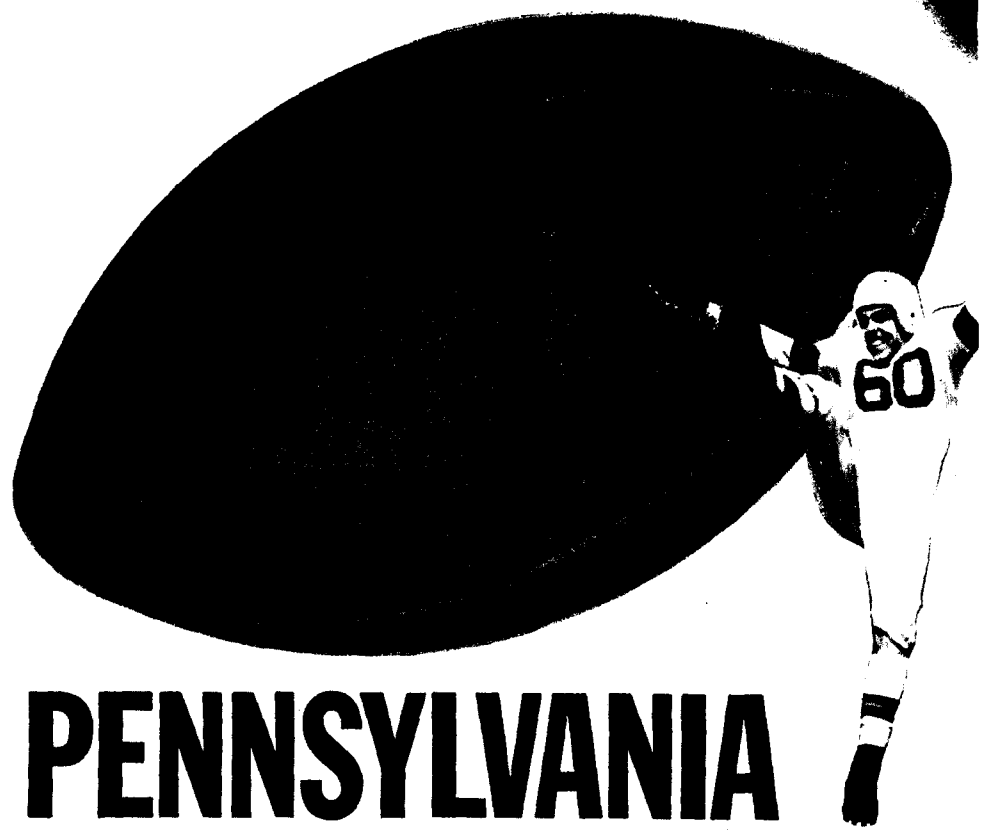

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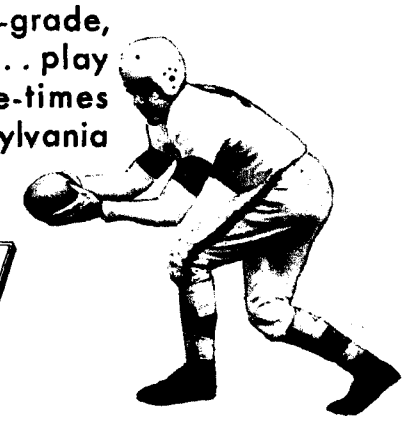

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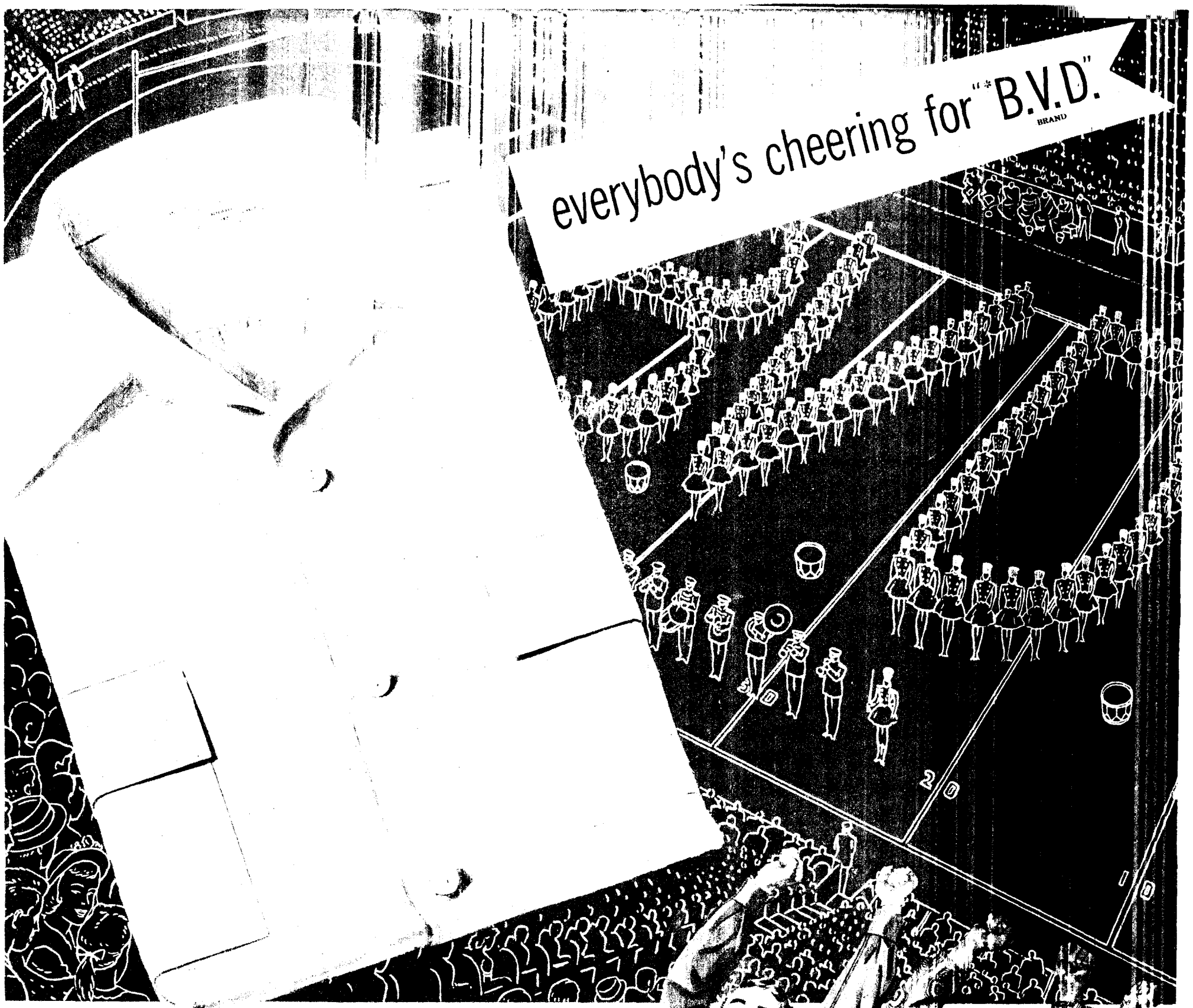

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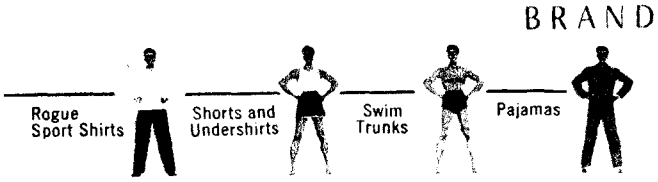

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thus given him this opportunity to explore all these questions. . . .

The meeting ended with Stalin expressing his conviction that Hitler was not dead, but had escaped by submarine.

The second meeting, involving the same six participants as the first, was held in the Kremlin at 8:00 P.M. on May 27th. Following is the record of this meeting:

Mr. Hopkins said that last night the marshal had indicated that there were a number of questions concerning the United States which were worrying him. He asked if Marshal Stalin would care to begin with these questions.

WHY STALIN WAS WORRIED

Marshal Stalin said he would not attempt to use Soviet public opinion as a screen but would speak of the feeling that had been created in Soviet governmental circles as a result of recent moves on the part of the United States government. . . . It was their impression that the American attitude toward the Soviet Union had perceptibly cooled since it became obvious that Germany was defeated, and that it was as though the Americans were saying that the Russians were no longer needed. He said he would give the following examples:

(1) The case of Argentina and the invitation to the San Francisco Conference. At Yalta it had been agreed that only those states which had declared war on Germany before the first of March would be invited but at San Francisco this decision had been overturned. . . . He added that the action of the conference and the attitude of the United States had raised the question of the value of agreements between the three major powers if their decisions could be overturned by the votes of such countries as Honduras and Puerto Rico.

(2) The question of the Reparations Commission. At Yalta it had been agreed that the three powers would sit on this commission in Moscow and subsequently the United States government had insisted that France be represented on the same basis as the Soviet Union. . . . To attempt to place France on the same footing as the Soviet Union looked like an attempt to humiliate the Russians.

(3) The attitude of the United States government toward the Polish question. He said that at Yalta it had been agreed that the existing government was to be reconstructed and that anyone with common sense could see that this meant that the present government was to form the basis of the new. He said no other understanding of the Yalta Agreement was possible. Despite the fact that they were simple people the Russians should not be regarded as fools, which was a mistake the West frequently made . . . that their patience has its limits.

(4) The manner in which Lend-Lease had been curtailed. He said that if the United States was unable to supply the Soviet Union further under Lend-Lease, that was one thing, but that the manner in which it had been done had been unfortunate and even brutal. For example, certain ships had been unloaded and while it was true that this order had been canceled the whole manner in which it had been done had caused concern to the Soviet government. If the refusal to continue Lend-Lease was designed as pressure on the Russians in order to soften them up then it was a fundamental mistake. He said he must tell Mr. Hopkins frankly that if the Russians were approached frankly on a friendly basis much could be done but that reprisals in any form would bring about the exact opposite effect.

(5) The disposition of the German navy and merchant fleet which surrendered to the Allies. Stalin said that . . . under the surrender terms German troops were supposed to surrender to the army against which they had fought. He said General Eisenhower had correctly turned over to the Soviet command in Czechoslovakia some 135,000 German troops who had tried to surrender to the American Army. . . . However, as regards to the German fleet which had caused so much damage to Leningrad and other Soviet ports not one had been turned over to the Russians despite the fact the fleet had surrendered. He added that he had sent a message to the President and Prime Minister suggesting that at least one third of the German navy and merchant marine thus surrendered be turned over to the Soviet Union. . . . He said that the Soviet government had certain information leading it to believe that both the United States and England intended to reject the Soviet request and he must say that if this turned out to be true it would be very unpleasant.

Mr. Hopkins said he first of all wished to express his appreciation of the frankness with which Marshal Stalin had exposed his worries. He said that in so far as he and Ambassador Harriman were able they would answer equally frankly. . . . He was able to state that the United States had no desire to retain any portion of the German fleet and merely wished to examine the vessels for possible new inventions or improvements. After that we were prepared to sink the share turned over to us. He said that he had always understood that the fleet was to be divided between the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain and that in so far as the United States was concerned there was no objection to whatever disposition the Soviet government wished to make with its share.

Mr. Hopkins then said on the subject of Lend-Lease he thought it had been clear to the Soviet Union that the end of the war with Germany would necessitate a reconsideration of the old program of Lend-Lease to the Soviet Union.

Marshal Stalin said that was entirely understandable. . . .

Mr. Hopkins stated that even prior to the end of the war in Europe we had made an agreement with the Soviet Union known as Annex 3 to Protocol I, which involved delivery of supplies which might be of use in the Far East. . . . He emphasized that this commitment was accepted in full by the United States and we were in the process of carrying it out.

In regard to the unloading of the ships, he said that . . . it had been the action of one government agency involved in Lend-Lease and that it had been countermanded promptly within 24 hours. He said that no one who was responsible for Lend-Lease policy or American government policy had had anything to do with that mistaken order. The only question which had to be reconsidered was the program of deliveries . . . based on the needs of the war against Germany and that it had been made clear that on the basis of this reconsideration we would be glad to reconsider any Soviet requests and that he thought some were now being considered. . . .

Marshal Stalin said . . . he fully understood the right of the United States to curtail Lend-Lease shipments. . . . Even two months ago it would have been quite correct for the United States to have begun to curtail shipments but what he had in mind was the manner and form in which it was done. He felt that what was after all an agreement between the two governments had been ended in a scornful and abrupt manner. He said that if proper warning had been given to the Soviet government there would have been no feeling of the kind he had spoken of; that this warning was important since their economy was based on plans. . . .

LEND-LEASE NOT A WEAPON

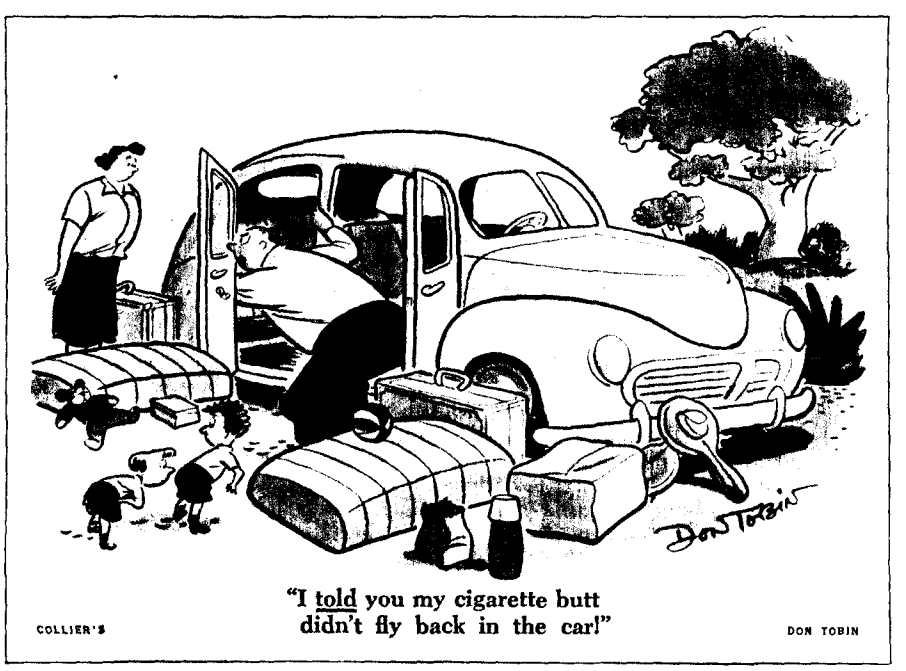
Mr. Hopkins replied that what disturbed him most about the marshal's statement was the revelation that he believed that the United States would use Lend-Lease as a means of showing our displeasure. He wished to assure the marshal that . . . there was no attempt or desire on the part of the United States to use it as a pressure weapon. He said the United States is a strong power and does not go in for those methods.

Marshal Stalin said he believed Mr. Hopkins and was fully satisfied with his statement in regard to Lend-Lease but said he hoped Mr. Hopkins would consider how it had looked from their side.

Mr. Hopkins then turned to the question of the Reparations Commission. He said it was true that we had suggested France as an additional member and that the Soviet government had indicated that if France was to be a member there were other countries with equal or better claims to be represented. He said that he had not been directly involved in this question since the Yalta Conference because of his illness but so far as he knew our only motive was that France was to be represented on the Control Council for Germany and it therefore appeared reasonable and logical that she should participate in the reparations discussions. . . . He said he did not of course know, but he felt that we would probably not insist . . . on the admission of France. . . .

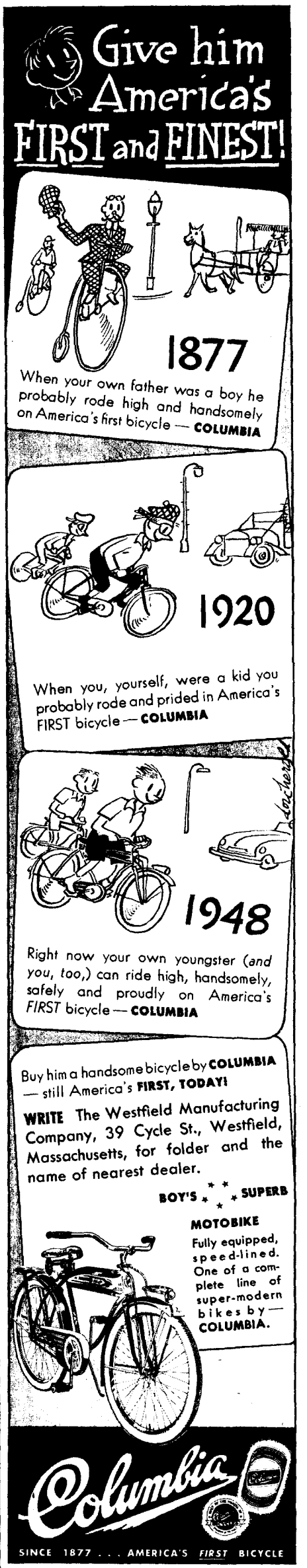
Mr. Hopkins then said in regard to the Argentine question, since he had not been at San Francisco he would ask Ambassador Harriman to explain that situation. He added that he had been at Yalta and he must say that the marshal was right in regard to the decision there.

Ambassador Harriman said that he



"I told you my cigarette butt didn't fly back in the car!"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN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hoped that he could speak frankly on the subject of the Argentine and that Mr. Molotov would forgive him if he spoke in that fashion. . . . The situation was that we came to San Francisco with a commitment which President Roosevelt assumed at Yalta to support the admission of the Ukraine and White Russia as original members of the world organization and also with certain commitments with the South American countries in regard to Argentina.

At San Francisco, at Mr. Molotov's request, Mr. Stettinius had taken up with the Latin-American countries the question of their willingness to support the Crimea decision in regard to the Ukraine and White Russia. The Latin-American countries had immediately tried to connect this question with that of the admission of the Argentine. Mr. Stettinius had made it plain that he would not make any such connection and if Mr. Molotov recalled, the Latin-American countries had voted solidly in support of the Yalta decision. There was, however, another step to the Ukraine and White Russia question, namely that of inviting them to the conference, concerning which the United States had taken no commitment. . . .

PLACES BLAME ON MOLOTOV

Mr. Harriman said that he, personally, felt that if Mr. Molotov had not introduced the question of an invitation to the present Polish government we might have been successful in persuading the Latin-American countries to postpone the question of Argentina, but that once Mr. Molotov had connected the question of Argentina with that of . . . the present Polish government, Mr. Stettinius felt that because of the willingness of the South American countries to support the Crimea decision and the invitation to the Ukraine and White Russia, he was committed to vote for the admission of Argentina.

Mr. Molotov said that his request for more time had not been granted.

Marshal Stalin said in any event what had been done could not be put right and that the Argentine question belonged to the past.

Mr. Hopkins then said with the marshal's permission he would like to review the position of the United States in regard to Poland. He said first of all he wished to assure the marshal that he had no thought or indeed any right to attempt to settle the Polish problem during his visit, nor was he intending to hide behind American public opinion in presenting the position of the United States.

Marshal Stalin said he was afraid that his remark concerning Soviet public opinion had cut Mr. Hopkins to the quick and that he had not meant to imply that Mr. Hopkins was hiding behind the screen of American public opinion. In fact, he knew Mr. Hopkins to be an honest and frank man.

Mr. Hopkins said that he wished to state this position as clearly and as forcibly as he knew how. He said that the question of Poland per se was not so important as the fact that it had become a symbol of our ability to work out problems with the Soviet Union. He said that we had no special interests in Poland and no special desire to see any particular kind of government. That we would accept any government in Poland which was desired by the Polish people and was at the same time friendly to the Soviet government.

He said that the people and government of the United States felt that this was a problem which should be worked out jointly between the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain and that we felt that the Polish people should be given the right to free elections to choose their own government and their own system and that Poland should genuinely be independent. The government and people of the United States were disturbed because the preliminary steps toward the re-establishment of Poland appeared to have been taken unilaterally by the Soviet Union together with the present Warsaw government and that in fact the United States was completely excluded.

He said he hoped that Stalin would believe him when he said that this feeling was a fact. . . . He hoped that the marshal would put his mind to the task of thinking up what diplomatic methods could be used to settle this question, keeping in mind the feeling of the American people. He said he himself was not prepared to say how it could be done but that he felt it must be done. . . .

Marshal Stalin replied that he wished Mr. Hopkins would take into consideration the following factors: He said it may seem strange . . . that the Soviet government should wish for a friendly Poland. In the course of 25 years the Germans had twice invaded Russia via Poland. . . . He said these German invasions were not warfare but were like the incursions of the Huns. He said that Germany had been able to do this because Poland had been regarded as a part of the cordon sanitaire around the Soviet Union and that previous European policy had been that Polish governments must be hostile to Russia.

In these circumstances either Poland had been too weak to oppose Germany or had let the Germans come through. . . . He said there was no intention on the part of the Soviet Union to interfere in Poland's internal affairs, that Poland would live under the parliamentary system which is like Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Holland and that talk of an intention to Sovietize Poland was stupid. He said even the Polish leaders, some of whom were Communists, were against the Soviet system since the Polish people did not desire collective farms or other aspects of the Soviet system.

In this the Polish leaders were right since the Soviet system was not exportable—it must develop from within on the basis of a set of conditions which were not present in Poland. He said all the Soviet Union wanted was that Poland should not be in a position to open the gates to Germany and in order to prevent this Poland must be strong and democratic. Stalin then said that before he came to his suggestion as to the practical solution of the question he would like to comment on Mr. Hopkins' remarks concerning future United States interests in the world. He said that whether the United States wished it or not it was a world power and would have to accept world-wide interests.

U.S. MUST BE A WORLD POWER

Not only this war but the previous war had shown that without United States intervention Germany could not have been defeated. . . . For this reason he fully recognized the right of the United States as a world power to participate in the Polish question and that the Soviet interest in Poland does not in any way exclude those of England and the United States. Mr. Hopkins had spoken of Russian unilateral action in Poland. . . . It was true that Russia had taken such unilateral action but they had been compelled to.

He said the Soviet government had recognized the Warsaw government and concluded a treaty with it at a time when their Allies did not recognize this government. These were admittedly unilateral acts which would have been much better left undone but the fact was they had not met with any understanding on the part of their Allies. The need for these actions had arisen out of the presence of Soviet troops in Poland (and) it would have been impossible to have waited until such time as the Al-

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lies had come to an agreement on Poland.

The logic of the war against Germany demanded that the Soviet rear be assured and the Lublin Committee had been of great assistance to the Red Army at all times and it was for this reason that these actions had been taken by the Soviet government. He said it was contrary to the Soviet policy to set up Soviet administration on foreign soil since this would look like occupation and be resented by the local inhabitants. It was for this reason that some Polish administration had to be established in Poland and this could be done only with those who had helped the Red Army.

He said he wished to emphasize that these steps had not been taken with any desire to exclude Russia's Allies. . . . Stalin then turned to his suggestion for the solution of the Polish problem.

Marshal Stalin said that he felt that we should examine the composition of the future government of National Unity. He said there were 18 or 20 ministries in the present Polish government and that four or five of these portfolios could be given representatives of other Polish groups taken from the list submitted by Great Britain and the United States (Molotov whispered to Stalin who then said he meant four and not five posts in the government). He said he thought the Warsaw Poles would not accept more than four ministers from other democratic groups.

He added that if this appears a suitable basis we could then proceed to consider what persons should be selected for these posts. He said of course they would have to be friendly to the U.S.S.R. and to the Allies. He added that Mikolajczyk had been suggested and he thought he was acceptable and that the question was now who else. . . .

Marshal Stalin then said it might be wise to ask some of the Warsaw leaders to come to Moscow now and to hear what they had to say. . . . He added that if we are able to settle the composition of the new government he felt that no differences remained since we were agreed on free elections and that no one intended to interfere with the Polish people.

After each meeting, Hopkins reported in detail by cable to Truman and the State Department, which kept the British Foreign Office fully informed as to the progress of the conversations. The fate of the San Francisco Conference and perhaps of the whole future of world peace was at stake and the issue could not wait for Hopkins' return to Washington.

Hopkins' cabled report on the third meeting can be summarized as follows:

By August 8th the Soviet Army will be properly deployed on the Manchurian positions.

The marshal repeated his statement made at Yalta that the Russian people must have a good reason for going to war and that depended on China's willingness to agree to the proposals made at Yalta.

For the first time he stated that he was willing to take these proposals up directly with Soong. He wanted to see Soong not later than July 1st and expected us to take the matter up at the same time with Chiang Kai-shek.

A PLEDGE TO SUPPORT CHIANG

He made categorical statement that he would do everything he could to promote unification of China under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. He further stated that this leadership should continue after the war because no one else was strong enough. He specifically stated that no Communist leader was strong enough to unify China.

Stalin repeated all of his statements made at Yalta that he wanted China to control all of Manchuria as part of a United China. He stated categorically that he had no territorial claims against China and mentioned specifically Manchuria and Sinkiang and that in all areas his troops entered to fight the Japanese he would respect Chinese sovereignty.

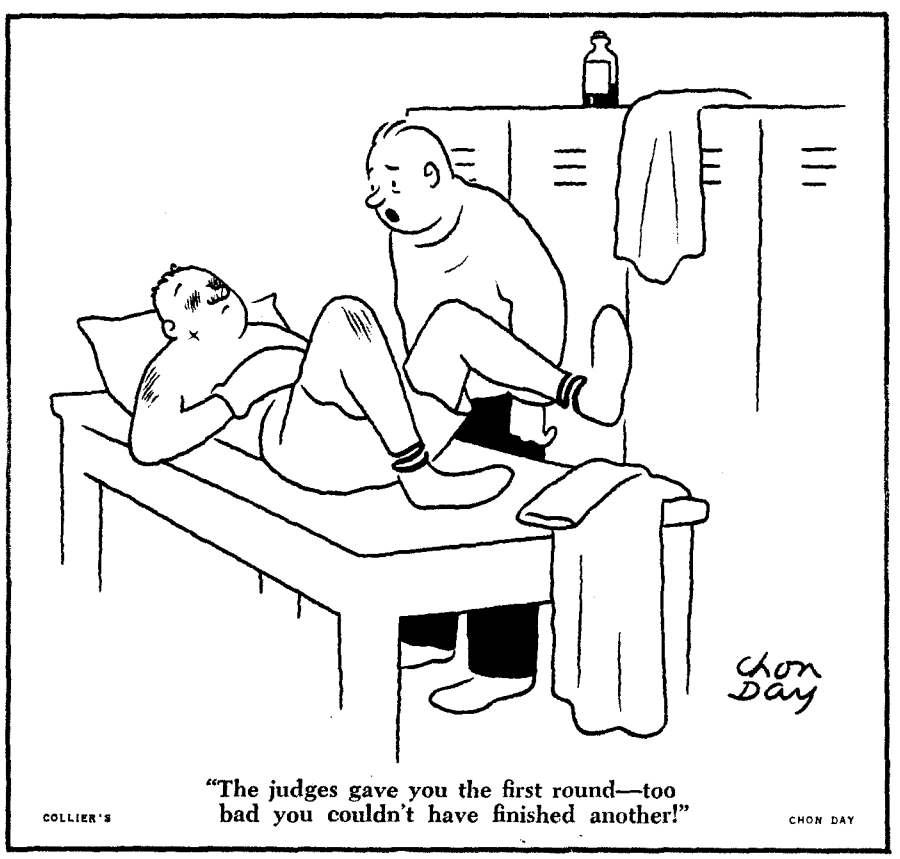
The marshal stated that he would welcome representatives of the generalissimo to be with his troops entering Manchuria in order to facilitate the organization in Manchuria of Chinese administration.

He agreed with America's "Open Door" policy and went out of his way to indicate that the United States was the only power with the resources to aid China economically after the war.

He agreed that there should be a trusteeship for Korea under the United States, China, Great Britain and the Soviet Union.

This was followed by another cable on the same meeting:

Peace feelers are being put out by certain elements in Japan and we should therefore consider our joint attitude and



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act in concert about the surrender of Japan. Stalin expressed the fear that the Japanese will try to split the Allies. . . .

The marshal expects that Russia will share in the actual occupation of Japan and wants an agreement as to occupation zones. He also wants an understanding between the Allies as to areas of operation in China and Manchuria.

At this same meeting, there was also some talk about the endless problem of postwar treatment of Germany. In his report to Truman, Hopkins said:

"On two occasions Stalin had emphasized the importance of planning at once for the organization of the Peace Conference as related to Europe. At your forthcoming meeting he will bring this up.

"We reminded Stalin some days ago that he had made a speech in which he said that he did not favor the dismemberment of Germany. This appeared to be contrary to the position he took both at Teheran and Yalta.

"His explanation . . . was that his recommendation had been turned down at Yalta and more specifically that Eden and Strang on behalf of the British had stated dismemberment was to be accomplished only as a last resort and that Winant, who was present at the conference at which this discussion took place in London, interposed no objection, hence Stalin states that it was his understanding that both Great Britain and the United States were opposed to dismemberment. I undertook to tell him that this was not the case; that while you had made no final decision in regard to this, the United States considered this an open question and that you would surely want to thrash it out when you meet.

A Visit to the Ballet School

On May 30th, the fourth day in Moscow, Hopkins and his wife enjoyed some sightseeing, particularly a visit to the Russian Ballet School. When he met Stalin at six o'clock that evening, he told his host how greatly he had enjoyed seeing this school which was then as it has always been the veritable fountainhead of ballet art for the entire world. Hopkins noted: "Marshal Stalin said that although he had been 28 years in Moscow, he had never visited the Ballet School"—precisely like the traditional New Yorker who says, "I've lived here all my life but I've never seen the Statue of Liberty."

The topics discussed at this fourth meeting were the disposition of the German fleet, arrangements for the forthcoming Potsdam Conference and, again, Poland. Hopkins stated the basic American attitude toward the difficult Polish question in the following conversation:

Mr. Hopkins said he would like to accent once again the reasons for our concern in regard to Poland, and indeed, in regard to other countries which were geographically far from our borders. He said there were certain fundamental rights which, when impinged upon or denied, caused concern in the United States. These were cardinal elements which must be present if a parliamentary system is to be established and maintained. . . . He said for example:

1. There must be the right of freedom of speech so that people could say what they wanted to, right of assembly, right of movement and the right to worship at any church that they desired;

2. All political parties except the Fascist party and Fascist elements who represented or could represent democratic governments should be permitted the free use, without distinction, of the press, radio, meetings and other facilities of political expression;

3. All citizens should have the right of public trial, defense by counsel of their own choosing, and the right of habeas corpus.

He concluded that if we could find a meeting of minds on these general principles . . . he was sure we could . . . agree on procedures to carry them into effect. . . .

Marshal Stalin replied that these principles of democracy . . . would find no objection on the part of the Soviet government. . . . He said, however, that in regard to the specific freedoms mentioned by Mr. Hopkins, they could only be applied in full in peacetime, and even then with certain limitations. He said for example the Fascist party whose intention it was to overthrow democratic governments, could not be permitted to enjoy to the full extent these freedoms. He said secondly there were the limitations imposed by war. All states when threatened by war on their frontiers . . . had found it necessary to introduce certain restrictions. . . . With reference to freedom of speech certain restrictions had to be imposed for military security. . . .

Marshal Stalin continued that he wished to give a few examples. He said that at the time of the revolution the Russian Communist party had proclaimed the right of freedom of religion as one of the points of their program. The Russian patriarch and the entire then existing church had declared the Soviet government an anathema and had called on all church members not to pay taxes nor to obey the call to the Red Army but to resist mobilization, not to work, etc. He said what could the Soviet government do but in fact to declare war on the church which assumed that attitude. He added that the present war had wiped out this antagonism and that now the freedom of religion, as promised, could be granted to the church.

The fifth meeting on May 31st involved a detailed discussion of candidates for the Polish government. In all of these discussions, Hopkins repeated many times that it was the desire of his government that the Polish government should be friendly to the Soviet Union, and Stalin agreed this was all that he demanded. But, here again, as Roosevelt had said to Churchill, "The Russians do not use words for the same purposes that we do"; and there was apparently no way of translating the word "friendly" from one language to the other so that it would end up meaning the same thing.

Conference for Two Only

After the fifth meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins had dinner with Stalin. Some 20 of the most important men in the Soviet Union were present. After dinner Hopkins had a conversation with Stalin, nobody else being present except the interpreter, Pavlov. Hopkins wrote the following record of this:

I told Marshal Stalin that I wanted to impress on him as earnestly as I knew how the unfavorable effect in America caused by the detaining of the fourteen Poles within Poland, and, specifically those that were charged only with having illegal radio transmitters. I made it clear to him that I was not talking about the others charged with more serious crimes. . . .

Stalin then said that he had information in regard to these prisoners which was not available to us and inferred that all of them were engaged in what he called diversionist activities. He stated that he believed that Churchill had misled the United States in regard to the facts and had made the American government believe that the statement of the Polish London government was accurate. Just the opposite was the case.

Marshal Stalin stated that he did not intend to have the British manage the affairs of Poland and that is exactly what they want to do. Nevertheless he stated that he believed me when I told him it was having an unfavorable effect on public opinion in America and he assumed the same was true in Great Britain, and therefore he was inclined to do everything he could to make it easy for Churchill to get out of a bad situation because if and when all the evidence is published it would look very bad for the British and he does not want to make the situation worse than it is. He stated that the men must be tried but that they would be treated leniently and he clearly implied that he was going to consider at once what could be done. . . .

During the next few days, voluminous cables passed back and forth between Washington, London and Moscow containing comments on all the various Polish names mentioned. Churchill cabled Hopkins his congratulations on the splendid job that he was doing and he cabled Truman that a break in the deadlock seemed to be resulting from Hopkins' devoted efforts. In one of these cables, Churchill referred to "The Iron Curtain" which had descended over Europe; this phrase did not come into popular currency until a long time later.

On June 6th, Hopkins had his sixth and last meeting with Stalin and Molotov, with Harriman and Bohlen also present. During this, the following conversation took place:

Marshal Stalin said that he wished to

"Your folks gone—friends all gone —maybe we can sit back and enjoy these last two days here"

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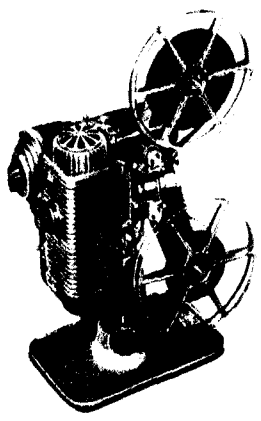

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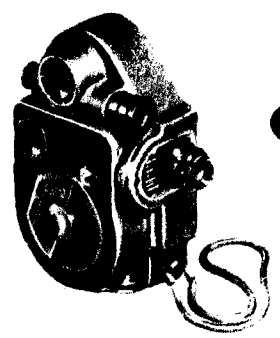

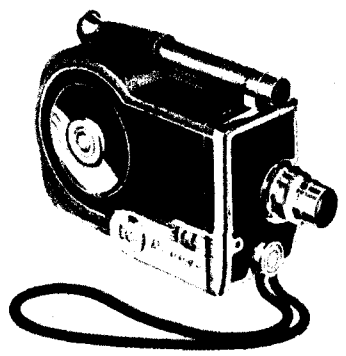

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thank Mr. Hopkins for his great assistance in moving forward the Polish question.

Mr. Hopkins then said he would like to raise an entirely separate question with Marshal Stalin and that related to the impasse which had come about at the San Francisco Conference in regard to voting procedure in the Security Council. He said he had received an urgent message from President Truman to take this up with Marshal Stalin and to indicate the seriousness of this matter. He said it referred to the Soviet insistence that nothing could be discussed by the Security Council without the unanimous vote of the permanent members exclusive of those involved in a particular situation.

He said that the United States government had agreed with the marshal that there must be unanimity among the members in regard to all questions involving enforcement action in any of its aspects but that in the consideration of methods for the peaceful settlement of disputes, parties to the dispute, whether permanent members or not, would abstain from voting.

He added that the United States thought the Yalta formula as agreed on safeguarded the freedom of discussion and the right of any member to bring before the council any situation for discussion. And that this right, which was rightly a question of the agenda, should therefore be decided by the council by simple majority without any power having the right to veto it. He said he earnestly hoped the marshal would see eye to eye with us and the other sponsoring powers and France who were agreed on this question.

Mr. Molotov said that the Soviet position was based squarely on the Crimea decision and that (in) matters involving peaceful settlement parties to dispute would not vote and that the full unanimity applied only to enforcement action. The Soviet position was that the same formula for peaceful settlement should apply in deciding whether or not the council should take up and discuss any given question. (Ensued a conversation in Russian between Mr. Molotov and Marshal Stalin from which it was clear that the marshal had not understood the issues involved and had not had them explained to him. During this conversation Marshal Stalin remarked that he thought it was an insignificant matter and that they should accept the American position.)

SMALL NATIONS AS WARMAKERS

Marshal Stalin then stated that he had no objection to a simple majority being applied in discussions relating to pacific settlement but of course not to any matter involving enforcement action. He said he stressed this aspect because he knew these considerations were raised by the small nations. He had most respect for the small nations (but) it must be admitted there was a tendency among them to exploit and even to create differences between the Great Powers in the hope that they would obtain the backing of one or more of the Great Powers for their own ends. He said it was a mistake to believe that just because a nation was small it was necessarily innocent. . . . After all two world wars had begun over small nations.

Mr. Hopkins said he thought that possibly the difficulties at San Francisco had grown more out of misunderstandings than real differences. . . .

Marshal Stalin then stated that he was prepared to accept the American position on the point at issue at San Francisco in regard to voting procedure.

The real crux of the dispute at San Francisco had been whether the Soviet Union could prevent even *discussion* of any issue by means of its veto. Hopkins subsequently wrote: "There can be no question that the United States' permanent long-time relations with the Soviet Union are going to be seriously handicapped not so much by the fundamental differences in ideology between a capitalist economy and a Socialist state, but between our fundamental notion of human liberty—freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of worship."

As this final conference for Hopkins in the Kremlin came to an end, he expressed to Marshal Stalin on the part of Mrs. Hopkins and himself, their great appreciation for the many kindnesses and courtesies they had received during their stay in Moscow. . . .

Following this last meeting, Hopkins cabled Truman: "Marshal Stalin agrees to accept the United States position regarding voting procedure in the council." This was the real news that the San Francisco Conference had been saved.

INVITATION TO POTSDAM

Hopkins arrived back in Washington on June 12th and breakfasted with Truman the next morning. The President congratulated him warmly on the extent of his accomplishment in Moscow and urged him to go to the Potsdam Conference the next month. But Hopkins knew that Byrnes would by then have succeeded Stettinius as Secretary of State, and he felt sure that his presence at Potsdam would create inevitable embarrassment, not because of any differences of opinion or ill will between the two men, but simply because of the obvious fact that both Stalin and Churchill were long accustomed to dealing with Hopkins and might therefore seem to by-pass Byrnes's authority.

Truman appreciated the validity of these points and did not urge Hopkins to reconsider.

This was an extraordinary moment in Hopkins' life. For he was, for a few days, something of a national hero. Of all the tributes paid to him, the one that touched him most came from a lady in Paris, Missouri, who was unknown to him—Mrs. Mary P. Blanton, wife of the editor of the Monroe County Appeal. She wrote: "When I read the editorial in my husband's weekly paper this morning my impulse was to send it to you. None of us are averse to praise and 'Those who stand in high places' may need a little at times. I hope your health is much improved and that you will soon be well and strong. The Middle West is proud of your work for our country."

The editorial that Mrs. Blanton enclosed was as follows:

PALACE GUARD SAVED THE DAY

Harry Hopkins is receiving much applause from newspapers and politicians who tried so hard to destroy him before Roosevelt's death. Always they sneered at him as "The palace guard." When a recent crisis arose between Russia on one hand and Britain and America on the other, President Truman sent Harry to Moscow to iron things out. Although in wretched health, he made the trip and did the job, thus proving the late President knew what he was doing when he kept this great American around. A lot of those who now applaud him should be apologizing to him for past slanders.

Despite Editor Blanton's admonition, I know of no instances of apologies being made to Hopkins for "past slanders." However, during the seven months that remained of his life, the hate-drooling columnists did not pay much attention to him, probably because Hopkins' great friend, their real target, was dead. They now had nobody left to slander but the great friend's widow.

THE END

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SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW

Continued from page 22

who had through sheer perversity put obstacles in his path. He started jotting down notes on the subject. His policy had never been one of active pursuit, but one of patient waiting, with gifts of jewelry in one hand and of tobacco in the other. "Among primitive peoples," he began, and stopped short. He pushed his papers aside and entered upon a long line of reflection, staring unseeingly at the wall. Then, chuckling a little, he reached for the telephone directory—

He was too intent upon his thought to hear a shrill piping from the front porch. But Sally heard it, and came downstairs to let Mercedes into the living room.

"Why," said Mercedes, "have you got that towel around your head?"

"I've just washed my hair."

"Why don't you let the lady downtown wash your hair?"

"I don't know. I never thought about it."

"Mother does. Paula does."

Sally eyed the child absently, for the first time in her life considering the idea of a professional shampoo and wave. But in the next moment she was remembering her status in Medville. A girl who chased a boy. The laughingstock of the whole town.

There wouldn't be any point in having her hair waved. But Mercedes was reclaiming her attention. She had come over, it seemed, to return some of Sally's photographs that had fallen under the porch swing.

"Tom didn't want to bring 'em," she announced.

Sally's face flamed. "That's all right," she muttered. "They weren't important ones anyway."

Mercedes looked at her admiringly. "He's scared of you! Paula says so."

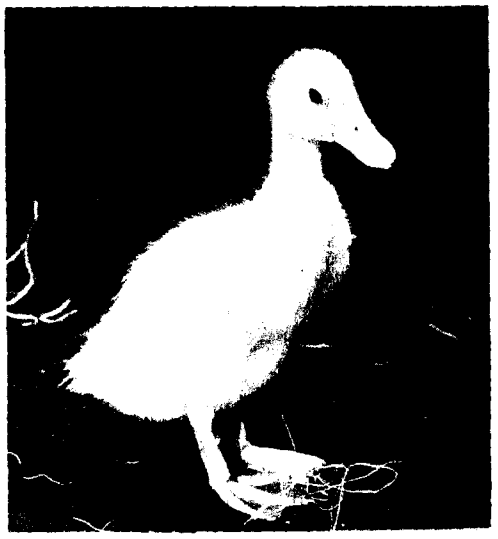
It was hard to curb a person who thought her remarks were exceedingly complimentary, and it was almost impossible to persuade her to go home. Mercedes, at least, had looked on Sally with favor.

MERCEDES WHITNEY continued to be her one friend. She was over morning, noon and night, Sally's only living contact with the outside world. Sally herself seldom ventured beyond the security of the Richards' ragged hawthorn hedge. She even avoided coming face to face with the mailman. And she tortured herself by imagining the things people were saying behind their hands. *Why, she kept rushing over there with pictures to show him and she kept calling him up and asking him to the movies! Oh, she must just have embarrassed him to death, my dear!* She was alone, except for Mercedes, all day long, and she had plenty of time to conjure up these conversations.

Her father had made no comment on this hermit's life she was leading. He himself was very busy. He was writing, of course, and he was also putting through a plan to keep himself fit, as he explained, for next year's jaunt to the Solomon Islands. He had ordered the equipment of a small gymnasium to be set up in the old red barn, this equipment including a punching bag, boxing gloves,

"I've just insulted your wife, Mr. Fertig! Now, what do you do?"

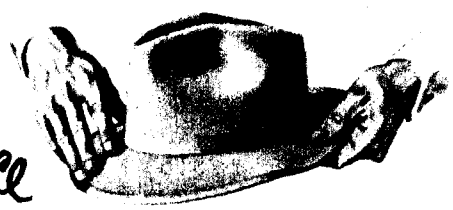
How would you say it?



1 Soft as a baby duckling. Can you think of a better way to describe what your fingertips *feel* when you pick up a Mallory Hat?

2 Lively as a fencer's foil is another way of describing it. If you happen to crush or dent a Mallory, just a touch will bring it right back into shape again.

3 The MALLORY Vacationer is a good example of what we mean. Hatters would describe it as "mellow"—a quality difference you can tell the moment you take it into your hands. The Vacationer is a comfortable, *lightweight*, jaunty style—your dealer has it in this fall's smartest colors. In *Pliafelt*,* $10.00. Other Mallory Hats, $8.50 to $20.00.



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For the man with a sensitive tongue

NEW CARBURETOR

cools your smoke— makes it mild

Bowl of pipe is yellow because it is treated with real bees' honey. No "breaking-in" is required. Cool air drawn through the patented* Carburetor keeps the bottom of the bowl dry, so there is never a "wet heel". A pipe that beginners can enjoy without having to accustom themselves to it. Ask for Carburetor Yello-Bole at dealers, $2.50. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Estab. 1851, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

*U. S. PAT. NO. 2,082,106

This picture of Honey Girl is displayed wherever Yello-Boles are sold.

Identify Yello-Bole pipes by the honey-seal in the bowl. It keeps the honey fresh.

a horizontal bar and a sensational set of traveling rings.

These fascinating objects had hardly been installed before a small coterie of admirers began gathering around Septimus. First there was Shorty Perkins, a stolid boy with white eyelashes, not very bright. There were the Elliott twins, Jerome and Jimmy, aged ten. Following the twins came Albert Morris, a lugubrious young man who looked like a sheep.

This was not the prey that Septimus was awaiting, but before the end of the week his patience was rewarded. Tom Whitney had ambled into the barn.

"What a swell setup, sir! I'd heard about it."

"A man needs to keep himself in shape," said Septimus.

With that, he hoisted himself to the traveling rings, moving from one to the other with dexterous half turns. Tom watched him for a few minutes, then he found the boxing gloves and suggested their putting them on. The two circled about the barn floor, feinting at each other, with Septimus barking instructions.

"Gosh! You're good, sir!"

"Well, I fooled around with boxing back in my college days. Not bad sport for a young fellow. I might," he added, carelessly, "give you a few pointers!"

The boy was grateful. In the end it was agreed that he should drop in every afternoon.

Septimus, however, was crafty. He did not tell Sally about Tom's first few visits. He was waiting for the inevitable question from Tom.

"I never see your daughter around, Mr. Richards. Doesn't she ever come out here?"

Septimus endeavored to keep any trace of elation from his voice. "Oh, this wouldn't appeal to a girl much."

Tom hesitated. He looked embarrassed. "I guess she doesn't think I've been very neighborly. I've been so busy with one thing and another. But do you suppose she'd like to go to a movie tonight?"

"You might ask her. She's in the house somewhere."

TOM started toward the back door. Septimus, grinning broadly, sat down on an old milking stool and congratulated himself. He had been convinced, of course, that the psychology which had served so well in West Africa would be just as effective in the Middle West. He had been virtually certain that no boy in any neighborhood could long resist a barn gymnasium. But having a tidy sort of mind, Septimus Richards was gratified to have proved the fact. It was, moreover, very agreeable to dwell on his little daughter's happiness—

Tom had returned. "She won't go," he said.

There was an incredulous note in his voice which found a shrill echo in the voice of Sally's father. "Won't *go? Why* in Heaven's name *not*?"

"She says she's got some letters to write."

Septimus was a stunned man. When he went into the house, he tried to elicit some satisfactory explanation from Sally, and failed entirely.

Sally waved her fingernails, which she had just painted a lovely pale pink. "He doesn't interest me," she said.

It took Septimus some moments to achieve the power of speech. "I suppose you realize I've got to go on giving this fool kid boxing lessons! I've promised him! Boxing lessons every afternoon!"

"Well, I'm so dreadfully sorry, Dad," she murmured, "but there's just nothing I can do about it—Look, do you like this shade I've got on my nails? It's called Colonie."

Septimus' answer was brief and peevish. He was rubbing the small of his back with a tender hand. At his age, he could have dispensed with boxing gloves and traveling rings.

He went on boxing, however. Tom came over every day and soon Septimus found himself liking the boy and sharing his hurt bewilderment over the extraordinary aloofness of Sally Richards, who had been going to town on shopping trips, buying clothes which she brought home and put carefully away in a closet.

But, although she avoided Tom adroitly enough, she continued to see Mercedes, who could not, in any case, have been avoided. The devotion of that little person had never wavered.

She leaned against Sally. "I love you. An awful lot. I wish you'd marry Tom so you could be my mother-in-law."

"I wouldn't be even if I ever did—which I wouldn't."

Mercedes considered this vaguely, and dismissed it. "Tom wants to know how a girl can write letters every night. He says it's crazy."

"Does he? How amusing," Sally said.

This state of affairs went on for a week. Actually, it was all quite simple. The trouble with Septimus was that he lacked a feminine instinct. His daughter, on the other hand, no longer lacked it. Calmly she was awaiting the final, necessary word.

Mercedes, that tireless liaison officer, supplied the word in due time, "Tom's mad," she reported. "He keeps askin' me and askin' me who you're writing to that's so darn' wonderful you haven't got time for anybody right next door. He's awful mad, Sally."

Sally responded to this with a cryptic smile and a chocolate cupcake, whereupon she went to her room and arrayed herself in her new blue Shantung dress and her little gold platform sandals. Coming down again, she paused before the hall mirror to give a few last touches to the smooth waves of her hair. Then she sauntered out to the barn.

Her solicitude for her father was charming to behold.

"Oh, Dad! I just wanted to remind you not to exercise too long! My goodness, it's just been perfectly awful the way you've been overdoing lately and—" She broke off in pretty confusion. "Oh, hello, Tom! I didn't know you were here!"

"Sure," Tom said. And casually he jumped over the horizontal bar. Then he took a few ferocious jabs at the punching bag.

"Mercy!" murmured Sally. "How strong you are!"

SEPTIMUS RICHARDS considered his daughter, who was no longer a little girl. Then he smiled, but he smiled to himself and began taking off the gloves. He slipped out of the barn, but neither Tom nor Sally paid any attention. Tom's eye had fallen on the little gold platform shoes.

"Kind of cute."

"Oh, they're nothing! I just wear them around the house."

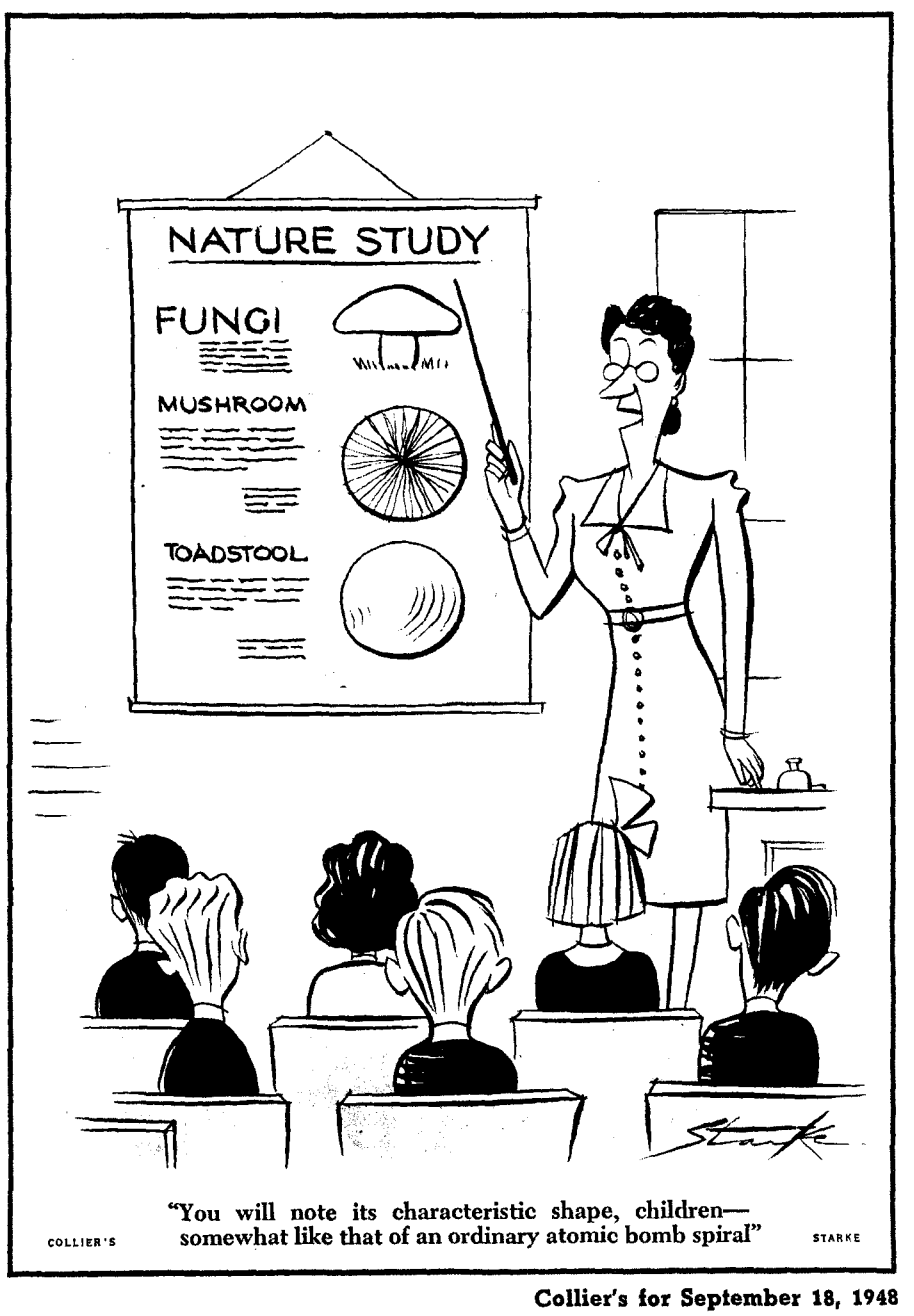
He looked at her and she looked at him. He wanted to kiss her and she wanted to be kissed.

They made not the slightest move toward each other and that was all there was to it. But it was one of the most intolerably thrilling moments either of them would ever know.

His voice was unsteady. "Could you go to a movie tonight?"

Sally lowered her lids, discreetly, over eyes that were shining like stars. "Why, I guess I could," she said.

THE END



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"Happy . . . *lazybones?*"

"You can bet I am, Dorothy. What a wonderful vacation this has been for all of us!"

"It certainly has, and I hate to see it end."

"Well, someday, you and I are going to take a *permanent* vacation, when we retire on my life insurance."

"Your life insurance? But I thought that was supposed to take care of the children and me . . . just in case anything ever happened to you."

"That's very true, darling, but it works two ways: If I'm taken out of the picture, The Mutual Life will send you a check every month; but my life insurance will also provide a comfortable retirement income for you and me when we want it later on. That's why we've got *Insured Income* . . . it takes care of all our needs."

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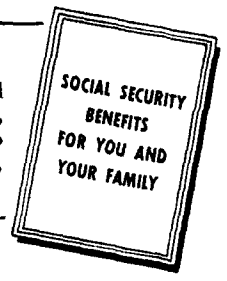

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A PRINCESS SELLS HER SARONG

Continued from page 24

In her own wardrobe Madame Sunario has the royal sarong of a sultan, the only Indonesian personage whose raiment can bear the likeness of the Garuda bird, a mythical creature which provided transportation for the Hindu god, Vishnu. This sarong was worn by the princess' great-great-grandmother.

Currently the Sunario sarongs are produced in little shops where a woman will work on a single garment for as long as three months. The design is painstakingly painted on both sides of the cloth with molten wax, heated over small charcoal fires and applied through a hollow-handled instrument called the *tjanting*. The cloth then is dipped into dye, leaving the wax-colored sections uncolored.

The wax is removed, and this process is repeated with other applications of wax and different-colored dyes, until the beautiful finished product emerges, printed on both sides.

The best sarongs are those called Tiga Negeri, or "made in three countries." Since different parts of Indonesia are noted for superior artisanship in one specialized phase of batik, Tiga Negeri sarongs receive their basic color in North Java, are sent to East Java for the application of the intricate design, and then to Central Java for the minute background designs.

Such a sarong is priced at $2,000 in Indonesia; and probably will cost an American $3,500 or more.

A Sort of Japanese New Look

Only once was there an attempt to alter the ancient art. That was made by the Japanese occupiers who demanded a design called "New Asia." The sarong makers dutifully produced a sarong to these specifications, but the "New Asia" part of the design always ended up around the ankles, or the buttocks. That put a finish to that.

As Princess Sunario demonstrated (and as many American women now are learning), there is an art to *wearing* a sarong. The idea is to wind the rectangle of cloth about you so that it looks attractive and does not *un*wind disastrously in the first strong gust of wind.

First, the princess makes some pleats at the left end of the sarong, and holds it so that both ends are equidistant from the small of her back. At this point she gives a little hop, reminiscent of a football shift, with her legs spread slightly apart. The unpleated right end is wrapped around her left hip to the front; the pleated left end is brought over it, and around the right hip, ending up with the pleats in front. The top of the pleated edge is tucked in at the waist. A *stagen* or cummerbund sometimes is used to hold the sarong in place at the waist. (Men's sarongs are donned in reverse and tucked in on the right side.)

However, ingenious American women, finding Western hips unsuited to the Indonesian technique, have devised their own methods of wrapping the sarong, a development which the princess approves "so long as it is attractive."

The hopping motion is to get just enough leg room to enable one to take short, ladylike steps. "You must," says the princess, "be able to hear the sound of your legs against the cloth when you walk."

Today Princess Sunario's biggest problem is something more basic than conducting sarong-winding classes. In the first place transportation problems make it difficult for her to get her sarongs into this country for some months.

In the meantime several top-flight American designers and manufacturers have become interested to the extent that, while waiting for Javanese sarongs to arrive, they are planning to put copies on the market next winter. Famous designer Tina Leser is doing her entire resort-wear line this year in fabrics and designs copied from priceless sarongs. Dan River Mills and Everfast, two of the biggest manufacturers of cotton prints, are coming out with imitation batik for spring; so are Onondaga and Bianchini, big silk manufacturers. Designers Adele Simpson and Adrian have caught the sarong bug. An artist-designer named Mura Dehn is making expensive, hand-engraved sarongs in the Javanese manner. Fabric designer Wesley Simpson will turn out assembly-line-printed sarong fabrics. Batik-type draperies, slip covers and neckties are beginning to illumine the landscape.

The real thing in expensive sarongs will be shown at the Asia Institute in New York in a show to open October 14th. After that, they will be displayed in other cities throughout the United States.

HORS D'OEUVRES ANONYMOUS

Let's start a society
To curb the variety
Of canapés served with cocktails.
The numerous dishes
Of pâté and fishes
And cheeses and chunks of mock quails,
The sardines, the sausage,
The greens suff'ring tossage,
The pretzels, the pickles, the chips,
The dried beef, the carrot,
The kippers in claret,
On toothpicks that perforate lips.
And then if an ulcer
Should stave in your hull, sir,
You'll know that it came from the gin—
Not the lobster in guava,
Marinated cassava,
Or bilged barracuda with fin.

—Dorothy B. Griswold

The princess' second major problem is that the sarong industry in Indonesia always consisted of hundreds of little sweatshops, in which the Javanese artisans toil for wages approximating 50 cents a day. The princess' objective is to hire away as many of these artisans as she can, assemble them under one roof, pay them vastly improved wages, and then turn out sarongs by modern, assembly-line methods.

The smart money in the Netherlands and in Indonesia seems to think she'll be able to accomplish this monumental feat. They base their opinion on the fact that she never has been stopped by tradition or overwhelming odds. For instance, Indonesian men, in accordance with Moslem custom, are permitted to have four wives at a time; and divorce is a simple affair. (Her Westernized father, who recently was elected president of the State of West Java, had several wives in his youth.) In the face of this, the princess has succeeded in remaining the one and only spouse of Prince Sunario. She achieved this by the simple expedient of taking the unfortunate man aside one day and telling him, "If you take another wife, I say goodby."

The sarong industry is not conceded much of a chance against her.

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

side of the picture. Now, why not one by Westbrook Pegler, covering the same subject? To show that I think it would be a paying proposition, I'll take five hundred copies at any time it appears.

HARWOOD KEATON, Gladewater, Texas

As we recall, Mr. Pegler has written extensively on this subject.

WHY NOT COLLECT COLLIER'S? (AND CHRYSLERS)

DEAR COLLIER'S: I appreciate the fine pictures your magazine puts out for the advertising of Chrysler cars.

I am making a collection of them for my room. I'm 11 yrs. old.

MYRA BLUM, Terril, Iowa

DEFINITION OF A RED

SIR: I beg to inquire if you will not give us an up-to-date and comprehensive definition of a Communist?

The dictionaries say that a Communist is one who believes in Communism, and Communism is defined as any system in which the means of production are owned in common, with some attempt to distribute goods on an equitable basis.

By Communism, most people refer to that system of government which is supposed to prevail in Russia.

In the true meaning of the term, Russia is not a Communist country. It is, rather, a totalitarian state.

A. H. (NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST), Salt Lake City, Utah

To our readers: You *tell him.*

HANDY MAN

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I thoroughly enjoyed Octavus Roy Cohen's mystery, More Beautiful Than Murder. However, since reading the concluding installment (Aug. 7th) one thing has intrigued me. On page 40 the despicable culprit, Wade Ramsay was "shoved . . . into a straight chair. He looked awful uncomfortable with his hands behind his back." (Handcuffed, that is.) On page 41, Ramsay performs the following astounding feat: "Ramsay passed his hand across his forehead as though thinking was becoming too great an effort."

How? Any explanation short of "He had three hands" will be acceptable.

ART PARROTT, Stockton, Cal.

Ramsay, Cohen forgot to say, was a contortionist.

HOPE VS. CROSBY

DEAR SIRS: Ted Shane's Road to the 19th Hole (Aug. 14th) reminded me of another round of Bing Crosby-Bob Hope golf. Both had pitched beautifully to the green, Hope landing 18 inches from the cup, Crosby two feet. They lay even.

Bing knelt, studied the 24 inches to the cup intently, plucked a blade of grass, threw it up to test the wind, studied some more, then said to the caddie, "Tell me, lad, was this green mowed this morning?"

The caddie said it was; the gallery chuckled. Whereupon Bing fussed some more, then sauntered up and sank the putt. Then Bing refused to concede.

Hope, who plays straight man to no one, went into action. Mimicking Bing he got down on all fours, sighted the cup, then looked through his legs backward, moistened a finger and tested the breeze. He then asked Crosby's caddie, "Are you sure this green was mowed this morning?"

The caddie was sure, so Hope stepped to his ball, stroked it firmly, and rimmed the cup.

The crowd guffawed, Crosby snorting loudest. Hope let out a bellow of mock despair. Then putting on a haughty air, he turned to the caddie and asked, "What time this morning?"

JIM MACLEAN, New York, N. Y.

TALE OF A CAT

SIRS: When my son Jerry who was a sergeant on Okinawa saw the cartoon of the egg-stealing rats in July 31st issue (Keep Up With the World), he said it reminded him of the smart cat they had on the islands, which lost a front leg and the medics made it a wooden one with rubber tip so the mice and rats wouldn't hear it coming and when it caught a rat it killed it by hitting it over the head with his wooden leg.

R. J. BROWN, Wildomar, Cal.

COVER GIRL

DEAR SIR: I am ten yrs. old. I would like to be a cover girl on Collier's magazine. My picture is enclosed in the letter. I have auburn hair. It very very curly. I have blue eyes and freckles. I'll do anything to get a chance. We get your magazine all the time.

PATTY DALEY, Watertown, Mass.

SORDIDELPHIA

WALTER DAVENPORT, EDITOR: Turning to Dickson Hartwell's Philadelphia: Corrupt and Not Contented (Aug. 7th), my glance became a gaze as I read the wording on Mayor Bernard Samuel's billboard: "Give the Kids a Brake."

After having read the article it would be somewhat difficult to suppress the feeling that somebody ought to give somebody a "Brake" and see that it is used to its fullest capacity to stop the sordid mess that is Philadelphia.

KENNETH M. ROBERTS, Bridgeport, Conn.

. . . Philadelphia's story should be written by a man who knows economics, social forces and the historic background of the city instead of another tiresome reporter's recital of misdeeds by small-fry politicians and grafting coppers.

Everything said about Philadelphia in your article can be said about most large municipalities in some degree. Your correspondent missed the boat by failing to point out that Philadelphia suffers from being a "factory town."

The workers of this town not only tolerate but favor a system which provides them with such petty vices as will relieve the tedium of living in a town without a spiritual destiny.

This destiny was forsaken a generation ago when the leading industrial and financial families deserted Philadelphia for the suburbs and surrounding countryside.

J. WALTER BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUDGE LINCOLN GOLDSBOROUGH

DEAR SIRS: Judge Goldsborough Takes the Stand (Aug. 7th) sure was a grand piece. There are damn' few judges around these days who can compare with him. Judge Goldsborough should be the headman of the United States—not Harry S. Truman or Thomas E. Dewey.

D. MURPHY, Yonkers, N. Y.

. . . "And, madam, if anyone bothers you or your little girl, you come down here and tell me about it." These words from Judge Goldsborough remind me strongly of another lawyer-congressman-humanitarian—one A. Lincoln.

DON JONES, Fort Wayne, Ind.

TRY THIS DRUGLESS WAY-
FOR SOUND REFRESHING SLEEP

Sound, *natural* sleep is the only kind that counts if you want to wake up rested in the morning. That is why Ovaltine is recognized throughout the world as the ideal sleeping aid.

Ovaltine contains absolutely no drugs. It acts in an entirely *natural* way. You take it hot at bedtime. It helps to break down nervous tensions built up during the day—induces natural relaxation and sleep. And furthermore, it helps rebuild you while you sleep, because the important food elements found in Ovaltine are digested and absorbed readily—even while your body is in this relaxed condition.

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You can tell in three nights whether Ovaltine will help you in your situation. Just purchase a small-size jar for a trial. You will find it inexpensive. Remember that Ovaltine is not habit-forming, but it may be a very good habit to form.

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Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

HAS POLIO MET ITS MATCH?

Continued from page 30

which might conquer these microbes. Such an attack, he knew, would be horribly expensive, and killingly monotonous. Years of work might have to go into such a job, and the results obtained might be precisely zero. At the same time, the stakes involved were enormous in terms of human life and human suffering. If *any* drug could be found which would effectively stop viruses—

Dr. SubbaRow charted the broad outlines of the project. A test virus would be selected for use in the experiments, preferably a virus 100 per cent fatal to mice. Mice would be shot with this brew of death. Then they would get shots of drugs under test: dyes, botanicals, sulfas, chemicals—everything which might have a slender chance of conquering the virus death brewing in mouse bodies. The project would require testing of thousands—maybe tens of thousands—of drugs. The mice needed might run to millions.

Yet this seemingly hopeless approach had succeeded grandly before. The great Paul Ehrlich used this method, plowing through 605 arsenic compounds before he found the 606th which defeated spirochete of syphilis. It checked the reproduction of the spirochete, giving body defenses an opportunity to overcome the disease. Gerhard Domagk used this same trial-and-error process in finding the original sulfa drug.

Wanted: Man Unafraid of Failure

The man who would handle the job had to have very special qualifications. First and foremost, he had to be a bear for work. He also had to be a person temperamentally able to stand the monotony of failure—week after week, month after month, maybe year after year. There was no assurance, remember, that any drug would ever work satisfactorily against any virus.

Dr. SubbaRow had in mind the ideal man for the job: a lanky, friendly 38-year-old German named Fritz Popken, who only by accident is a scientist and not a farmer. Born near Blexen, Germany, in 1910, his farmer parents strained the family resources to put him through *Oberrealschule* (junior college). But family funds failed, and Popken decided to come to the United States, make some money and return to Germany.

After a series of farm jobs he landed at the Lederle Laboratories to fill a job handling calves used to produce smallpox vaccine. There he moved up rapidly, becoming more and more deft in his technique for handling research animals. When Dr. SubbaRow's big virus research project was ready for launching, Popken was ready to take over.

Popken selected, as the virus he would work with, one which causes equine encephalomyelitis. Farmers have a simpler name for this disease—a form of horse sleeping sickness. They call it blind staggers. In epidemic form, it swept the horse world of the United States in 1938, striking 180,000 animals, killing 40,000 of them.

There were several reasons for selecting this virus to work with. First: It attacks nervous tissue, to cause inflammation of brain and spinal cord. Second: Any drug which worked against this red-hot virus might have effect against other viruses as well. Third: A vaccine was available which would keep laboratory workers from contracting the disease. This was an important consideration. Scores of virus researchers have paid with their lives for slight slips in the laboratory.

Popken selected the one assistant allotted him: pretty Kathleen (Kitty) Richards. She had had no scientific training whatsoever. But she had a magic touch in handling laboratory animals.

With these two in charge, the project started rolling. Twenty mice were to be used in testing each drug. Each mouse would be shot in the belly with the virus of horse sleeping sickness. Half of the group would be set aside to act as "controls"—to get sicker each day, to become paralyzed, and to die on the fifth or sixth day after inoculation. The other ten would be given forty-eight hours in which to permit the virus to get a head start. Then they would get the drug under test, four shots a day.

Since forty drugs were under test at a time, that meant using 800 animals. And as they were each shot four times a day, that meant giving 3,200 hypodermics a day!

At the outset, it was perfectly clear that there wouldn't be enough hours in a normal workday to do all the jobs that there were to be done: preparing hypodermics, injecting mice, keeping records of every mouse death. Popken solved this by revising the usual concept of the workday. The staff of two started at 8:00 A.M., and the last series of injections was finished at 10:00 P.M. This went on six days a week. Sunday, things slowed down a bit. It was a half holiday. There would be no vacations, and only one full holiday a year: Christmas. For week after week, mice died by the thousands. Nothing, *nothing* seemed to have any effect whatsoever on the horse death brewing in mouse bodies. Lab reports were always the same: Nothing to report.

While this was under way, another group of scientists was at work at Bound Brook, New Jersey, at Calco Chemicals, the world's largest makers of sulfa drugs. Calco is a sister company of Lederle. Both are divisions of the American Cyanamid Company. Under Dr. Martin E. Hultquist, Calco had a team of chemists stringing atoms together to make new sulfa drugs which might prove superior to those already on the market. These new products were going along to Pearl River for Popken to test, along with the other drugs with which he was working.

Three Mice Refused to Die

In April last year, ten mice got one of these new drugs—a drug no more and no less promising than the hundreds which had preceded it. Popken started shooting it into infected mice, four times a day. He expected them to become paralyzed and to die right on schedule, as thousands of their brothers had died before them; but three out of the ten mice that got the drug didn't behave in the expected way. They weren't becoming paralyzed, and showed no signs of dying! It wasn't much to shout about, really. Only three out of ten mouse lives saved. Still, nothing had done so well before. Here was a shred of hope, a glimmering of light. It was the first time *anything* had shown any promise.

Calco was informed. Maybe this was the break everyone had been waiting for, searching for. This particular sulfa which had the ability to save three out of ten mouse lives wasn't the answer but it looked like a start toward the answer. Would Hultquist and his band of talented chemists tinker gently with this promising sulfa? Would they modify it ever so slightly, adding an atom here, lopping off one there? Would they, in

COLLIER'S "The way he hands out money to every country! I wish he'd be like that at home" MISCHA RICHTER

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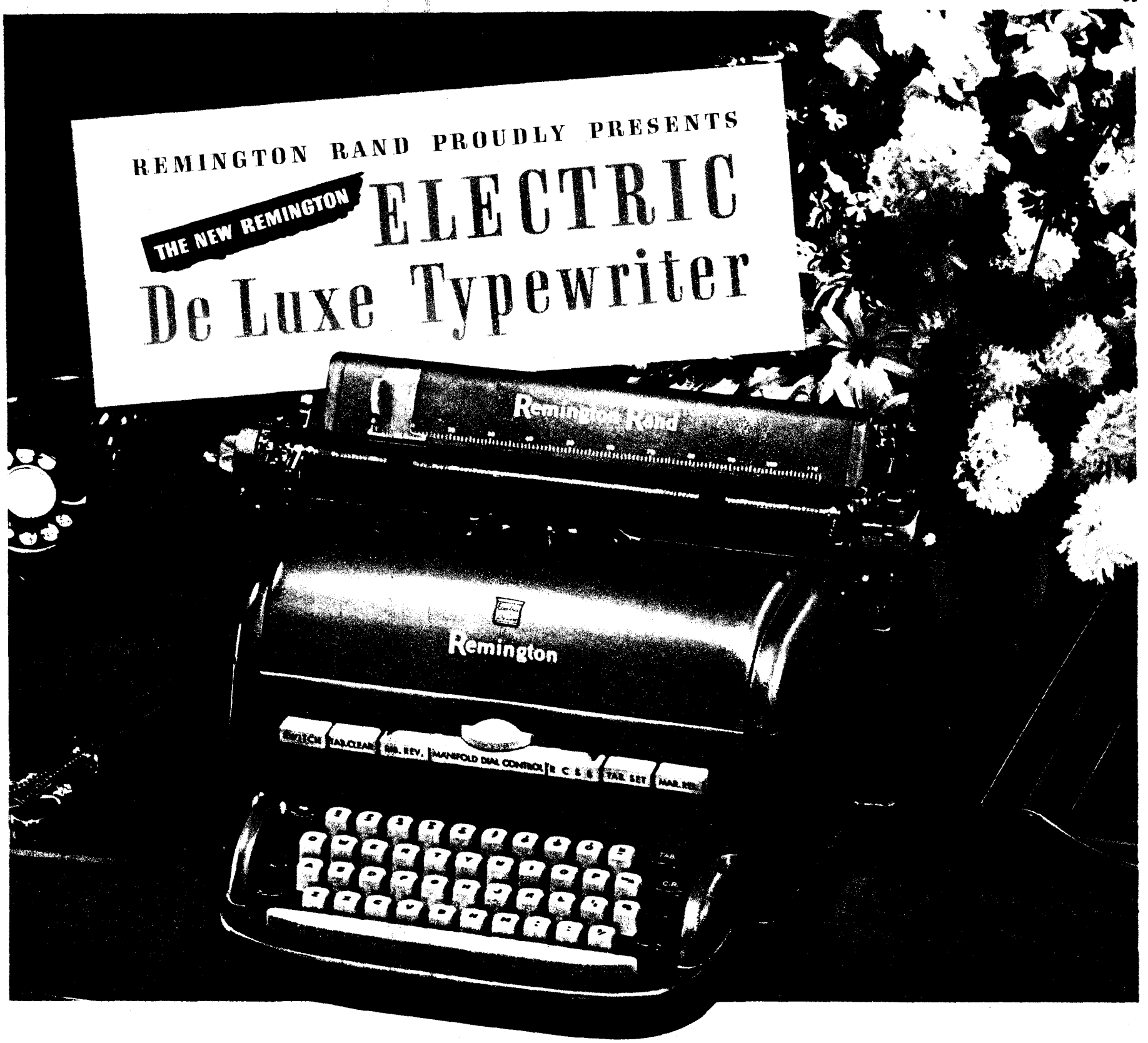

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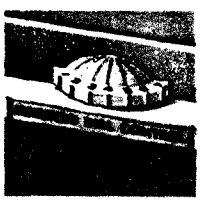

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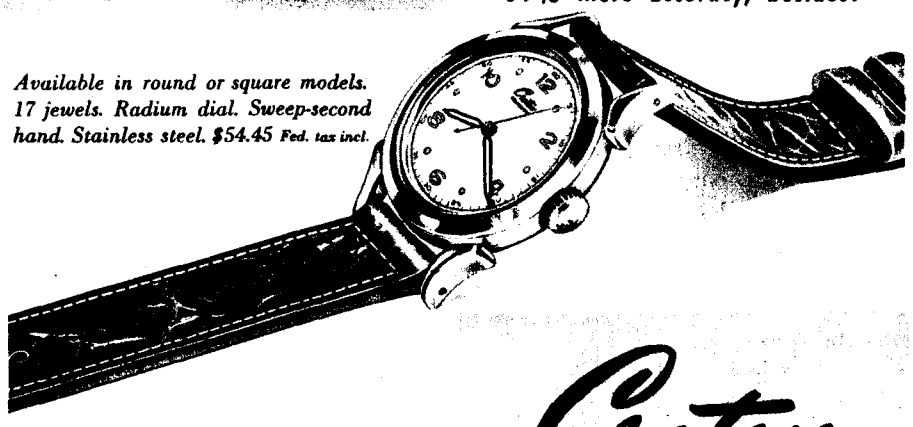

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other words, start making a whole series of new sulfas as closely related to this promising one as possible?

For three months, Hultquist and his co-workers kept a steady stream of new sulfas going out to Popken. Sulfa No. 261 was delivered in June, 1947. In its first trial, it saved five out of ten mouse lives. When larger doses were given, the score was raised to three out of four! The atmosphere around the laboratory was charged with excitement. It looked—at long last—as though the virus front had been cracked.

Here was the first time *any* drug had been demonstrated to have *any* really marked activity against *any* virus. Such a drug deserved a name. Its chemical name was out of the question. N-(2-thiazolyl)-phenol sulfonamide. Its "simplified" name wasn't much better: phenosulfazole. Lederle selected a pronounceable trade name: Darvisul.

Facing the Supreme Test

Darvisul had shown that it could protect mice against a devastating horse sickness. Now for the big question: Would Darvisul be able to check the reproduction of a whole variety of viruses, as penicillin checks the reproduction of a whole variety of bacteria? Would it, for example, attack the virus of infantile paralysis?

Unequipped to handle polio research, Lederle passed this problem along to a prominent physician heading a team of researchers. The physician worked out details of his study. He would inject mice with MM virus—a laboratory strain of polio virus that will infect mice. He would give injections up to 100 times the amount necessary to kill them. He would permit this deadly brew twenty-four hours to incubate and spread to all tissues in the mouse body. Anything which could overcome this generalized disaster would have to be good. Then he would give the animals shots of the new drug.

The long series of experiments began again, and Darvisul turned in almost exactly the same results that had been obtained with horse sleeping sickness. The drug could save up to 75 per cent of mice infected with polio, in experiments in which *all* untreated animals died.

Darvisul was almost completely nontoxic. It appeared to be by all odds the blandest, safest sulfa ever discovered. It didn't hurt kidneys, liver, brain or bone marrow. In fact, it didn't seem to hurt anything—except virus. But up to now, the virus that Darvisul stopped had been in mice. Could the drug stop polio in a child before the virus had a chance to produce paralysis or cause death? There was a ready-made test ground in which this question might be answered.

Early last winter the Rio Grande Valley of Texas suffered a polio outbreak. When spring came, the disease began moving northward—to Galveston, Beaumont, Houston, other Texas cities and towns. Of the lot, Houston was hit hardest—hard enough to have an entire floor in big Jefferson Davis Hospital set aside to handle the sick.

In this particular epidemic, polio was leaving one out of four children with severe paralysis, killing one out of every fourteen stricken.

Of all Houston physicians, none was more interested in the disease than young and aggressive Dr. Paul Harrington. Also, he was probably handling more cases of polio than any other Houston physician. He was the man Dr. SubbaRow was looking for when he went to Houston in June this year. He listened to the stories of the mouse work, to reports on toxicity tests. Would he be will-

"To hear Mother talk about him you'd think he was Gregory Peck"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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DON TOBIN

SPORTING ODDS

In a baseball game between the University of Wisconsin and Bradley University, there were Bradley men on first and third and no outs. The next batter hit a high foul to the first baseman, who tripped over a tarpaulin and fell down after making the catch. With one out, the man on third decided to score after the catch and accordingly started for home. The catcher got the ball in time but the runner managed to miss the catcher's tag. He also missed the plate and ran all the way to the backstop. The catcher could not follow him because the man on first was well on his way to third and had to be put out. That made two down. When the catcher turned to get the man who had missed home plate the untagged runner had returned to the Bradley bench and could not easily be identified, so the catcher ran down the bench and began to tag every player. As he neared the end, the man he was after jumped up and ran for home, which was being covered by the pitcher. The catcher tossed the ball to the pitcher, and the runner was officially tagged out. This crazy triple play required nearly two minutes to complete.

—Paul Farley, Milwaukee, Wis.

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ing to try Darvisul on his own patients? He said he would.

At the outset, one thing was readily apparent. When polio virus attacks in the human body, it does its greatest damage to the horn cells along the spinal cord—where motor nerves root into the cord itself. Once these vital connections are gone, nerves can no longer transmit the messages that set muscles to work. Muscles become paralyzed in the same way that a cut telegraph wire becomes paralyzed. Once this damage is done, it is apparent that no drug can have any effect. This meant that Darvisul would have to be given early—*before* the virus had done too much damage.

One thing was immediately apparent. The drug was excreted rapidly by the kidneys. To keep large amounts of it in the body at all times, it would have to be given by vein instead of by mouth. It would be dripped into a vein on a continuous basis, day and night, for periods up to three days.

An Early Checkup on Results

This, then, was the treatment devised. As this is written, it is too early to give the full results from Dr. Harrington's series of patients. Many of the patients are still in the hospital, and the final outcome of their cases won't be known for some time. But by now, certain things are readily apparent.

Darvisul often has a marked retarding effect on fever. Spinal taps add other significant facts. In polio, spinal fluid is sometimes clouded with castoff cells. The number of these cells present is often taken as an index of the destruction the virus is causing. Under Darvisul treatment, spinal fluid is often clear within a day or so.

A few of those treated with Darvisul have developed paralysis. In general, they have been patients who were treated early in the series, when relatively small doses of drug were being used, or patients in whom the disease had gained real headway. Most patients who got Darvisul soon enough, and who got it in sufficiently heavy dosage, have come out of their sickness with no crippling, not even any muscle weakness. Out of sixty patients treated to date, up to this writing, there has been but the one death (mentioned earlier in this article).

This work with Darvisul is so new that it is impossible at the moment to foresee its full potentialities, but there are a number of possibilities. Laboratory work has shown that the drug has some action against the virus of influenza. It also appears to have prophylactic action against polio. Mice given the drug by mouth have resisted polio infection. This may open the way for giving children in an epidemic area a pill or so a day to help them fight off any polio virus that may enter their bodies.

Leads such as these are being checked. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has several Darvisul investigations under way. Research men look upon Darvisul as the first of a series of dramatic drugs which will come along in rapid succession. Popken's team now has six members, and the schedule of mouse tests has been doubled—in the search for similar but superior drugs.

In the end, it is likely that Darvisul will occupy a position much the same as the original sulfanilamide. Today sulfanilamide is not used much. It has been superseded by a series of superior, related compounds. But it was sulfanilamide which opened the way for conquest of the major bacterial diseases. Darvisul may play the same brilliant role in the virus field.

Even now it appears to be the inevitable forerunner of other drugs which will conquer colds, flu and other virus sicknesses. By opening the way into this vast unknown, Darvisul may well become a major milestone in medical research.

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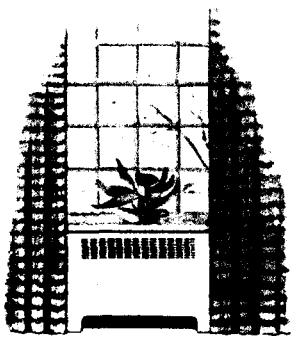

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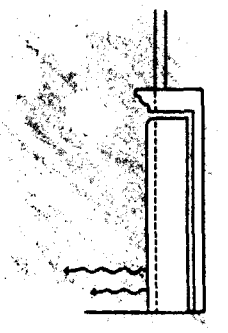

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Second Man on the Ticket

By EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Concluding a story of love and political intrigue

The Story: CLYDE MCDONALD, scandalmongering Washington columnist, boards the GOVERNOR WILLIS G. WARBURTON Vice-Presidential campaign train, and LUCY STRAWN, the governor's secretary, learns that someone in Hydetown (the governor's boyhood home) has promised McDonald a juicy item for his column. ROY MASON, Warburton's campaign biographer, is sent by plane to Hydetown. There he meets JOHN MILLS, Warburton's boyhood chum, and HATTIE PERKINS, Warburton's old schoolteacher. Hattie is the only one in Hydetown who is not going to attend the Win With Warburton rally. And GINNY, Hattie's pretty grandniece, tells Roy that Hattie knows some secret about Warburton which she plans to tell McDonald. Roy returns to the campaign train, and learns from Warburton that when Warburton was a boy he once borrowed school funds for his personal need and that Hattie knows this. Press aide BILL EVERS says that they cannot let McDonald find this out. And though McDonald has already left the campaign train for Hydetown, Lucy, Warburton and Roy take a chance and fly secretly to Hydetown, leaving the campaign train. There Warburton talks to Hattie Perkins and gets her to promise that she will not tell McDonald—but their conversation is interrupted when they hear McDonald coming in. They leave without McDonald seeing them and since it is raining all plane flights are canceled—they are forced to hide out in a tourist camp. It seems as if Warburton will be discovered when Roy conceives the idea of driving ahead to meet Warburton's wife's train and getting the wife, RUTH, to fake an illness. This is done and Ruth stays in bed in the home of John Mills. Warburton then arrives on the scene and the story that he has rushed to the bedside of his ailing wife is generally accepted. Unfortunately, Ruth Warburton makes the mistake of appearing at the head of the stairway where Clyde McDonald can see her. Warburton knocks McDonald down, and Roy tries to smooth things over by telling McDonald that Ruth was delirious. Roy is afraid that Ginny Perkins will tell McDonald the secret that Hattie knew. So that night, in a tavern where McDonald and Lucy Strawn are also present, Roy promises Ginny that he will get her a job in Washington. Ginny tells McDonald about this, and Roy and McDonald fight. A photographer present takes a picture of Roy knocking McDonald down and Roy and Lucy are thrown out of the tavern. Back at John Mills's home Roy and Lucy are discussing the situation when Roy suddenly kisses Lucy. He has never done this before and Lucy tells him to let her go. Roy says, "No, Lucy, I'll never let you go."

I LOOKED up and saw Governor Warburton, in his dressing gown, at the head of the stairs. He grinned and said, "Well, bless you, my children." I let Lucy down to the step beside me and the Governor came on down the stairs.

Lucy was blushing violently, and my face was hot. I said, "We thought you were asleep, Governor. We didn't want to wake you."

"That's understandable," he said, still smiling. "But it happens I was listening for you to come in, Roy. We received a telegram from Bill Evers. He's flying here, and his plane gets in at a quarter to midnight. I thought perhaps you could meet him."

"Yes," I said. "Sure."

The Governor's hands rested deep in the pockets of his dressing gown and he looked tired. "How did things go, Roy?" he asked.

"Not good, Governor."

"Yes, I expected that."

Lucy said softly, "The only good thing to

Ginny was sobbing wildly. "It's my fault, Clyde, all my fault. Please forgive me. I was thoughtless and silly. Please forgive me, Clyde"

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report is that Roy struck another blow for decency, Governor. He clipped Clyde."

The Governor smiled wearily. "Good for you, Roy. That's some consolation, at least. I guess it's our only consolation, isn't it?" He rubbed his knuckles in the palm of his other hand.

"Maybe we can bluff it through, Governor," I said.

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't have the talent for that, Roy."

"I recall you bluffed me with a ten-cent bet," I said.

"Roy," he said, "you're different. You bluff easy."

Lucy laughed, and Governor Warburton laid a friendly hand on my shoulder. "You'd better run over and pick up Bill, son," he said. "We'll all sit down together and decide what's our best course." His fingers squeezed my shoulder. "And thanks for trying."

"He definitely tried," Lucy said. "He had so much lipstick smeared on him he looked like the Dying Gladiator."

"I can still detect a trace of it," the Governor said mildly.

It was Lucy who blushed, as I took out my handkerchief and rubbed my mouth. The Governor said, "Better get on over to the airport, Roy." He turned back up the stairs.

Lucy hesitated and started to follow, but I called to her, "Aren't you coming with me?"

"Well—if you want me to."

"You bet I want you to."

We went out to the car, and when we were settled in the front seat, before I switched on the lights, I put my arm around her.

"Here, here," she said reprovingly. "We've got an errand. Let's go, Roy."

I grinned and said, "Now don't play hard to get."

It was the sort of thing a man says when his emotions are functioning and his brain is not. I had not thought it an offensive approach, but Lucy bristled and said sharply, "I know that would be contrary to your conception of me, but—"

"Now, Lucy," I said. "I—"

"After all," she went on in the same tight tone, "a girl who's been around as much as I have—"

"Honey, I didn't mean anything like that," I protested. "I—"

"Drive on," she said.

I SWITCHED on the lights, started the car and drove away. I was angry, because she had chosen to misunderstand, and we were well out on the highway before either of us spoke. Then I said, "Lucy, I thought we had a pretty good understanding of each other. I didn't expect you to take a conventional, feminine attitude with me."

"What attitude did you expect?"

"Why, the same as usual," I said. "Friendly, matter-of-fact, nonchalant. You know, sophisticated."

"Sophisticated!" Lucy said.

"Yes," I said. "Sophisticated. That's what you've led me to expect. I didn't think you'd get feminine about it."

"Roy," she said, "if you were a little *more* sophisticated you wouldn't be such an utter fool!"

Oppressive silence returned, a bitter silence. My hands clenched the steering wheel. I remembered the kiss on the stairs, and the memory seemed suspended in time, as that moment had been. I still felt her lips on mine. It had been a revelation, that kiss. It had revealed a great deal more of Lucy Strawn to me, and something more of me to myself.

"Now look," I said. "We've known each other quite a while. We've had a sort of arm's-length relationship, always sniping at each other, and I'll admit that I had you in a category. That's a fault of mine, pigeonholing people. But I had you wrong all along."

"Roy," she said quietly, "why don't you just think it all out for yourself first, and then let me know the verdict?"

"What verdict?"

"Guilty or not guilty, of course."

I decided there was no point in discussing it further. I had offended her, and I thought it better to await another time. She had the situation by the handle, and was cooking on a hot fire.

I DROVE on fast through the night, watching the road, and the first gesture of amends came from Lucy, who lighted two cigarettes and passed one to me. Although we exchanged no words, it seemed agreed that the episode was closed, or at least tabled.

We covered the forty miles to the airport in considerably less than an hour, and arrived before Bill's plane landed. I parked the car and we went to the lunchroom in the administration building for coffee. At the door Lucy stopped short.

Over her shoulder I saw honey-colored hair, shoulder length. Ginny Perkins was perched on a stool, alone at the lunch counter, stirring a cup of coffee. She turned her head, saw us, and her eyes got big.

"Ginny," I said, "you get around."

AN INFANT, SLEEPING

It's a cherub, it's a darling,
It's a lambkin, it's a love;
As gentle as an angel
And as peaceful as a dove:
The same
Wee tot
That yowled
And howled
And bawled
And squalled
And shrieked
And eeeeked
And woke every soul
In the whole darn' block,
Only last night,
At three o'clock!

—Ethel Jacobson

"I'm just a chauffeur," she said. "Just chauffeuring Clyde." She slipped down from the stool, and her eyes met Lucy's for an instant, then she looked at me. "Roy, may I speak to you alone?"

"Yes, of course."

Lucy said tartly, "I'll find some other lunchroom."

"Please excuse us, Miss Strawn," Ginny said. "It will only be a moment." She touched my elbow and walked ahead of me out of the lunchroom. I caught up and asked, "Where's Clyde?"

"He's here somewhere, asking about planes." She turned in the corridor and leaned against the tiled wall. "He's pretty angry, Roy."

"He started it," I said.

"Roy," she said softly, "everything is a terrible mess, and it's entirely my fault. I don't know how to begin telling you all this. Clyde has been checking the hotels, and now he's looking around here at the airport to see if he can find someone who saw Governor Warburton come in last night."

I kept silent. The old man in that tourist camp had sharp eyes. If Clyde happened to stop in that tourist camp, with a picture of the Governor to compare with the man in cabin nine—

"I'm afraid I'm responsible for that," Ginny said. "I shouldn't have told him, I guess, but it slipped out. Honestly, Roy, I don't want to make trouble."

"What did you tell him, Ginny?"

"Something Aunt Hattie said. This morning she remarked that Governor Warburton hadn't changed much since he left Hydetown, except to put on a little

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weight, and I asked her how she knew, since she hadn't seen him for thirty years. She said something about seeing his picture in the paper, and changed the subject, but I happened to mention it to Clyde, and now he's convinced that the Governor came to Hydetown to see Aunt Hattie last night. You know, when we found you there."

"Yes, I know," I said. "That's a ridiculous notion."

"And he thinks that storm tied the Governor up," Ginny said. "He even believes Mrs. Warburton's illness is faked." She looked up at me. "How is Mrs. Warburton, Roy?"

"About the same."

"So Clyde is checking up," she went on. "Roy, I'm sorry I made such a mess of everything. Honestly, I just thought it would be fun, but it kept getting worse and worse. Now I'm caught in the middle, and I can't go through with it."

"With what?"

"With any of it," she said. "I can't take that job." She spread her hands helplessly. "Roy, I can't type a lick."

I blinked at her.

"Not even hunt and pick," Ginny said. "I never have held down any kind of job for long. I worked at the grocery store for a while, but I never could keep track of the stock and I was always making silly mistakes. Now don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing, Ginny."

"Then I did a shift at the five-and-dime store," Ginny said. "But I was forever putting stockings in the cash register and money in the paper bag. I couldn't possibly be a secretary to Governor Warburton."

"Ginny, your qualifications aren't important to us," I said. "You know what *is* important to us."

"I guess I'm not cut out for anything," Ginny said. "Except maybe housekeeping." She started away from the wall. "Goodness, there's Clyde. Roy, I'm going to the powder room. Slip outside and I'll meet you."

CLYDE McDONALD approached us soft-footed, his red hair bright in the tiled room. Ginny said, "Clyde, remember what you promised."

He smiled at her, said, "Okay, honey," and turned to me. "Roy, Ginny thinks I ought to forget what happened at the casino, and that's what I'm going to do. I'm not going to lose my sense of humor over you." He looked me up and down. "I outweigh you sixty pounds," he said. "For a skinny guy, you swing a lot of weight."

"Clyde, I'm sorry about it," I said. "I lost my temper and I owe you an apology."

"I wouldn't go too far with my apologies, if I were you," he said, and the familiar curl lifted one corner of his mouth. "You'll feel different when I get through with Willie Warburton. You'll want to take that apology back."

The loud-speaker was announcing the arrival of a plane. Clyde cocked his ear. "That's my plane," he said. "Come on, Ginny."

They moved toward the apron, but I saw Ginny whisper something to him and turn away. I went back to the lunchroom, where Lucy Strawn was waiting.

"Ginny has something on her mind," I told her. "I'm meeting her outside. Lucy, you'd better go out to the plane and latch onto Bill Evers. I'll see you at the car."

"All right, Roy."

I WENT out a side entrance and walked around the building. In the shadows near the main doors I found Ginny waiting.

"Ginny, is Clyde taking that plane?"

"No, he's meeting someone."

"Who?"

"A specialist from Baltimore."

"A specialist in what?"

"Pulmonary diseases," Ginny said. "Lordy, I shouldn't have told you that."

"I see," I said. "If he expects to get his specialist in to see Mrs. Warburton, he's crazy. We pick our own specialists."

"Roy, I think he counts on being refused," she said. "He told me it was part of the story." She reached for my hand. "Roy, he'll be here pretty soon. Please listen to me. I want to be fair to him, and he expects me to tell him the story if he fails to get it out of Aunt Hattie, and of course he won't get it out of Aunt Hattie."

"Why should he expect it from you, then?" I said. "If Miss Hattie won't tell, why should you, Ginny?" I eyed her closely. "Except for a price."

She flushed, her eyes downcast. "Roy, I don't blame you for saying that. But I wonder if you have any conception how dull it can be living in a town like Hydetown. I want you to understand it. I want you to know just why it all happened this way. Please listen to me."

"I'm listening, Ginny."

"I had those jobs I told you about,"

"I was just beginning to think civilians were cute and now I've got to get all readjusted again!"

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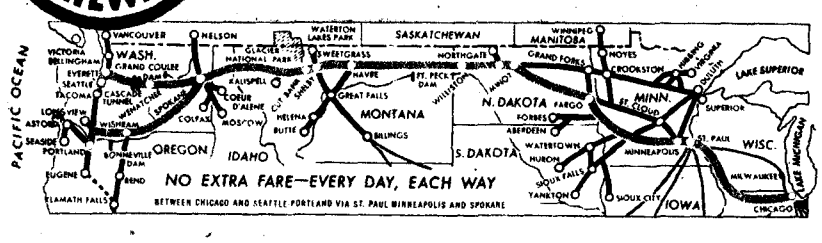

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AN OLD STORY

LOCALE	DATE	STORY
Mexico	16th Century	A white traffic line was put down the center of the road between Cuernavaca and Mexico City
North America	15th Century	The Shoshone Indians were shooting dice before the coming of Columbus
Italy	1575	A doctor in Padua diagnosed an asthmatic as an allergy case and cured him by removing his feather bed
Sumer	3000 B.C.	Metal hairpins were worn by the women
France	4th Century	Talcum powder was used as a cosmetic by Gallo-Roman women
American Colonies	1780	Meat and cheese sold for more than a dollar a pound
Persia	1300 B.C.	Bangle bracelets with dangling charms of miniature animals, bells and whistles were popular
France	1785	Benjamin Franklin received an air-mail letter (by balloon) from England
Egypt	700 B.C.	Cemetery workers staged a sit-down strike, as a protest against the tardy delivery of their wages

—W. E. Farbstein

she said, "but I couldn't hold them. A couple of times I started to get married, but with this and that, it didn't come off. I just wasn't satisfied. I guess the one thing I'm cut out for is to be a wife, Roy, but I just wasn't satisfied. I didn't want to live all my life in Hydetown. You *do* see what I mean, don't you?"

"I suppose you mean you've told Clyde the whole story," I said with resignation.

"I'm coming to that, Roy. It began innocently enough. It really did. It was just in fun. I happened to mention to Mel Fisher that Aunt Hattie knew something about Governor Warburton, and we had a talk, and I thought it would be exciting to get Clyde McDonald here and give him a big story. I had read his columns and seen his picture in the paper and I thought—well, I wanted excitement, you see, and I got it. I got entirely too much of it. Now, I'm caught in the middle and I thought I'd just come and tell you the whole thing. If I didn't it would be just plain dishonest."

"Dishonest?" I said.

"Yes," said Ginny, "dishonest. I can't take shorthand and I can't type a lick and I can't hold any kind of job, and, Roy, I don't know that story and I never did."

"You what!" I cried.

"Yes," she said dismally. "Aunt Hattie never told me. I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about, except it's something about a sheepskin coat. *You* told me that."

I stood staring at her, then I leaned against the wall of the building and laughed. Ginny watched me until I was through, without a flicker of expression in her eyes, then she said quietly, "Yes, I suppose it's funny. But now I'm caught in the middle, Roy. What is Clyde going to think of me? I brought him to Hydetown and I led him on and he expects me to tell him the whole story."

"I wouldn't worry about Clyde McDonald," I said.

"But I do, Roy. I've been unfair to Clyde, and now it's a terrible mess. It's my fault you had a fight, and he really has got black eyes, sort of. Did you notice?"

"I noticed a little lipstick on his chin," I said.

Ginny said, "Oh," and paused a moment, then whispered, "Roy, will you do something for me?"

"What do you want me to do?"

A porter was stacking luggage from the plane that had just landed. Ginny took my hand and led me deeper into the shadows.

"I want you to give me that job, Roy. I couldn't take it without telling you the truth. But if you'll give it to me I'll quit later, and you won't have to fire me. And you won't have to pay me anything. Roy, I wouldn't take a salary."

"What sort of job would that be?"

"I just want to be able to tell Clyde that I have the job," she said. "I want to tell him that I promised you not to tell the story, that I signed a contract or something. May I do that?"

I SAW Bill Evers come out of the building with Lucy, looking pale and nervous. They walked toward the car and I grinned, thinking of the news I had for them.

"Ginny, we're not putting anything in writing," I said. "You can tell him anything you like, but we're making no admissions. Why don't you simply tell Clyde the truth, the way you just told me?"

"I couldn't, Roy. What would he think of me? I simply couldn't do that."

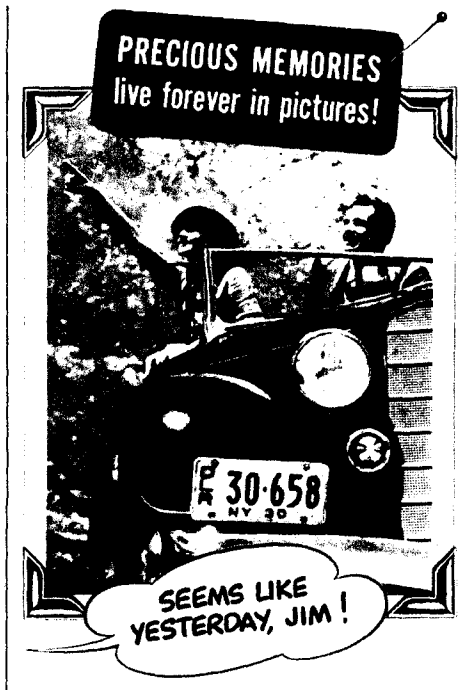
"Do you really care what he thinks?"

She moved her shoulders slightly, and after a moment said, "Yes, I do, Roy."

"Ginny," I said, "you have my sympathy. Tell him whatever you please, and I promise to back you up. I'll do all I can for you."

She whispered, "Thank you, Roy," raised herself on tiptoes and pressed a quick kiss on my lips. Then she squeezed my hand, turned and was gone.

I ran into the darkness, groped for the



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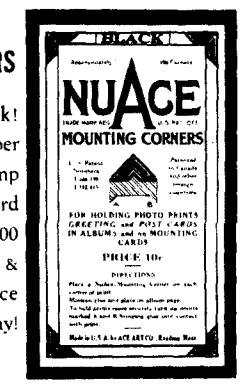

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door of the car, and threw it open. "It's all fixed," I cried.

Bill Evers said, "From what Lucy tells me, it doesn't sound fixed. Hello, Roy."

"Hello," I said. "I just this minute fixed it. Ginny never knew at all. Miss Hattie is the only one who knows the story, so we're in the clear."

"On that score, maybe." Bill said.

I got in behind the steering wheel and said, "Lucy, I told you Ginny was okay. I told you that all along. She's just a simple, genuine small-town kid."

"Yes," said Lucy, "we saw you over there, necking like simple genuine small-town kids."

"That was just a friendly good-night kiss."

"I've experienced your friendly good-night kisses," Lucy said crisply. "And by the way, what makes you think you can believe her?"

"Why shouldn't I believe her?"

"You were burned once, remember. Last I heard you hated all women." She waved her hand impatiently, and her bitter voice said, "Oh, drive on. Drive on, you—you public toothbrush!"

I SAW Clyde and Ginny at the entrance of the building; a tall man in a black hat was with them. I put the car in gear, turned and drove at a screaming pace away from the airport.

"Take it easy, Roy," Bill said. "You and Lucy can squabble all you like, but not when my life is involved."

"Bill, that guy with Clyde is a specialist in pulmonary diseases, probably from Johns Hopkins," I explained. "Clyde has imported him to examine Ruth, so I think we'd better get there first."

"He damned sure won't examine Ruth," Bill said, and added after a moment's pause: "But I don't like that. Roy, why in hell did you pick pneumonia? The crisis doesn't come for several days, and the Governor's schedule will be in a mess."

"What disease would you prefer?" I asked sharply.

"I don't know. You should have picked another one, though."

"I didn't have a Merck's Manual handy, Bill," I said. "Now, look here, we've worked like dogs on this thing, and it looks like we have it straightened out at last. Don't come here and quibble."

"Sorry," he said. "I only hope you *have* got it straightened out."

"Sure we've got it straightened out."

"Don't take those corners so fast." He reached across Lucy to grab the door handle for support. "All right, maybe you have, but there are enough loose ends to worry me. If McDonald can prove the Governor left his campaign train to fly here and hush his old schoolteacher up, he doesn't have to know what the dirt was. He'll hint at that. He'll make it worse than he would if he *had* heard the story."

"He won't prove the Governor left the train," I said, with less certainty. "He's got Melvin Fisher checking on the hotels, but he won't find anything. Lucy, it's fortunate the Governor ruled out a hotel last night."

"How about cabin nine, Roy?" Lucy said.

"Oh, I doubt if Fisher would check tourist camps."

"Why not?" Bill's voice rose excitedly. "Why wouldn't he?"

"We'll have to keep our fingers crossed on that," I said.

"And how about Warburton Day tomorrow?" Bill said. "What have you done about that?"

"We called it off, Bill."

"The speech and all?"

"Yes, and, Bill, you'll have to knock a few days out of the Governor's schedule somewhere."

"Somewhere?" he cried. "Where?"

"That's for you to worry about," I said. "You worry about that, and let me worry about the rest."

"I'm not sure how well you worry, Roy," he said. "You haven't had my training."

"Oh, he worries," Lucy said slurringly. "About big moral questions mostly."

"Yes, I worry," I said angrily. "What do you mean, a public toothbrush!"

"Ease up on the accelerator," said Bill. "You're not mad at that, you know. Apparently it's Lucy you're mad at. Step on *her*."

"I am stepping on her," I said. "Putting her trivial personal problems ahead of the Governor."

"What trivial problem is that?" Lucy asked stiffly.

"Me," I said. "I'm your problem."

"Lucy, do you suppose we could change seats without wrecking the car?" Bill asked. "I don't like it here in the middle."

"So I kissed a blonde," I said. "That's what it's all about. A damned handsome blonde, too. Bill, did you see her?"

COLLIER'S "Jeffrey's insanely jealous, aren't you, Jeffrey? Jeffrey!" SIDNEY HOFF

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"Keep your eyes on the road," he said. "Yes, I saw her."

"The average man kisses 32,709 times in his lifetime," I said. "What's one kiss out of 32,709?"

"Where did you get those statistics?" Bill asked, with interest.

"I read it in the paper somewhere," I said, "or maybe it was the Kinsey Report. Anyhow, I kissed Lucy once, and the hell with the other 32,708. She's the girl for me and she knows it. I wouldn't trade her for 32,000 blondes."

"The odds are precisely 32,709 to one that you'll only kiss Lucy once," said Lucy.

"I'll take a piece of that," I said.

Bill Evers chuckled. "As a matter of fact, I'll take a piece of that myself."

"Besides, it has absolutely nothing to do with your kissing a blonde or anybody else," Lucy said. "You can distribute your lifetime allotment where you please. Our dispute concerned your middle-class attitude toward women."

"Not toward women," I said. "Toward you."

"Precisely," said Lucy. "Toward me."

"Roy," Bill warned, "you're doing seventy."

"We want to get there ahead of Clyde, don't we?"

"Yes," Bill said, "but on wheels, not wings."

"The trouble with Lucy," I said, "is I haven't had a chance to tell the woman that I love her."

"If you stop the car, Roy," Bill said, "and let me drive, you can tell her."

"I won't give her that satisfaction," I said.

"Lucy, when a cautious man like Roy drives the way he's driving, it must be love," Bill said. "Take my word for it." He considered a moment. "But say, this is pretty unexpected. Last I saw of you two, relations were pretty formal. Roy, stop the car!"

I pressed my foot harder on the accelerator and the car rushed ahead; a sign with a wiggly arrow proclaimed a winding road.

"Roy, you hear me?" Bill shouted.

"What does Lucy say?" I kept my eyes on the road.

"Lucy says stop the car," said Bill.

"Good Lord!" Lucy said at last. "Stop, Roy!"

I had the good sense to brake slowly, and brought the car to a stop at the side of the road on a curve. I got out and walked around behind it, and by the time I opened the door on the other side Bill had slid under the steering wheel and Lucy had moved over. She was smiling.

"Lucy," I said. "I'm not mad at you."

"All right," she said, "I'm not mad at you, either."

"And, Lucy, I love you," I said.

"I love you, too," said Lucy.

BILL put the car in gear and started on. He sighed and said, "As I mentioned before, this is so sudden."

The car moved on into the night, and Lucy at last was in my arms. Bill watched the road and drove in silence at a farmer's Sunday pace. It was not until we entered Hydetown that he said, "Kids, I've been counting. You only have a few thousand left. Better save 'em." He tapped my shoulder. "Roy, you can postpone your trivial personal problems until later."

He drove in under the porte-cochere, and said, "Come on, you exhibitionists."

I got slowly out of the car. "Bill, you and Lucy go on in and see the Governor. I'll stay here and head Clyde off. I want to have a talk with him."

"You're not planning anything drastic, I hope," Bill said.

"No, I just want to talk to him. Man to man."

"You mean man to mouse," said Lucy. "Or mice."

A light was burning in the garage and I saw a night watch of reporters playing cards at a table. I walked around to the front of the house, and down across the lawn to the hedge that bordered the street. I leaned against a cast-iron stag and lighted a cigarette.

Ten minutes later I saw lights turn onto the street, two blocks away. I moved down to the curb and was waiting there when the car stopped. Ginny was driving and Clyde was in the middle. Nearest me was the tall man I had seen with them at the airport.

"Clyde," I said. "I want to talk to you."

"I'll do the talking," Clyde said. "This is Dr. Henry McBain. My paper has sent him here to examine Mrs. Warburton, in the public interest. Do we get in to see her?"

"I have no objection," I said. "Naturally we'll have to get the permission of Dr. Arnold first."

"Is Dr. Arnold the attending physician?" Dr. McBain asked crisply.

"Yes."

"Surely, Mr. McDonald, you had his permission before you sent for me," McBain said. "I've made a long trip."

"Where is Dr. Arnold?" Clyde asked.

"In the house, I believe. You can talk to him, but first I want a word with you. Get out."

CLYDE gave me a long look, then got out of the car. I led him away into the shadows, by the hedge. I had an objective, to steer him away from cabin nine, and I had a plan that was pretty vague and depended on how things went. It depended also on Ginny Perkins.

"Clyde," I said, "I'm going to do you a favor. Not because I'm anxious to do you any favors, but because we've had enough trouble and we don't want any more. I'm going to give you a chance to pull your neck in."

"Is that so?" Clyde said.

"You can bring your specialist in, if you want to," I said. "I'll call the reporters in from the garage, and they can be witnesses of it. And for that matter, I'll pass out prints of the photograph the Ego photographer took at the casino, to point up the part that personal venom plays in this. I don't want to do it that way, but if you force me to, I will. And let me warn you that you'll be in for a shock."

"The hell I will!" he said. "Ruth Warburton's not sick, and if you let Dr. McBain examine her, I'll prove it."

"Up there in that room," I said dramatically, "where you see the dim light, it's a question this minute whether she'll last through the night. If you want to force your way in there with your imported specialists, with the reporters as witnesses, all right."

"That's what I intend to do," Clyde said, but his tone had dropped.

"But first you'd better get oriented," I said. "I learned just a little while ago what's been biting you. It seems you have an idea there's some old scandal here in Hydetown involving the Governor. Isn't that it?"

"Oh, stop," Clyde said, his voice shrill and sarcastic. "You're killing me!"

"Clyde," I went on, "Ginny Perkins is a nice kid. I hate to see you make a lot of trouble for her."

"What do you mean by that?"

"And I hope you won't hold it against her," I said.

"Hold what against her?"

"Her making a fool of you," I said. "She didn't mean to. The kid thinks you're wonderful. I have an idea she's in love with you, God help her."

"You conducting a lovelorn clinic?" he said harshly.

"She reads your column regularly, Clyde," I said softly. "I suppose she's told you that. Did she tell you she's got your photograph pasted up in her room, too? You've been conducting a correspondence courtship with her, without even knowing it. That's why she brought

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you here. She wanted to meet you. Prepare for the big shock, Clyde. She made the whole thing up. There never was any scandal about Governor Warburton in Hydetown. You ask anybody in town if they ever heard any. Ginny made it up, just to get you here."

Clyde sucked in his breath, said, "You're kidding."

"Why should I be kidding? Why do you think she hasn't told you the story? The answer is she doesn't know it, because there isn't any story."

I could hear his breathing in the darkness. After a moment he said accusingly, "You offered her a job in Washington to shut her up."

"To get her out of Hydetown," I said. "To get her to Washington where I could see something of her. That's why I offered her a job."

"Roy, you're lying through your teeth," he said.

"Clyde, she's been stalling you, and she's afraid you'll hate her for it. She came to me and told me the whole story, and I promised to help her out. So go easy on her, will you? I agreed to forget the whole thing. I agreed to keep it just between the three of us, and I think you ought to promise the same. Wait here."

I went quickly away through the darkness, crossed the beam of the headlights, and reached Ginny's side. I whispered, "Get out," and held the door open for her.

I saw her face, pale in the darkness. "Ginny, I'm trying to help you out," I whispered. "But you've got to help me, too."

"In what way, Roy?"

"Back up what I say," I told her. "Play along with me, and I think we can close this whole thing off so that everyone will be satisfied, Ginny. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Roy, I'll do what I can."

I TOOK her hand and led her toward the hedge, where Clyde was waiting. In the night we could barely see one another.

"Ginny," I said, "I told Clyde the whole story, but he wants you to confirm it. You don't know any scandal about Governor Warburton, do you?"

Her voice said faintly, "Oh, Roy, did you tell him that?"

"Ginny," Clyde demanded, "is this true?"

"Roy, you shouldn't have done it!" Ginny cried. "Oh, why did you do it?"

"Answer me, Ginny," Clyde's harsh voice said.

She whispered, "Yes, Clyde, I—"

"Ginny, I told him all of it," I broke in. "I told him you made the whole thing up to get him to come to Hydetown. I think he understands."

"But I didn't make it up," Ginny said. "I only pretended I knew when I didn't know."

"But you *don't* know?" Clyde said.

Ginny said brokenly, "Clyde, I'm so sorry."

"You put me in a hell of a spot," he said.

"But I was sure Aunt Hattie would tell, Clyde," Ginny said. "I didn't know she'd change her mind. How could I know that?"

GINNY had let me down, with the customary thump. I said angrily, "Suppose you ask Miss Hattie about that, Clyde. She's already denied that she knows anything, hasn't she? You ask *her*, Clyde."

"But I didn't make anything up," Ginny protested. "Clyde, I just fudged a little." I heard her sob and in the darkness I saw the faint glow of light on her bright hair. "Honestly, I didn't make it up."

"Ginny, why lie about it?" I said. "Clyde doesn't care whether you made it up. Nobody cares." I had to force the thing now; I had to brazen it out and impeach Ginny Perkins as best I could. "No harm is done," I said. "Admit it, Ginny."

Clyde said softly, "So Ginny is a liar, is she?"

"Ginny," I said. "Tell him the truth."

It was very dark by the hedge and I could not see Clyde's face. His bulk was a slightly darker shadow in the shadows. I could barely make it out, and a slight movement of the shadow was all I saw. I never saw his big fist coming. It caught me high on the forehead and knocked me back against the hedge.

Ginny cried out as I struggled back to balance. She tried to get between us, but I shoved her aside and lunged at the biggest shadow. I missed, and staggered into the hedge.

"Stop it," Ginny said. "Stop it!"

Another blow caught my shoulder and I swung again and hit something this

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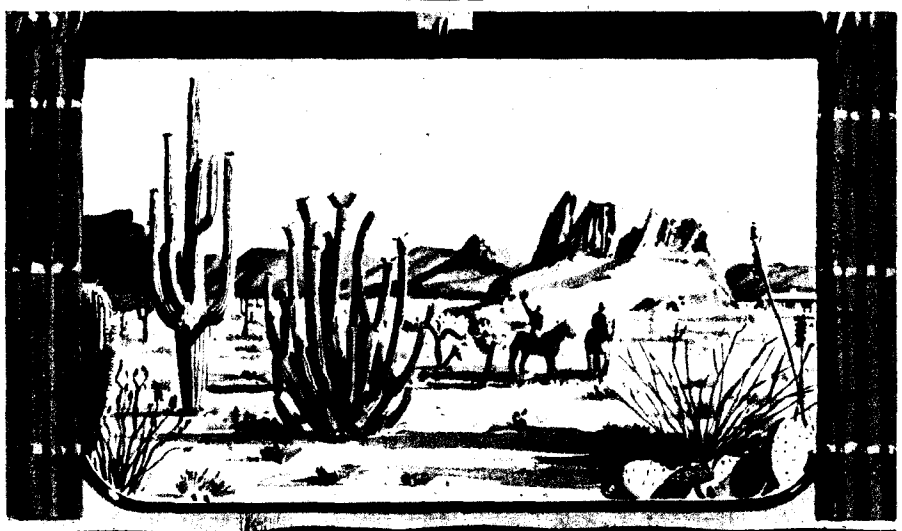

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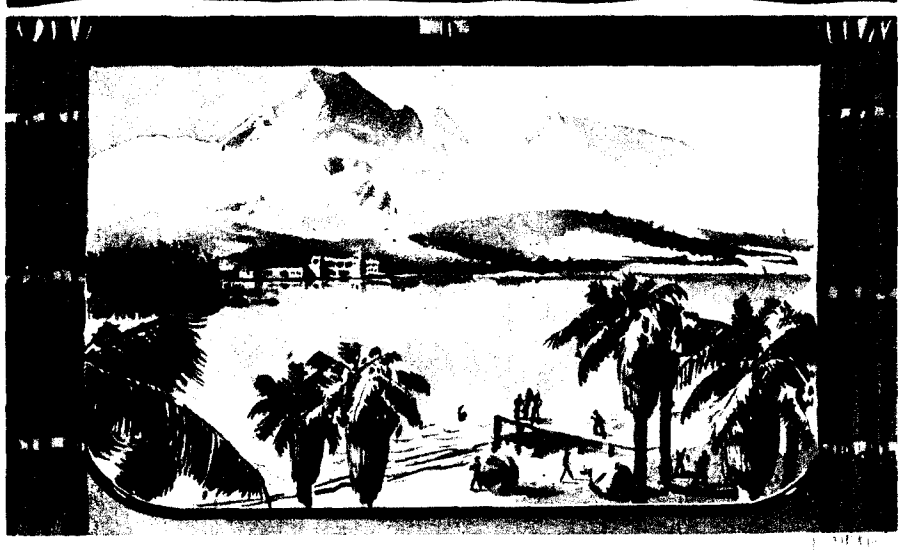

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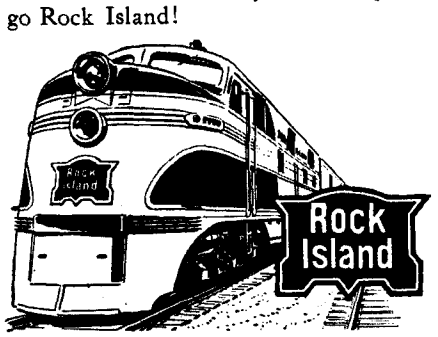


ROCK ISLAND LINES

The Road of Planned Progress

time; my fist sank deep and I heard Clyde grunt.

"Please stop it," Ginny wailed. "Please!"

I heard Clyde say, "Get away, honey. Where is he?"

"I'm right here. Come on!" I said, and I moved a step to one side of where my voice had sounded.

"Honey, turn loose," Clyde was saying. "Turn loose of me."

"Don't fight any more," Ginny said. "Please, Clyde."

"I'm right here, Clyde," I said, and moved again.

His voice rose. "Don't hit my girl. Ginny, turn loose."

"No," Ginny said, and I heard her gasp. I saw a separation of the shadows; apparently he had pushed her aside.

I saw the bigger shadow moving again, and swung at it, then his bulk bore down on me. I was crowded against the hedge and he hit me hard on the shoulder. I could not get clear of the hedge and I tasted blood as he smashed my mouth. His whole weight was behind the blow and I went back into the hedge and fell to my knees at his feet.

"Get up," Clyde said.

I was dazed and shook my head. I mumbled, "I'm getting up," and started to push myself to my feet. He stood where he could hem me in against the hedge again and use his full advantage of sixty pounds.

"Clyde, stop it!" Ginny cried. "Don't hit him again. It's enough. Clyde, listen to me. I *did* make it up. I did. I did. I did."

Clyde stepped back a pace and his low voice said, "I'll be damned."

Ginny was sobbing wildly. "It's all my fault, Clyde. Please forgive me. I was silly and thoughtless. Please forgive me, Clyde."

I GOT slowly to my feet. My knees were weak and I swayed against the hedge. I put up my hands to protect myself, but there was no longer any movement of the shadows. I heard Clyde's deep voice murmuring uncomfortably, "It's all right, kid. It's all right. Sure I forgive you. Forget it."

I let my arms fall to my sides. I said, "Thanks, Ginny." I turned and walked unsteadily away, along by the hedge.

Dr. McBain was standing by the car, an interested spectator. He said, "Come over here and I'll take a look at the damage."

"I'm all right," I said, and went slowly across the lawn to the house. At the door I turned and looked back. The beam of the headlights shone along the street, but it was dark there by the hedge and I saw no movement. I opened the door and went into the house.

Lucy and Governor Warburton were sitting on the stairs, and Bill was leaning against the newel, talking earnestly.

"Roy!" Lucy cried. "What happened to you?"

I moved unsteadily toward them and said, "It worked, Governor."

"Roy, you poor baby," Lucy's soft voice said. "There's blood all over you."

Bill Evers whistled. "Did Clyde do that? Roy, you look pretty bad."

"I'm all right," I said. "It was just too dark out there. Couldn't see a fist in front of your face."

"Come with me, darling," Lucy murmured. "Let me wash the blood off."

"In a minute," I said. "Governor, everything is fixed. I've convinced Clyde McDonald that Ginny invented the whole thing because she was smitten with his male beauty and the quality of his prose, and I guess she was, at that. There's just a faint possibility she might be a good influence on Clyde."

"Pretty faint," said Lucy, and began dabbing at my mouth with her handkerchief.

"Anyhow, Clyde won't write anything because he has nothing to write," I said, and pushed the handkerchief away. "Even if he finds cabin nine, he has nothing to hang the story on. Governor, the incident is closed. Our worries are over and I think now I'd better go count my teeth."

"What about Warburton Day tomorrow?" Bill Evers said. "What about the Governor's schedule? What about those two hundred and fifty straw hats and sunbonnets and the big crowd tomorrow?"

"So everybody's happy, Governor," I said. "Even Bill. He's back to low-level worrying again."

"I'm grateful to you, Roy," Governor Warburton said simply. "I'm deeply grateful. I think now you'd better let Lucy make some repairs." He patted my shoulder.

"This way, Roy," said Lucy. She took my hand and led me through the pantry. She turned on the cold water at the copper sink, wet her handkerchief and began dabbing at my mouth.

"That blond tramp, I'll bet she's the cause of this," Lucy said fiercely as she took away the bloody handkerchief and rinsed it at the sink.

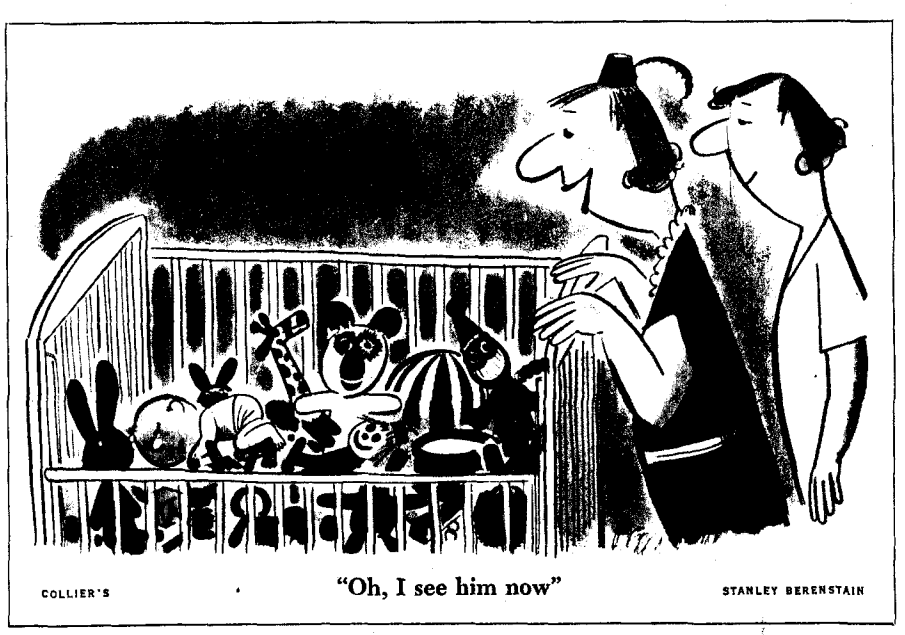
"She was the cause, all right," I said.

Lucy inspected my mouth. "It's not too bad," she murmured sympathetically, and the moist handkerchief gently pressed my lips. "But, Roy," she said. "Some of this blood doesn't wash off." She glanced up at me. "In fact, it's not blood. It's lipstick." Her tone was accusing. "You've got lipstick smeared all over you again!"

"If you look carefully," I said, "you'll notice it's *your* lipstick."

Lucy came near, moved with a little sigh into my arms. As I kissed her I heard her contented murmur, "So it is. So it is."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, I see him now" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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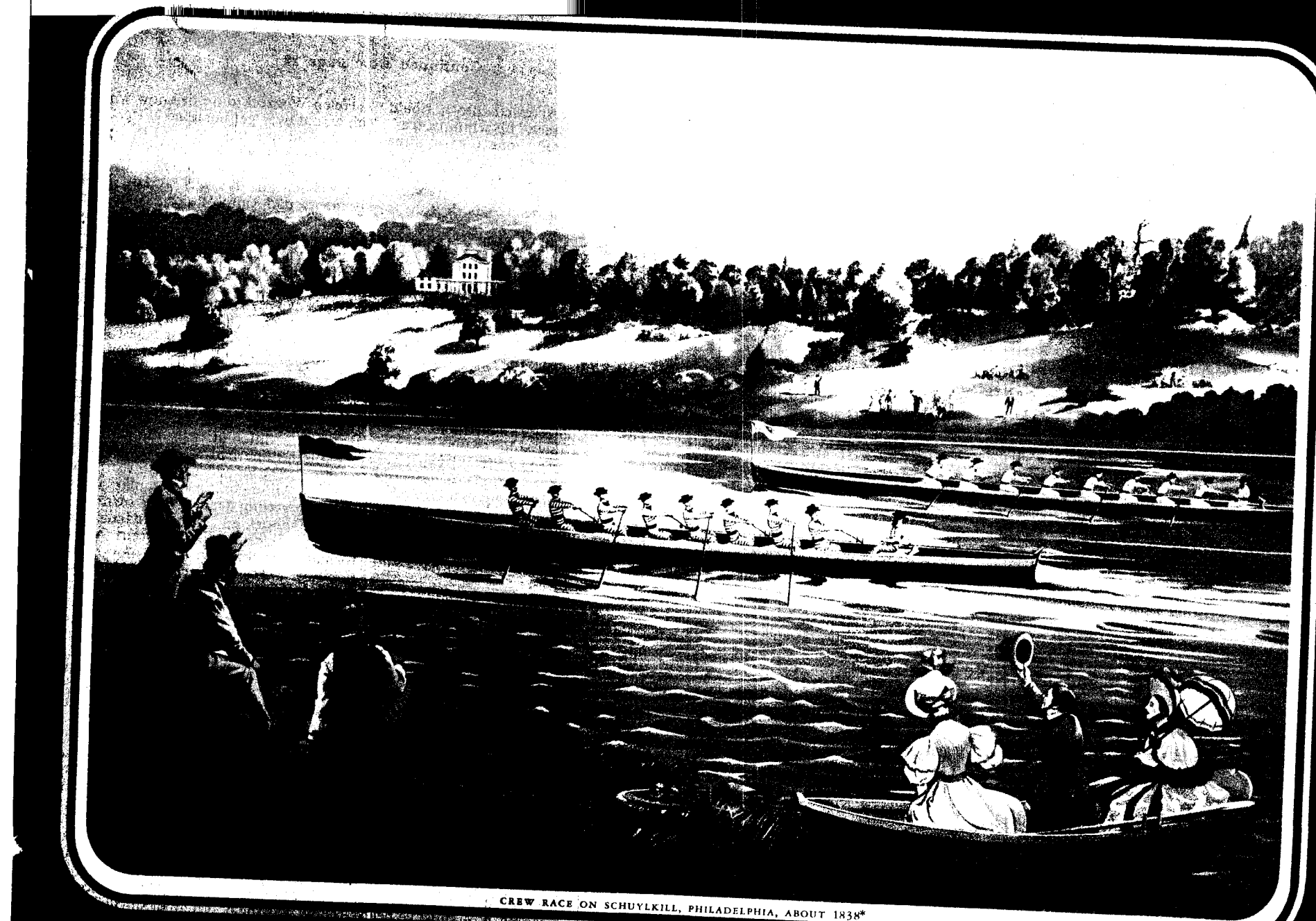

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MARRIAGE '48

Continued from page 12

second husband screwed into a ribald grin. "Yes, my sweet," his whining, teasing voice whispered, "one out of three will be divorced within the year. And with your history, my darling Lilith, I'm betting that you're the one." His voice came so close that her hands flew up to cover her ears.

The little blonde stared. "I hope I haven't said anything wrong."

Lilith shook her head.

"I was just remarking what a beautiful place this church is. You only get married once in your life, so you may as well have it nice even if you're not formal. What do you think?"

"Yes, indeed," Lilith replied absently. So you only get married once in your life, she thought. Evidently the young bride had not read the morning paper.

"Now, take this suit." Skinny hands plucked at the white skirt. "I can have it dyed and wear it a couple of years, so it really wasn't such a big extravagance, but I'd have felt terrible to be married in anything but whife." Looking at Lilith's gray suit, she blushed again. "I'm awful sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean—"

"It's quite all right. I couldn't wear white anyway. This isn't my first marriage."

Still the girl believed she had been tactless and, as penance, offered admiration. "That's a beautiful outfit you got on, though."

"It's really quite old."

"Old or new, good stuff's always good. Anyway it's okay for a wedding. You've got to have something old on—something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. I got an old bra on," she confided, "and my garters are blue and I borrowed my prayer book. What about you?"

"My gloves," Lilith said, laughing inwardly but not wanting to disappoint the little bride. "Everything else is old."

"Oh, that's a shame. You must've been in a hurry, huh?"

"Well." Lilith rose and crushed the light out of her cigarette. "The parson's waiting."

The girl lifted her white skirt. She pulled off a blue silk garter. "Here, take this. It'll be borrowed and blue both."

"Oh, no, I couldn't."

"Why not? I don't need it." She rolled her stocking deftly. "Then you'll have everything."

LACE ruffled the edges of the garter, and hearts were painted on the bows. They were ugly and in bad taste, but Lilith was reminded of the pale blue ribbons on the imported slip she had worn at her first wedding, and of the borrowed handkerchief tucked in her cuff. At the second ceremony they had been slightly drunk, but she had a borrowed raincoat over her blue dress. No, thank you, not this time, she thought, I don't want that sort of luck. But she could not rebuke faith by refusing the girl's generosity. "Bless you," she said, swinging out her hand.

"I hope it brings you good luck."

A handshake was too cold. Lilith leaned over and touched her lips to the young cheek. "Same to you, dear."

As she left she felt lighter, younger and more hopeful than when she had gone into the Bride's Boudoir. Even the chintz seemed less appalling. The blue garter was small but she would not remove it even when she was on the staircase with the door closed between her and the other bride. The slight chafing pain reminded her, not unpleasantly, of the younger girl's faith and happiness. For the first time that day she forgot the item in the morning paper, forgot fear and failure. She ran down the stairs.

Helen Wozzeck did not know whether she would ever get her blue garter back, but she did not care. Could there be a better sign of good luck than a good deed on your wedding day?

To Helen this day was sacred. Every moment had importance. She had awakened early and gone to the window nervously, for recent mornings had been misty. When the sky had begun to glow, promising a fair day, she had breathed more freely and said aloud to her cousin's wife, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on." The family had dashed through teeming rain to her oldest sister's wedding, and within the year her sister was dead.

She had waited for this since she was old enough to see the neighborhood brides honored in white satin, but this reality was different from the picture in her mind. She had always expected to be married at home with the girls fussing around, Ma cooking a regular Polish feast, Pa getting drunk on his own wine, and neighbors and friends dancing all night in a hired hall. Different this informal ceremony was, but not disappointing. No girl could ask more glamor than was shed by the Little Church in the Vale. The great advantage to her practical mind was that it cost no more than a wedding in some grimy city church. It was nonsectarian so that people of different religions could have the sort of ceremonies their faith demanded, and spend as much or as little as they could afford.

GIGGLING and fluttering their taffetas, the bridesmaids returned. Through the open door Helen heard the tenor singing Oh Promise Me. "Leave it open," she said, loving the music.

The bridesmaids hovered, solicitous, questioning. Was she nervous? Would she like a glass of cold water? Did she know Bill had arrived? What sort of fellow was the best man? She was grateful for their kindness but she wished they would stop chattering. This was a moment for quiet, for music, for dedication. A million years had passed since she was like the bridesmaids, curious and hopeful about each new fellow.

What if she hadn't gone down to Ocean Park with the gang that night in October? What if Bill hadn't been there, prowling, looking for a good dance partner? What if he had seen Tessie first, or Lydia or Mary? Bill had told her more than once that Tessie was not his type, nor Lydia, nor Mary either, and that he had known before he asked her name that she was for him. Shovel Morgan's orchestra had been playing, she would never forget the music, nor that moment when Bill stopped still on the dance floor, looked down at her in the changing light and sang with the music, "Eyes of blue, I love you."

She was still in the mood, dreamy and slightly damp, when Mildred Wozzeck panted into the room to say it was almost time, Helen had better step on it. "The other wedding's over. So fast you'd think it was a race and they were marrying the horses."

"Did you see the orchid?" asked a bridesmaid. "A real orchid."

"You could hardly tell the bride and the maid apart, except for the color of the corsages. If I'd've been her, I'd've worn something more appropriate," remarked Mildred.

In defense of that other bride Helen explained, "She couldn't wear white, it wasn't her first wedding."

"A divorcée?" cried Mildred.

"She didn't say."

"A divorcée," repeated Mildred, enjoying the word. "You can't fool me, I know the type."

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"If I'd've been divorced, believe me, I wouldn't have the gall to rush right up to the altar with another fellow," the younger bridesmaid said.

But the older maid who had become tolerant since her own sister had been obliged to leave her no-good husband and come back home with the kid, remarked gently, "It mightn't be her fault. You can't tell, her husband might've been a bum."

"That's what they all say." Scorn was like fat in Mildred's voice. "Marry and divorce, marry and divorce. You'd think they'd never gone to church and promised to be faithful. You know what Stan read in the paper this morning? He read it to me while I was fixing breakfast. Thirty-three per cent of them that get hitched this year will be separated by next June. That's a third of all marriages."

"That's no way to be talking at a wedding," said the younger bridesmaid.

"Can I help what it said in the paper? Some big shots, professors and judges, they made the statement. Believe me," but Mildred was cut off by a rap at the door and a voice asking how soon they would be ready.

IT WAS in a dream that Helen went down the stairs, found her cousin Stan Wozzeck, took his arm and walked behind the maids toward the altar and Bill. She had planned to watch everything, to keep her impressions as clear as snapshots in her memory, but she saw it all through a mist and heard nothing except those silences which she had to fill until her faltering "I do." Nor did she hear the music until it was an echo in her head. This was when it was all over, when she was Mrs. William V. Snyder and ready to write her new name in the church register. Abruptly she became conscious of faces and flowers, voices, a pen in her hand. Proud to add her own to the list of glamorous brides who had been married in the church, she paused to read the signatures of the couple whose wedding had preceded hers: Henry Hancock Fowler, M.D. Lilith D. Clark Fowler.

Lilith D. Clark Fowler had not returned the borrowed garter, but Helen was not worried. In her souvenir box one garter was as good as a pair, and her instinct knew that luck does not follow a good deed if the cost is counted. .

The slight chafing pain which had reminded Lilith of the garter had ceased so that she forgot that she was wearing something both blue and borrowed. This is not strange. She was always absent-minded at her weddings. But she had also left her gold cigarette case behind.

She discovered the loss when they were seated at a glass-topped table in the patio of a Beverly Hills restaurant. Someone had let the management know it was to be a wedding breakfast, and the table was heaped with waxy white tropical flowers smelling like mold. Lilith's pocketbook lay in her lap and when she started groping through it, the others watched.

"What've you lost?"

Lilith shrugged and spread her metal and silk trifles on the table. "I'm such a fool," she moaned. "I've lost my cigarette case again, probably in that bridal room."

"Are you sure you haven't used it since?" asked Henry. "You've been smoking constantly."

"Your cigarettes, darling. What'll I do about it, Henry?"

"Isn't it insured?" the best man asked.

"I don't want money, I want my cigarette case. It's a keepsake."

Henry was a perfect lamb, not at all like a husband. Instead of fussing at Lilith, he told the waiter to have a bottle of champagne opened for the others while he drove Lilith through the canyon and back to the Little Church in the Vale. They found the place bristling with activity, the curb lined with new, shiny, expensive cars. Henry drove around and around while Lilith dashed up the narrow staircase to the Bride's Boudoir. On her way she caught a glimpse of the church which had been decorated with wreaths and garlands of white flowers, and two-foot white candles on the altar.

For the second time that morning she burst into the Bride's Boudoir, and for the second time found it occupied. It was absurd of her to be startled at the sight of a bride in white satin and a veil, but for a stricken second she was reminded so acutely of her own first wedding that she seemed to be looking down a tunnel of the years at her own innocent past. Of course she had been nothing like this glowing brunette.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Lilith began, "but I think I've left something behind and, if you don't mind. . . ."

"No bother at all. Perhaps we can help you find it."

"It's a cigarette case. In the excitement of getting married, I must have forgotten it."

The bride noticed Lilith's white orchid. "Were you just married?"

"This morning."

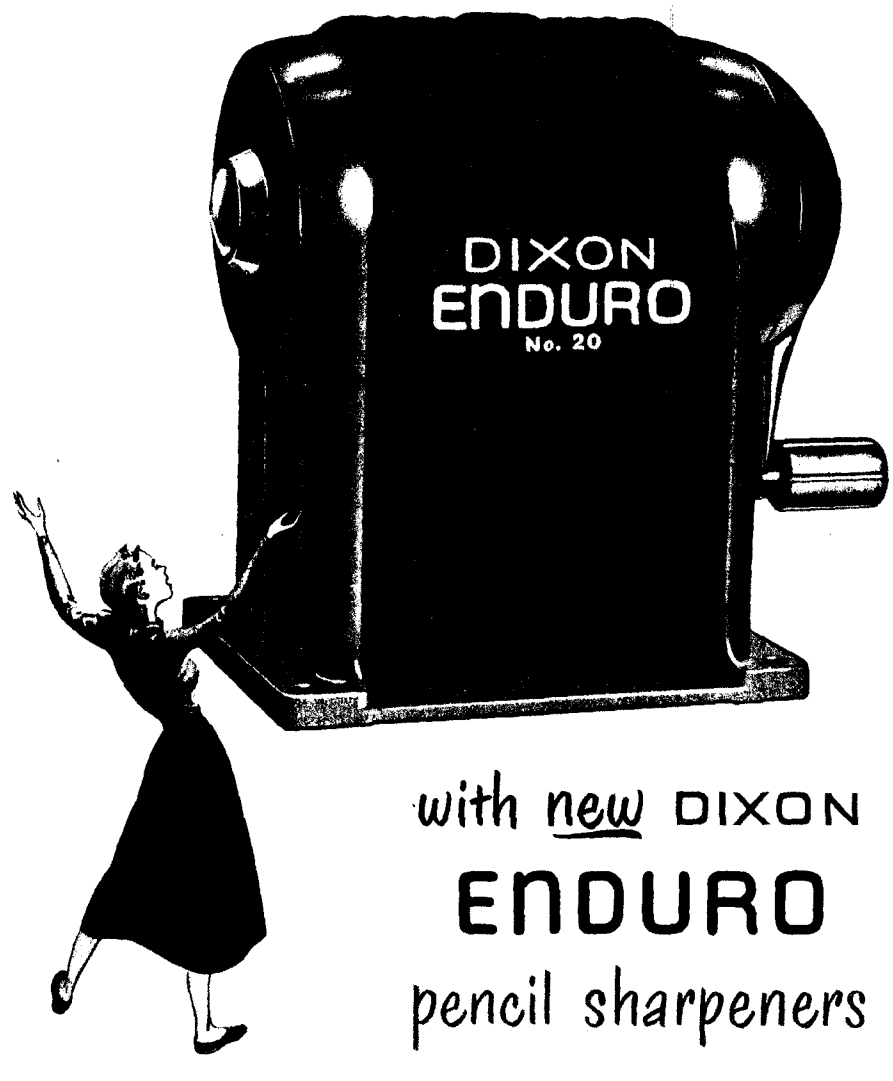
The place was simply swarming with bridesmaids in starched blue organdy with amethyst ribbons and a rather stately maid of honor in amethyst organdy with blue ribbons. One of them found Lilith's cigarette case.

"No wonder you came back for it,"

"Ever notice how sometimes you can finish a whole page without understanding a thing you've read?"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

ALL pencils get the point



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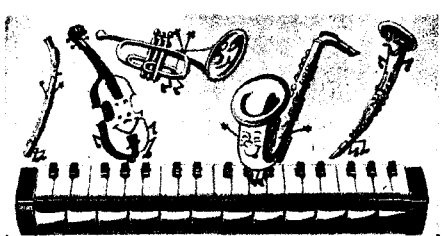

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she said, noting the diamond-encrusted monogram.

Lilith shrugged as if gold and diamonds were beneath her notice. "I cherish it as a keepsake, the only decent gift I ever got from my second husband." And with a second "Good luck" tossed over her shoulder at the bride she was off.

"Second husband," laughed the maid of honor. "Then this must be her third."

"It's not at all surprising out here," said the elderly woman in a clipped New England voice that showed all too plainly her opinion of everything in the West.

"Oh, Mother," wailed the bride.

"I read it in the paper this morning," the little woman said. "It's not my own opinion at all, dear. Some very learned gentlemen, scholars and jurists, have issued a report, and statistics show that in this part of the country—"

A bridesmaid who had taken off her big hat to comb luscious auburn hair interrupted. "You're wrong, Mrs. McAndrews—"

"My dear, I read it this morning. I was so nervous I couldn't sleep and I took the paper back to bed with me—"

"I read it, too. It said that out of every three marriages in Los Angeles County this year, one would end in divorce within twelve months, but it also said the records in other parts of the country are worse, and that it's almost fifty per cent—"

"Not where I come from," said Mrs. McAndrews tartly.

The bride laughed. "She doesn't mean Michigan either. Mother still thinks Detroit's the Far West."

"I'm sorry if I've been rude, girls. But when I married Carol's father, everyone in Springfield thought I'd be hunting buffaloes and shooting Indians way out west in Michigan."

"She means Springfield, Massachusetts," explained the bride, still laughing. "They'd never even heard of Los Angeles then."

"Nor of divorce," said the auburn-haired bridesmaid.

"Yes, we'd heard of it," replied Mrs. McAndrews sweetly but still with some acerbity. "But we didn't consider it respectable."

The unimportant argument had unnerved her. Now that the wedding was just a few minutes off, Mrs. McAndrews lost a portion of her self-control. As soon as she felt the tears crowding into her eyes, she walked over to the window.

CAROL followed her mother and stood with her arm about the old lady's waist. "Don't go back East, Mother. Stay with us. There's an extra room in the house and we're going to keep it for you always, and call it Mother's Room. It was Davis's idea."

Mrs. McAndrews wiped her eyes with a fine handkerchief edged in handmade lace and scented with sachet. "No, dear, you won't want a mother-in-law hovering about you the first year. You know what Daddy always said when the boys got married. 'Mother,' he said, 'it's hard enough for the first year, parents only add to young people's difficulties, let them fight it out for themselves.' That's what your Daddy said and even though he's gone, I abide by his decisions. Besides, you've got family enough now without me."

Mrs. McAndrews moved away from the window, returned to the dressing table and powdered her nose.

Carol remained at the window. The Venetian blinds had been raised, and before her she saw the fertile panorama of the valley. Above the hills the sky was decorated with letters of smoke, spelling out her bridegroom's name. She smiled tenderly as though she saw the promise of eternal happiness in the heavens, although the actual message was this:

DEPENDABLE DAVIS — BEST PRICES 4 USED CARS

She had never expected to fall in love with a man in the automobile business. Back home in Detroit the boys at dancing school or country club parties had, half of them anyway, been sons and grandsons of the industry. Even the most distinguished names in the business, names better known throughout the world than the names of presidents or princes had failed to interest her. She had dreamed of a romantic lover, distinguished for his talents, a playwright, war correspondent, or a scientist whose researches have benefited the human race. At college she had studied journalism, then biology, then dramatics. When she had persuaded her mother to come to California for the winter instead of going as usual to Miami, she had been thinking of all the writers, composers and actors in Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

The used car business sounded even more sordid than the manufacturing of automobiles. She had laughed at her mother for using a letter of introduction from her uncle (who was an auto parts jobber) to one of his customers in Los Angeles. Dependable Davis indeed! Seeing the name written in the sky and hearing it endlessly on the radio had aroused her most snobbish instincts. Nevertheless, her mother had presented the letter and Mrs. Davis Barnes, Senior, had invited them for dinner. Carol had fought with her mother about accepting the invitation and had to be bribed with a new alligator bag and shoes before she would consent to go along.

THE next day when her mother tried to fulfill the promise, Carol had forgotten all about it. For she had met Davis Barnes, Junior. Later he confessed that he had not wanted to stay home that night and meet some drip whose uncle sold auto parts in Detroit. Both of them thought this terribly funny, and were never tired of repeating the story. That they had met in this sullen fashion and fallen immediately in love seemed nothing less than destiny. And Carol changed her mind about the Dependable Davis announcements on the radio and the skywriting which now seemed as thrilling as the sight of her lover's name on the back of a book or a theater marquee.

They had fallen in love before they half knew each other, so that their engagement had been a stormy period. They had quarreled frequently, vowed never to see each other again and gone as long as thirty-six hours without telephoning each other. Once she had started for Detroit, but Davis had waylaid her at the airport. This made it more romantic to think about, and she was glad they had finished with their quarrels before the wedding. Now that the day had come, she felt as secure as an old married woman. "Mrs. Barnes," she kept whispering to herself, "Mrs. Davis Barnes, Junior."

THERE had been much talk and tension between the two mothers. Each had wanted to exhibit greater love and lavishness in celebrating the wedding. The only proper place for a reception, Mrs. McAndrews thought, was the bride's home, but since this was twenty-five hundred miles away, it would have been impractical to make them all travel so far. As a substitute she would have liked to hire the ballroom of the hotel in which she and Carol were staying, but Mrs. Barnes insisted that this was vulgar. Her home was spacious, her gardens distinguished by a number of flower show prizes. And most of the guests would be friends of the Barneses anyway. She won in the end, not because her plan was more practical but because she was a clubwoman, an executive accustomed to getting her own way. She agreed to let Carol's mother pay for the wine, food and flowers.

These were lavish. The house and the tables laid in the gardens were decorated with vines and blossoms; silver platters were heaped with lobster and chicken salads, with *petit fours,* salted nuts, ices and slabs of wedding cake like paving blocks. All through the afternoon the guests poured in, and several times Carol caught herself greeting waiters with an automatic smile and phonographic phrases, "How do you do, so nice of you to come, of course I remember you perfectly."

Davis was an island completely surrounded by floating chiffons and diamond bracelets. No wonder they wor-

"Veterans are so used to houses like that, we have to build 'em that way to sell!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

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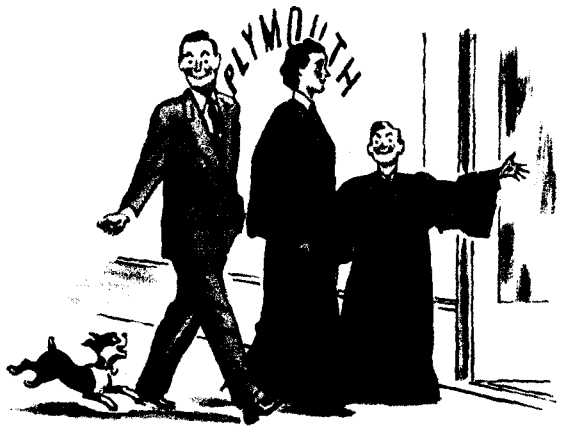
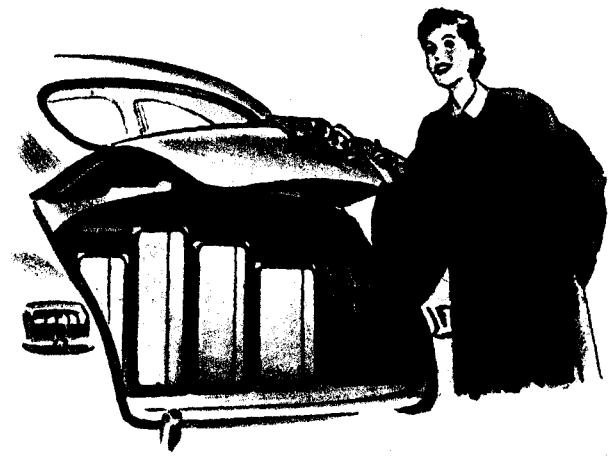
Let them be the Judges!

"Buying a new car is a big decision for a family. And, in my little family, everybody has an equal voice. That's why Mother and Johnnie went along with me as we started out to find the one car that would be the best car for us.

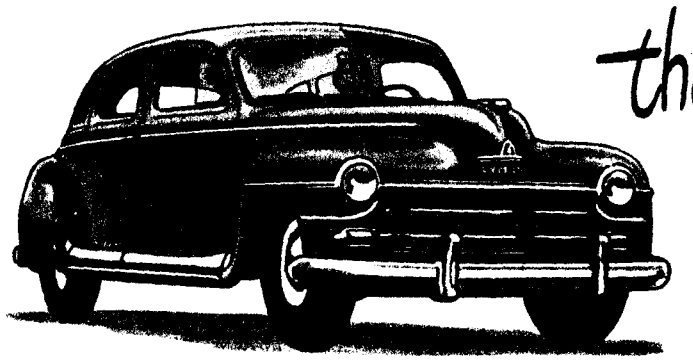


"We stopped first at the Plymouth dealer. That's because we know people who have Plymouths and they tell us this is the greatest value car of them all. The dealer showed us the new Plymouth Quality Chart and we had the facts and figures for accurate comparisons. Then we took a ride.

"Johnnie went for the new Air Pillow Ride. 'Boy, are those Airfoam Cushions soft!' I could see that the seats were worth the slight extra cost. But all this comfort couldn't come from cushions alone. Those big Super-Cushion Tires must help, too—and they're standard equipment!



"Mother just sat back and enjoyed herself . . . kept saying, 'I feel so safe and secure.' But when we stopped, she got real practical. She saw the big luggage compartment. 'Why, the lid opens with a finger-touch,' she exclaimed. 'And it's so balanced that it *can't* fall down and crack you on the head.'



"Since I do most of the driving in our family, I didn't say anything until I got behind the wheel. Then I got excited too. Why, this Plymouth was the easiest-handling car I ever drove. The longer I drove it, the better I liked it. After the ride, I looked at Mother and I looked at Johnnie and I knew we had arrived at a verdict."

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shiped him. Even in morning coat and striped trousers, which looked more than usually ridiculous in a sunny California garden, he was debonair. His hair was the color of mahogany, his greenish eyes red-flecked. He was rather short but athletically built with good shoulders and a narrow waist.

Carol despaired of ever getting through the forest of chiffons and artificial roses, and she went instead in search of her mother. Mrs. McAndrews smiled politely as she heard a guest remark, like fifty other guests that day, "But you haven't lost a daughter, my dear, you've gained a son."

Always in the same voice Mrs. McAndrews would reply, "I've got four sons in Michigan, and only one little girl."

Carol had to get away from that, too.

AT THE other end of the garden, guests were saying, "But you haven't lost a son, Mrs. Barnes, you've gained a daughter." Mrs. Barnes' smile showed off costly dental work but was nevertheless chill. She had no other child but Davis, and her love was such that her husband had frequently to beg her to temper it with good sense. Mr. Barnes was a sane man, and he had warned Carol, "Don't, for Heaven's sake, try to be a mother to him. He's had too much mother. You'll be happier in the end if you're tough with him."

At last she caught Davis' eye. He managed to disentangle himself from the dowagers, to catch up with Carol and to lead her to the shade garden where his mother grew her prize azaleas. Even here they were unable to kiss in privacy. A group of his fraternity brothers, gathered about a table decorated with glasses and bottles of various shapes, were celebrating his marriage in a song dedicated to the honor of the University of Southern California. Like counterpoint woven into this robust chorus sounded the lament of a lonely soprano.

It was the auburn-haired bridesmaid who had discarded her hat and corsage, and whose amethyst ribbons and blue organdy looked as if they had been dunked in the swimming pool. The girl was unhappy about something, but her plight did not arouse much sympathy.

Davis left Carol, seized the girl and clapped his hand over her mouth. "Look, Babe, this is a wedding, no place for a funeral dirge."

She bit his hand. "Every woman's wedding is another one's funeral, the funeral of her heart." She turned bitterly to Carol. "Until you came along—"

The best man took Carol's arm. "Don't mind Betsy, she's had too much champagne."

"Champagne," scoffed Betsy, pulling herself free and pouring Scotch into her glass as lavishly as if it were wine, "champagne's for swimming."

The others laughed. Carol could not. She had not known Betsy until she met Davis' crowd. When she had asked this girl to be her bridesmaid, she had not known anything about an old love affair. How tragic, she thought to have loved and lost Davis. High above the pepper trees and the eucalyptus, planes decorated the sky with his name. Signboards on every boulevard, spot announcements on the radio made it impossible to forget that he worked and dwelt here in the city. What sorrow for one who had loved him!

She knew she was not to blame for Betsy's loss but she could not keep from thinking of the lovelorn girl. When Davis kissed her the bridesmaid's shadow fell between them, and when he whispered that he loved her, she seemed to hear the disconsolate song. Shadow and echo did not frighten Carol so much as they oppressed her with the tragic sense of loss. She loved Davis so much that the idea of losing him seemed less painful than the thought of death. How could a girl who had known his love go on living without it?

(To be continued next week)

THE GLASS CORNET

Continued from page 27

to wilt. Suddenly he withdrew the spinning cylinder, swinging it in a long, downward motion into the pit beneath him. The end opened out like a sleeve without a cuff. The searing hot roller was finished, ready to be snapped from the pipe, split and flattened. Krosteson swayed a little on the platform, as if spent with the tremendous effort he had exerted. Then, with a last heave of his big shoulders, he swung the finished cylinder upward again to the guide.

But it missed, catching him off balance. Frankie gasped as the cylinder crashed against the brickwork of the blowhole. A cascade of glass shattered over the platform and into the pit. Krosteson tottered; regained his balance. The crash of glass was followed by a momentary silence. Then shouts rang out along the platforms.

"Put 'er in the hole, Ole!"

"That last bottle hundred proof?"

Krosteson stood silently, gripping the iron blowpipe until his snapper came and took it from him. He swept a hand across his forehead, and the sweat streamed to the floor. Then he walked stolidly to the ice-water barrel. If he saw Frankie standing there, he gave no sign. He drank and replaced the tin cup on the block of ice in the barrel. He stared back at the men on the platforms. Talk of the accident stopped.

"Pop told me about the cornet," Frankie said hesitantly. "I'm—I'm sorry I couldn't go yesterday."

Krosteson nodded to him then. "That's all right, Frank." He turned, glancing at his gatherer shaping the neck and shoulder of his next cylinder on the iron marver. He drew a deep breath. He reached to the hook for his towel and mopped his face and shoulders.

"Where'd you get the cornet?" Frankie asked.

"Fellow in Los Angeles—" came from the muffled depths of the towel.

"It's—it's the model, isn't it?"

"That's right," Krosteson said.

"You're still going to make the glass one for me?" Frankie asked fearfully.

"That's right," Krosteson repeated.

There was no invitation to come over and help. No suggestion that he could come and watch. With sinking heart, Frankie knew then that yesterday his father had said something that had hurt Ole's feelings more than he let on. "I'm going to the library to study tonight," he said with quick resentment. "I'll be by. May I?"

"The door's always open." Krosteson's eyes were bloodshot, yet full of kindliness. He marched stiffly out to the platform over the swing hole, taking the blowpipe from his gatherer's hands. He shoved the spinning ball of glass into the glory hole for the first heat.

WHEN Frankie came into Krosteson's kitchen that evening, he found it looking different. It was clean and orderly. On the table in the breakfast nook there was a new multiple-jet gas burner, with an array of new tips for working glass. There was a pile of glass tubing in a wide assortment of sizes and lengths. And there were tools—sugar tongs with wooden ends and with cutting edges, pincers, scissors, marking compass, punties and blowing irons, and a

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small marver. Set up on the tile sink was a clay melting crucible.

But most conspicuous of all was the silver cornet, suspended by two strings from the electric fixture in the breakfast nook. The cornet hung evenly, just above Krosteson's eyes when he was seated. He could reach up and measure every part of it.

"Oh—what a beauty!" Frankie exclaimed.

"The best," Krosteson nodded. "B-flat, silver-plated." He motioned for Frankie to sit across from him at the table. He rubbed his mustache thoughtfully. "Does your father know where you are?"

"He thinks I'm at the library," Frankie answered.

"You know your father doesn't approve of me," Krosteson said. "He feels I'm a bad influence on you."

"Don't worry," Frankie said. "He just doesn't understand."

"It does worry me," Krosteson replied. "Your father's right."

Across the table under the warm glow of the light, Frankie could smell, mingled with Ole's pipe smoke, the strong aroma of whisky on his breath. "Pop thinks if you didn't make so much money, you wouldn't drink so much," he said.

Krosteson smiled. "I drink because I like it. It makes the glass come to life. Sometimes," he added wryly, "even an ill wind blows good." He pointed to the cornet above him. "Do you know the parts of the horn?"

"Sure," Frankie answered quickly. "That's the mouthpiece, these are the valves, this is a slide, and that's the bell, and—"

"Good," Krosteson interrupted him. "And you know a little music, too?"

"A little. I can read notes."

"Good," Krosteson said again. He studied Frankie thoughtfully. "You will tell me about music, and I will tell you about glass. I will begin first."

He turned the cornet this way and that, talking quietly as he examined the parts, shaking his head over the problem of the valve springs, measuring the cone from the mouthpiece to the slide of the first valve, and from the slide of the third valve to the bell. He said that any glass development of the spherical form could be attained by blowing and fashioning by hand. He explained that the form given to a mass of glass before it is drawn out will be kept by the finished cane or tube, no matter how small its section might be. "This didn't come from books," he said. "I learned by heart the words of the masters I worked under."

When Krosteson paused, Frankie cried, "Please go on!"

"Glass and steel will give their names to the twentieth century," Krosteson continued. He raised a caliper, taking the outside measurement of the bell of the cornet. When Frankie looked questioningly, he said, "I will blow this long cone at the factory, all in one piece. Later it can be cut." But in a little while, with a tired gesture, he laid his tools aside. "You'd best be getting along home now, hadn't you?" he asked.

"I guess so," Frankie said, "but I don't want to."

"There will be other nights," Krosteson said.

FOR almost a month, nightly, on his way to the library Frankie stopped for an hour or so with Krosteson. He seldom stayed longer, and was always careful to be home by nine o'clock. The cornet now, he guessed, was almost half finished. Whenever he thought of it, a deep excitement spread all through him. Maybe there would be notes from a glass cornet more beautiful than anybody ever heard before. He'd be the first one ever to blow them. He could hardly wait for Ole to begin joining the many sections of the instrument.

But Krosteson did not hurry. "Making a cornet is no different than making scientific apparatus," he said one night. "It takes time." He went on to explain the special properties of the soft glass tubing, telling why its working qualities and appearance did not change with heating in the flame. "It is the addition of feldspar up to ten per cent that cuts down devitrification and makes the glass workable," he said.

Frankie sat, face in hands, elbows on the table, listening raptly, yet fearfully.

"Remember now: sodium—potassium—calcium—aluminum—silicate—" Krosteson enumerated haltingly, "with a little manganese dioxide to take the green out." His breath was heavy with whisky, his face flushed.

Frankie could not put away the alarming thoughts. Krosteson had been losing more and more cylinders at the factory. The men in his gang were dissatisfied. They predicted Krosteson would fall into the swing hole if he didn't sober up. Whenever he went to the factory to watch, Frankie heard their talk, but there was nothing he could do. He bit his lip and kept silent, watching the glass tremble in Krosteson's hands.

As the days passed, while Frankie's enthusiasm for the glass cornet mounted, Krosteson's gradually diminished. In the evenings Frankie often found his friend sitting idly, staring at the beautifully fashioned parts flashing in the light of the flame. Sometimes he would be

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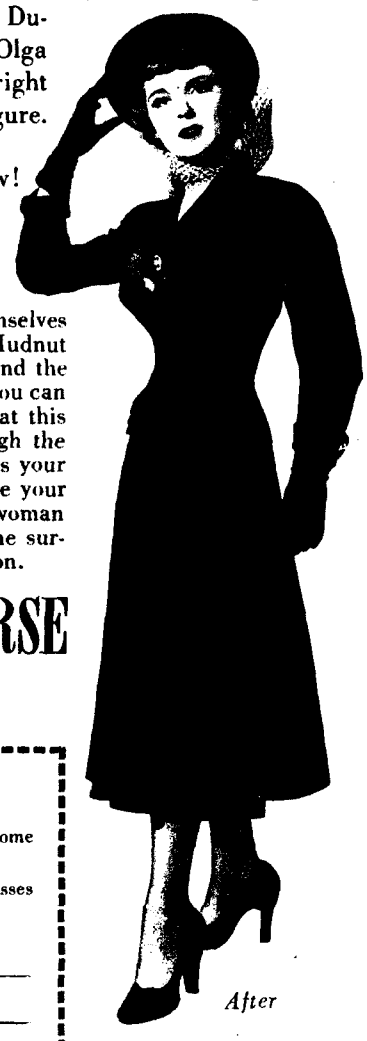

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grinding in a fitting, silently and interminably turning the pieces. The piston cylinders were finished and the piston valves were in process of cutting and grinding from glass rod. Their fit in the cylinders was perfect. With a very light oil, Krosteson predicted, the valves with their thin steel springs would work like magic. But as one by one the mechanical problems were met and surmounted Frankie saw the gloom about his friend deepen.

He saw it in the unkempt condition of the house, in Krosteson's almost rock-like taciturnity, in the watery redness of his eyes, and in the frequency of his trips to the bedroom. He would rise from the table, and without explanation go away. Frankie would hear a drawer opened, and in a few minutes slide shut again.

When Krosteson returned, the odor of whisky would be stronger. Sometimes he would say what he was going to do next. But more often he would silently pick up the piece he had laid down and go on working.

With all his might Frankie endeavored to encourage him. He demonstrated the perfect cornet form, and explained the placing of the lips to the mouthpiece in the perfect embouchure. He wrote out the scales and explained about the sharps and flats. While Krosteson watched him, he strode up and down the kitchen, right elbow down, left arm vertical, performing miracles of double tonguing and tonsil shifting. He did imaginary swells, breaks and runs. He crescendoed and fortissimoed. And he soloed in the greatest Cornet Concert Band ever assembled in the whole world. Scraps of glass crackled under his shoes on the linoleum as he paced up and down. Krosteson watched him with melancholy eyes and shook his head.

IT WAS only a little while later, in the late spring, that the worst trouble came. Krosteson lost his contract. He was still in the glass factory, but another blower was put on the "big hole." The management notice said Ole Krosteson was now acting as "consultant." But everybody knew he was finished.

At supper one night, Mr. Williams was glossing over the items in the paper. Frankie listened in distracted silence.

"Frankie, you've got to eat more," his mother said. "Can't you hold your head up without resting it on your hands?"

"I don't feel like holding it up," Frankie said.

"You should see him at school," Esther informed them. "All he does is dope around."

Mr. Williams drummed his fingers on the cloth. "I'm told you're spending a lot of time hanging around the glass factory again. I thought I told you to stay away from there."

"I can't," Frankie said.

His father frowned. "A glass factory is no place for a boy to be spending his time. Give me one good reason—"

"A glass cornet," Esther said.

Frankie glared at her and rose from the table.

"So it's that again!" Mr. Williams frowned. "I thought that was all over and done with."

Frankie clenched his hands at his sides. "Ole Krosteson had it almost finished!" he cried. "Then he got fired. He hasn't touched it since—not for three whole weeks! I hope you're all satisfied!" He rushed out.

"Come back here," his father called, "and ask permission before you leave the table!"

But Frankie didn't stop, and he didn't care if he never came back. He sped in the direction of Krosteson's house. For days he had been battling against the dark premonition that something terrible was about to happen to the cornet. Krosteson had been vague and preoccupied, saying only that he worked on it sometimes late at night. Many times when Frankie had stopped by in the evenings, he had found him sleeping. Other times the house was dark. Now the determination to rescue the glass cornet from his friend's possession overwhelmed him. It had been brewing in his mind for days. With his father's words, the decision had come instantaneously.

Running his bicycle along the porch, he leaped up the steps. Flinging himself into the house, he cried, "It's me, Ole – Frankie!"

There was no time for Krosteson to put down the pint bottle in his right hand nor the glass cornet in his left.

"Don't break it!" Frankie cried. "Please don't break it!" He put out his hand protectingly to the long, beautifully tapered cone of the horn. "I thought you might break it," he said trembling.

THE light over the sink flashed in the crystal flare of the bell as Krosteson drew the cornet slightly aside. He had been leaning back, his elbows resting on the drainboard. He straightened now, and as he turned, Frankie saw that the mouthpiece was ground and fitted. The water key, with its chamois-covered pad and thin wire spring, was on. Krosteson fluttered the pistons with his fingers, and the coiled steel springs inside the shining cylinders danced up and down. "So you thought I broke it," he said.

The hollows in Krosteson's cheeks seemed suddenly to grow deeper. For a full minute, perhaps, he stood motionless. Then he lifted the bottle and drank. The liquid gurgled in his throat. He coughed and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He said impassively, "There is no angle at the bottom of the mouth cup where it curves into the bore. The length of the tubing and the proportions are exact, but"—and now he looked directly into Frankie's eyes—"it may break like a bubble. It could sound like a fish horn."

"Is it—finished?" Frankie gasped.

"I was going to take hydrofluoric acid and etch your name in scrollwork on the bell," Krosteson said slowly.

"Yours, too?" Frankie said. "Please —yours, too."

Krosteson walked unsteadily to the table, picking up the polishing chamois, and slowly began rubbing the instrument. "We'll see," he said. "Perhaps an initial."

As Krosteson applied resinous paint to the bell for the etching, Frankie noticed other things in the room for the first time. Two wickerwork suitcases sat in the corner by the cupboard. Across them was flung an overcoat, and Krosteson's black derby rested atop the heap.

Frankie was sure now that Ole had been going to break the cornet and then leave. He thought frantically: *He could —he might—still do it!* In his panic, he struggled against snatching the instrument from Krosteson's hands and dashing from the house.

"This will take a long time," Krosteson was saying. "The acid must eat in. I think you had best go home."

Frankie saw the beads of perspiration on his friend's forehead. Filled with fear and apprehension he came slowly to the table. He put out his hand. The quick gesture brought his fingers to the shining pistons. But as they touched the glass, something inside him was released. It happened as sharply as the splitting of a hot cylinder at the touch of a wet thumb. He withdrew his hand and his eyes met Krosteson's steadfastly.

"I'm sorry I was afraid," he said. "So long—until tomorrow." Without waiting for his friend to answer, he turned and marched stiffly out of the room. It was the same dignified way that Krosteson walked when he marched out to the platform over the swing hole at the glass factory. . . .

Frankie spent the night in a torturous

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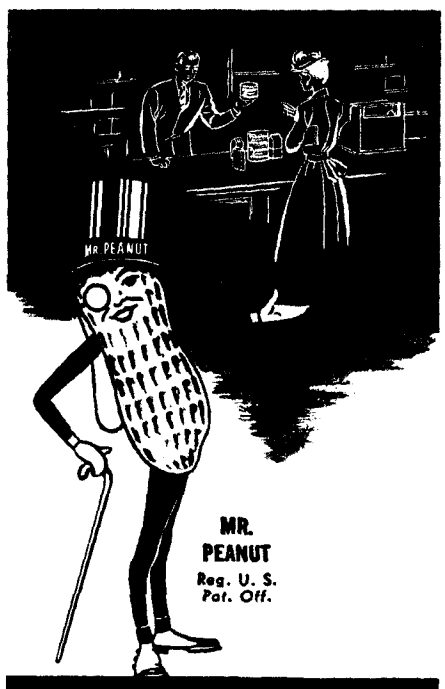

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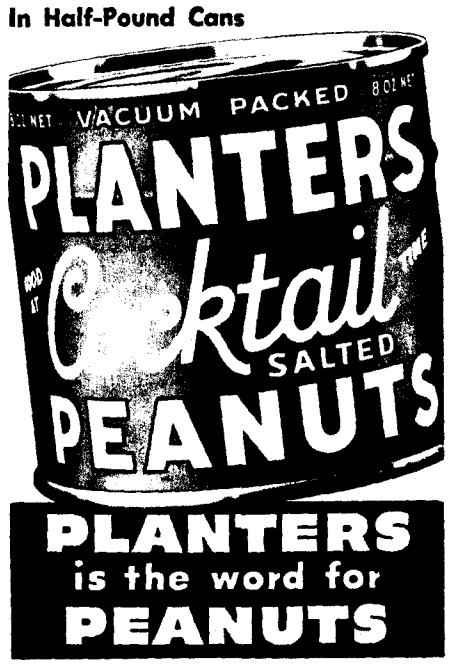


PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

region between sleep and terror. It was the blaze of heat from the glass furnace lighting up Krosteson as he swayed drunkenly on the platform over the swing hole that frightened him awake. There were voices in the kitchen.

"Let him sleep a little longer," his mother was saying.

"If he does, he'll be late for school," his father said. "After his behavior last night, I ought to punish him."

Esther said, "I'd like to see what would happen to me if I sneaked in a window."

FRANKIE leaped from the bed, hauling on his clothes. He ran from the bathroom, his hair and face still wet. "I don't want any breakfast," he cried. "I've got to find out something."

"Hold on here!" His father caught him by the pants.

"Ole nearly fell in the swing hole!" Frankie cried, struggling. "I've got to find out."

"You wake up!" His father's hand, whacking him soundly, brought him to a standstill. "Sit down and eat."

"Why, honey, if I forgot to kiss you goodby when I went to work this morning, it was purely an oversight! There's nothing I'd rather do, honey, than kiss you goodby—you know that!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

The doorbell rang once, and then again. Mr. Williams demanded irritably, "Why is there a bunch of kids always here before we finish breakfast?"

"I'll go." Esther dashed up. "Can't people have friends?"

When Ole Krosteson stood in the kitchen door, Frankie leaped to his feet. His father sat speechless, wiping his mouth nervously with his napkin.

"It's—Mr. Krosteson," Esther gulped.

He wore a stiff high collar and a dark suit. He stood uncomfortably, with heavy dignity, grasping the hard brim of his derby hat. Cradled in one arm were two packages wrapped in newspapers. "I only stopped to leave these for Frank," he said. He held out the parcels stiffly. "I am going away." For a moment he looked at them almost humbly. "And I wanted to say goodby."

"Gosh!" Frankie cried, taking the packages from him. "Gosh all hemlock!" He didn't have to get the feeling of the tubing under the papers to know that Ole had brought the cornets, both of them.

"Look! Look!" he cried, tearing away the papers. He laid the glass cornet tenderly side by side with the silver one on the table.

"Oh!" Esther gasped. "It's—it's beautiful!"

Unable to speak, Frankie pointed to his name etched on the bell, and to the faint initials, "O.K.," so tiny they were almost invisible among the scrollwork.

"Say!" Mr. Williams exclaimed in admiration. "That's a wonderful piece of work you've done there, Ole."

"I told your boy I'd make him one," Krosteson said. "He had his heart set on it."

"But—the silver one, too?" Frankie heard his own voice crack upward.

"For practice," Krosteson said. "With the other one it's a question. You understand."

"Ole, I'd like to pay you for this silver one," Mr. Williams said. "The glass one is between you and the boy, but I'd like to—well—I don't feel right—"

Frankie saw Krosteson take the full measure of his father. "You can do me a big favor if you will take care of a few things I left in my house," he said gently. "The rent is paid. Maybe the boy would like the tools I used to make the horn." He sighed. "I am leaving suddenly."

"Where you headed for?" Mr. Williams asked.

"Lovell. There's a good factory there. They have wanted me to come." Ole Krosteson rubbed the crown of his derby quietly. "I think it's time now for me to go."

"We'll take care of your house," Mrs. Williams said.

Frankie pressed the mouthpiece of the glass cornet to his lips twice and put it down again. He held the instrument lovingly against his breast. He wanted desperately to tell Ole Krosteson of the joy he felt, yet in front of everybody, he couldn't.

"Blow it," Krosteson said. And Frankie saw that his friend's eyes were wet.

He moved to the door, the glass cornet to his lips, the bell tilted up a little. Outside on the porch he poised himself, right elbow down, left arm vertical, tube steady.

KROSTESON stood beside him. The others crowded quietly around him. He took a deep breath. The kids passing on their way to school stopped to watch. Krosteson nodded. A long look passed between them.

He had only his practice on the bugle to guide him. Closing his eyes, he blew the bugle call, as he had blown it a hundred times in the eucalyptus tree row and on the oil derricks.

The notes sprang from the bell with startling clarity. Excitedly then, unable to take his lips away, he played separate notes, pressing first one piston down, and then another, working on the combinations, blowing notes diminuendo, crescendo and sustained. Sometimes they spluttered and missed, sometimes they went good. Cheers and boos and handclapping came from the sidewalk. He blew until he was drained of wind and sound, until he wilted over the glass valves.

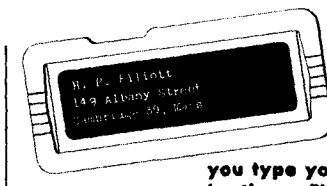
"Is good," Krosteson said softly. "Blow again." He turned his back on them and marched to his car at the curb. The wicker suitcases were piled in back. The starter ground loudly and a cloud of smoke billowed from the exhaust.

"I didn't thank him!" Frankie cried, tearing the horn from his lips. "I've got to thank him!"

"Play that bugle call again!" his father commanded. "He understands. Play it loud!"

He pressed the horn to his lips again and blew with all his might as the car at the curb shot forward. But his wind was exhausted. He held the cornet clutched against his chest and looked at his father helplessly. He saw his father start to speak, then change his mind. Together, silently, they watched Krosteson's car disappear from sight. And in that instant, Frankie knew his father finally understood about the cornet, and about a lot of things he had been sort of wrong on until now.

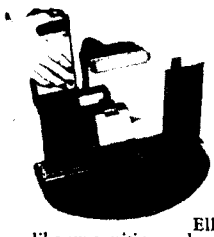
THE END



first

you type your addresses in these Elliott Address Cards with any standard typewriter.

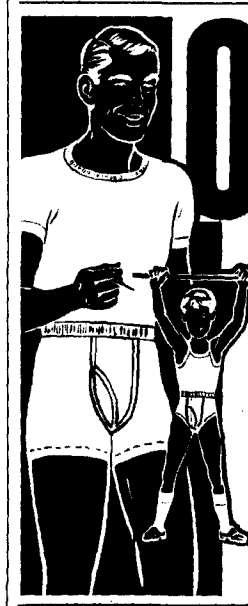
Then you file these stenciled Address Cards in these cabinets where they serve you just like any regular index cards—125 cards in each drawer.



When you want to address Circulars, Statements, Notices, Bills, etc., you slide the Address Cards into this $45 Elliott Addressing Machine—one drawerful at a time. Each press of the handle prints a *different* address because each card pushes the next one to printing position.

Elliott addresses look exactly like typewriting and each Elliott Address Card is guaranteed for 10,000 perfect addresses. If your office supply dealer does not have this Elliott Addresserette, write to

The Elliott Addressing Machine Company
149 Albany St., Dept. 9-A, Cambridge 39, Mass.



OTIS

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY

for men and boys

Pick your favorite OTIS style; sleeveless or short sleeve shirts; briefs, midthigh or ankle length drawers. For extra warmth get OTIS WINTER-WEIGHTS. Ask for OTIS HOSIERY, too.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

CAPTURED FLAVOR

THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN *taste*

One of the 12 fine wines from our famous cellars.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
Vineyardists and Producers

Once over and a clean shave

SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE

Guaranteed by MARLIN—Fine Guns Since 1870

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Hundreds of exquisite full-color reproductions for home and office decorations.
SETS - PAIRS - SINGLES
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TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for **DENT'S**
TOOTH GUM
TOOTH DROPS
POULTICE

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MEN WHO CARE..WEAR
Berkeley
(TRADE MARK)
Square
CLOTHES
BERKELEY SQUARE is the famous autograph of master stylists who have given richly patterned, clear finish worsteds the soft, easy fitting lines that every man desires. Skillful tailoring imparts a custom look and effortless fit to each distinguished model . . . while linings by Skinner add still another plus for serviceability. Here is value that challenges all comparison . . . at better men's shops.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST STORE

Continued from page 19

runs of refrigerators, washing machines and other goods in which the only change from the regular models is the use of the Macy label. Macy's drug compounds sometimes sell for as little as a fourth of the cost of other similar merchandise.

As the world's largest retailing importers, Macy's operates a foreign organization with offices or representatives in sixteen cities all over the world. Their job is to line up merchandise for Macy buyers and those of certain other stores. Macy foreign offices frequently turn up minor miracles of their own, as when the expanded U.S. Army, threatened by a general outbreak of winter head colds, suddenly discovered itself virtually without handkerchiefs. Macy's cabled its Belfast office, and a million linen handkerchiefs were woven to strict specifications, stitched and sent on their way to sniffling selectees within three weeks.

New Modes in Japanese Pottery

Macy's foreign offices have made important contributions to trade. In Japan a Macy's man is credited with initiating the vast crockery industry there by teaching the Japs how to make dishes Macy's would buy. In Czechoslovakia a luncheon tablecloth and matching napkin industry was established at Macy's behest following World War I. When the tablecloth business languished Macy's switched the Czechs to profitable rug weaving.

When the war began, most of Macy's European offices were engulfed by Hitler but not before faithful Macy employees had buried records and equipment that stayed underground for the duration. Though it could do no business, a proud and ancient Macy's employee defied the Nazis and kept the Paris office open during the entire German occupation. A French vintner was loading 37 cases of wine ordered by Macy's when he heard the Nazi guns outside the city. He took the wine to his farm and holed it up behind a false wall in his cellar. At war's end the wine was unearthed and shipped to Macy's with an explanatory letter of apology for the four years' delay.

"I'll bet Macy's thought the whole 37 cases were lost," the vintner happily said.

When Macy buyers scurried back to Europe after the war they had to sleep in bombed-out houses, and forage for gasoline and food while they sniffed the air for bargains.

Macy men were the first postwar commercial travelers into Hungary, Austria and Poland, and in Communist-fringe countries they are now subject to the harassing tactics of the Soviets. Recently a Macy man, operating in a Communist-dominated Central European country, was required to go to Paris. In his absence his apartment was confiscated, a disaster of appalling proportions in some bombed-out cities. It seemed certain he would spend the next year in a cave.

But Macy men are tough and resourceful. This one composed a blistering telegram to the Communist mayor of his city, denouncing that official boldly and demanding the return of the apartment. Although his case seemed hopeless, he nevertheless insisted that an immediate answer be sent to Macy's Paris cable address. The response was prompt and apologetic. The mayor was sorry such a mistake had been made. The malefactor would be punished; when the injured party returned home his apartment would be ready. The Macy man was happy but aghast until he looked again at the message. Macy's Paris cable address is *Red Star*.

Though Macy's probably gets one of the lowest proportions of customer complaints of any United States store, the total volume (260,000 a year) and variety are unmatched anywhere. Macy's candidly acknowledges its errors and even takes full-page newspaper ads humbly to admit its shame. Invariably the ads get a sympathetic response: "Dear Macy's, You're not as bad as you say . . ."

Some mix-ups stem from complaints. A New Jersey householder ordered a flagpole. When it failed to arrive he canceled his order. Then he had one erected on his front yard by a local contractor. Notified of the cancellation a Macy delivery man arrived on the scene in the householder's absence, resolutely dug up the flagpole and carted it to Macy's. During the war a group of enterprising G.I.s, stuck on a by-passed Pacific atoll, ordered a set of technical books from Macy's. When they eagerly opened the package it contained several dozen pantie-and-bra sets, and no books.

There are a few Macy customers who are immune to just ordinary snafu. To them everything happens. The harrowing record of one of these, Author Frederic Van de Water, goes back 12 years. From his farm in Vermont Mr. Van de Water ordered a fruit basket for a friend. Macy's delivered it and then, for no discoverable reason, demanded the friend return it. When Mr. Van de Water wanted to surprise a relative with an anniversary gift, Macy's telephoned the relative to consult about the present, thereby reducing the essential element of surprise.

The store consistently refused to ship wine to him in Vermont, maintaining, despite his protests, that it was against the law, which it wasn't. One Christmas it sent books he ordered for a friend to him instead, carefully enclosing the cards he had written. Ultimately the friend got two sets of books and two sets of cards. A birthday gift for his brother was not delivered. Several defective glasses were in one order. When he sent them back, Mr. Van de Water was given others of a completely different style.

After these misadventures Macy's realized something had to be done. A special clerk was appointed to handle Mr. Van de Water's business. A supply of envelopes addressed to this clerk was printed and labeled *Important!* These were forwarded to Mr. Van de Water with a long and appealing letter explaining that everything would be different now. He was greatly moved. Then he looked at the special envelopes. They were printed upside down.

A Pinch Hitter for Santa Claus

Macy's will go to some lengths to rectify an error. Once a Californian wrote to order a Christmas gift for his grandchild in Boston. Instead it was sent to the Californian, who telephoned the store from Los Angeles on Christmas Eve in something of a pet. A personnel canvass turned up a Macy executive who was going to Boston for the holidays. The gift was duplicated and the executive delivered it personally, beating Santa Claus by a hair.

For years no single store had touched Macy's sales volume. Last year it exceeded $170,000,000. But not long ago Marshall Field in Chicago threw Macy executives into a tizzy by advertising itself as the world's largest. Marshall Field claimed 2,046,000 square feet. Macy's figures showed 2,012,000 square feet, a measly, humiliating 34,000 feet less. So Macy's sent surveyors to the four corners of the store to measure every inch.

While the publicity department held its breath they measured and remeasured interminably. Finally they brought in the news. With recent improvements in

AH-H-H! ...COMFORT!

...and here's the secret of buying comfort in shoes!

9 OUT OF 10 MEN who've switched to Ward Hill Shoes say Ward Hill Shoes... *Fit better ...Feel more comfortable...Break in more easily...* than the other brands they've worn previously.*

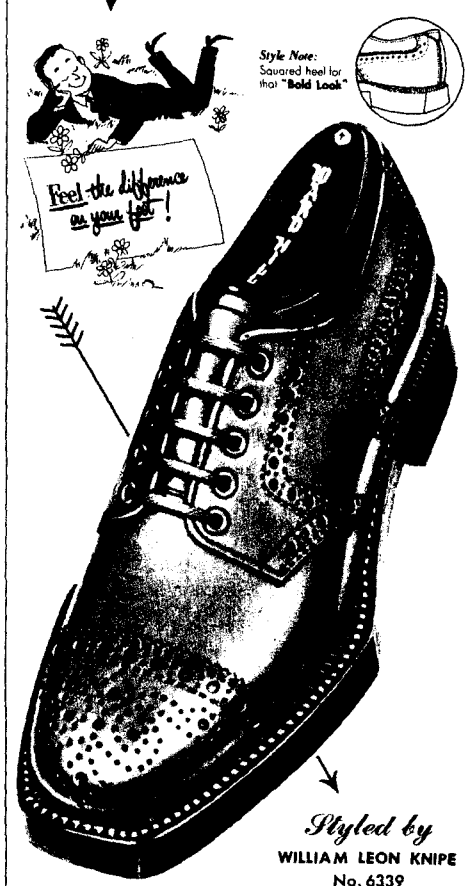
HERE ARE 3 PRACTICAL TIPS FOR GETTING SHOE COMFORT!

1. Wear the same weight sock you wear regularly, when you try on shoes.
2. Let your salesman help you decide your size. Don't rush.
3. Choose a shoe styled for *comfort*...like Ward Hill.

Write for name of your nearest store!
KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASSACHUSETTS
For over 60 years makers of fine shoes for men

(Treat yourself today to . . .)

WARD HILL Shoes for Men



Styled by
WILLIAM LEON KNIPE
No. 6339
on the
Commodore Last
Moderately Priced

*Results of a two-year survey conducted for Ward Hill Shoes

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Unexcelled because it's unhurried*

. . . blended with 56 years of experience and skill. Today . . . try Kinsey *Gold*, so rich and full-bodied . . . or Kinsey *Silver*, so light and mellow . . . and see for yourself how really smooth and delicious fine whiskey can be.

**Both 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in both these products are 5 years or more old. Kinsey Gold: 35% straight whiskey, 65% choice grain neutral spirits. Kinsey Silver: 27½% straight whiskey, 72½% choice grain neutral spirits.*

and planned, Macy's had 2,132,000 square feet! A diplomatic note was then dispatched to Marshall Field's suggesting the impropriety of exaggerated claims on the size of their Chicago store.

Macy's spends $3,000,000 a year on advertising and promotion—some of which is humorous, much of which is penitent, and all of it sells. Sometimes Macy's ads create minor riots and at least fifty times a year the store's reserve police must be called out to hold eager customers in check. To give everybody a chance, lines are formed. It is not unusual, as was the case during a bathing-suit sale this summer when 10,000 buyers stormed the store, for a block-long line to continue from morning until night.

Macy's unusual advertising policies are as old as the store. When Founder Macy had hardly more than two shoestrings to his name he was challenging all comers in bold ads. During the first year advertising cost $2,800, proportionately twice as much as is spent today.

The Pixie Touch in Copy Writing

Some of today's Macy ads read like the work of pixies, a calculated and effective style perfected in the early 1920s by Poet-Author Margaret Fishback, then a Macy copy writer. One tiny and typical Fishback ad offered a cake tester two feet long. "This cake tester will come in handy," she wrote, "the next time you bake a cake two feet high."

The ad pulled 2,200 mail orders, 1,700 telephone orders and a total of 19,000 sales from as far away as Alaska. The store's stock of 350 cake testers was sold in a few minutes; the rest of the orders had to be filled at double the cost, resulting in a loss on every sale. But Macy's loved it. A new advertising style was being born.

Now Macy's advertising stunts range from a flying trip to St. Louis for several planeloads of cotton cloth—with advertising copy prepared on the flight home—to spending $2,000 to explain a mistake made in engraving initials on a child's silver cup.

The store was started in 1858 by a one-time sailor, Rowland H. Macy, who picked as his first top employee-executive a woman, Margaret Getchell. Today, women predominate on the executive staff. Today, also, Macy's in New York is only one unit of R. H. Macy and Company, Inc. This firm does a $300,000,000-plus annual volume of business. It includes stores in four cities besides New York with 14 branches operating or building, and New York's radio station WOR.

Macy's loves to rescue a customer in distress and during the war appointed comely blond personal shopper Viola Adams—whose business name is Betty Mason—to solve problems of men in the armed forces throughout the world. Men bound overseas entrusted her with long lists of complicated gift instructions, sentimental notes to go with gifts and enough cash to cover anniversaries for the duration.

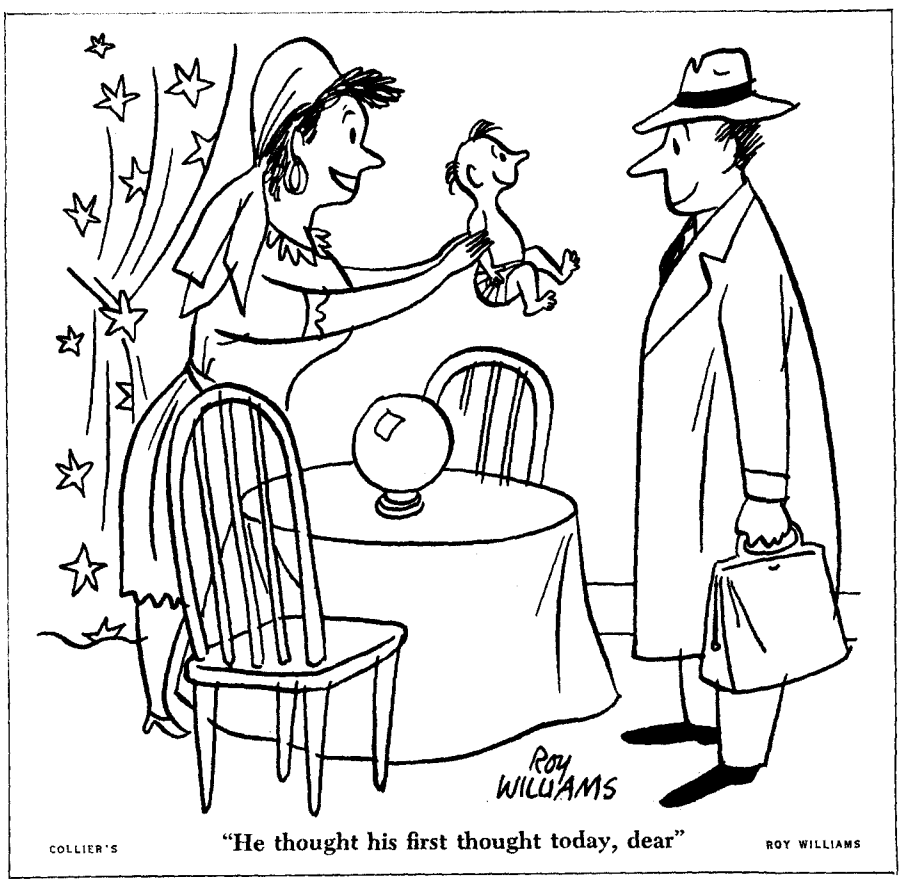
At the peak of the war Miss Mason received 100 orders a day from overseas. Cruisers and battleships pulling into New York gave orphan parties and Macy's shoppers would turn up on 24 hours' notice with several hundred presents purchased (not always from Macy's) and wrapped. The crew of the U.S.S. Argonne sent its entire $8,730 Christmas list of 104 typewritten pages to Miss Mason. Scores of overseas weddings were outfitted. Notified Wednesday of a Berlin wedding Saturday, Macy's got the bridal outfit there on time.

Never for a moment does Macy's stop selling. Nowhere is this more evident than among the scores of telephone operators who do Macy's phone business. Customers who call up to buy a couple of sheets or some bath salts are inspired to order kiddy cars and fancy groceries as well. Easiest to sell, say crack operators, are people who call in with complaints. One man, who called up in a blind fury because instead of the bedroom set he had ordered Macy's had delivered an infant's toilet seat, found himself the possessor of half a dozen shirts and a year's supply of underwear.

Macy's has been criticized for retaining as its symbol the famed red star, which is also the insigne of the Red Army. Macy's picked it in 1862. The Red Army adopted it in 1918, with one variation—a superimposed hammer and sickle in gold. But as the emblem of a highly successful capitalistic enterprise, Macy's thinks it causes the Red Army more embarrassment than the Communists do the store.

"Anyhow," an executive remarked recently, "the red star belongs to Macy's. We used it first, and we think we'll use it last."

THE END



COLLIER'S "He thought his first thought today, dear" ROY WILLIAMS

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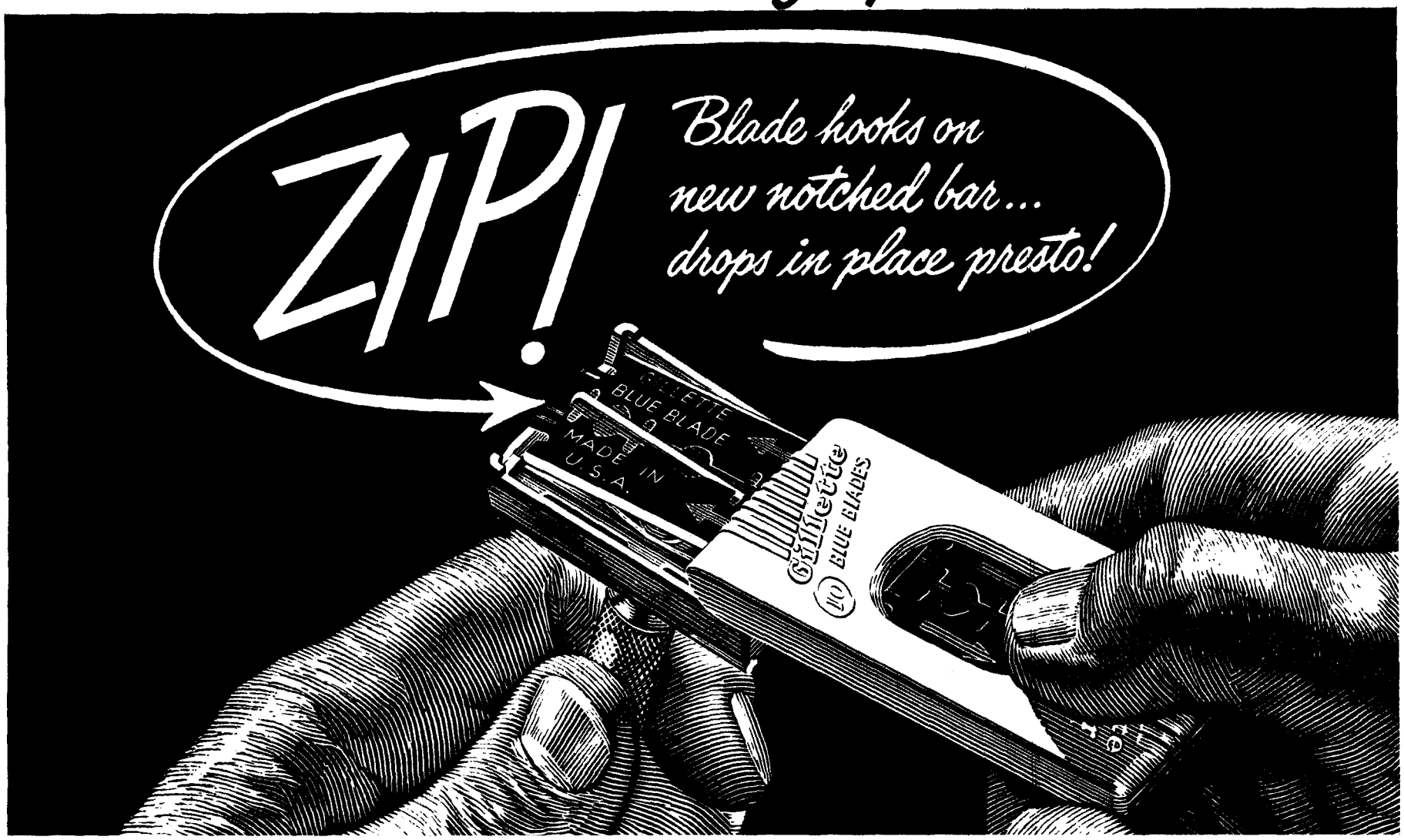
LATEST WORD In Shaving Speed And Comfort



These Ultra-Modern GILLETTE One-Piece Razors

Combine Instant Blade Changing With Extra Shaving Ease And Double-Edge Economy

FOR out-of-this-world shaving luxury and convenience, get acquainted with the improved Gillette One-Piece Razor and remarkable new Gillette Dispenser. Packed with exclusive features that add up to the fastest and easiest shaves of your life, this great new shaving combination outmodes and outperforms all others.

The razor's notched positioning bar makes blade changing a cinch. Twist . . . the razor opens. Zip . . . it's loaded. Twist again . . . and you're all set to skim off whiskers 1-2-3! The Gillette One-Piece Razor is a top-quality instrument, precision-built to give you years of trouble-free shaving satisfaction. It can't jam or clog . . . never scrapes or pulls. There's nothing to take apart or fit together and you don't have to be a locksmith to put in a new blade.

Cleaning is simple. Just loosen the holder, rinse and shake . . . the blade stays in, of course. And, don't forget, Gillette Blades give you *two* super-keen shaving edges for double economy. That's the story, men. So, for *extra* speed and convenience plus *extra* comfort and economy, get an ultra-modern Gillette One-Piece Razor Set.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston.

(All prices apply in United States only)

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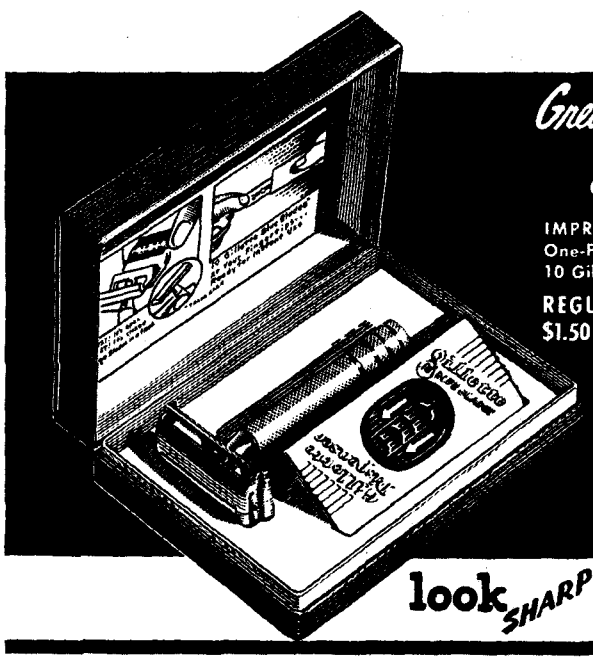


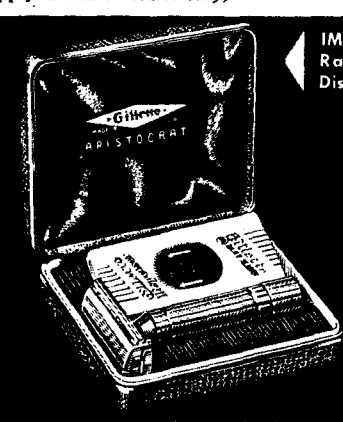
Greatest Shaving Value Ever Offered

IMPROVED Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and Dispenser With 10 Gillette Blue Blades.

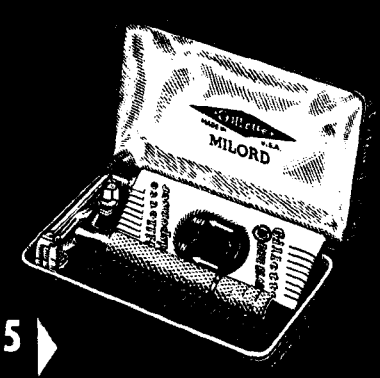
REGULAR $1.50 VALUE

$1.00

See Your Nearest Retailer.



IMPROVED Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, Gold-Plated, And 10-Blade Dispenser in Rich Traveling Case $3.79



IMPROVED Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, Gold-Plated, And 10-Blade Dispenser in Case $2.75

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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Tailored like a Jacket

For men who want the best. Comfort and fit never before experienced in shirts . . . truly your form in fabric.

Excello

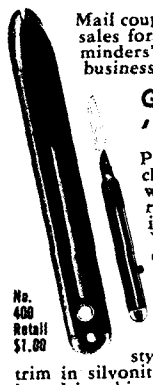
SHIRTS

EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc. • A Division Of
F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, N.Y.

FREE BOOKLET of "Autopoint" BUSINESS GIFTS!

TELLS HOW TO KEEP PROSPECTS Reminded!

Mail coupon for this amazing booklet . . . a sales force of more than 50 "constant reminders" that work for you getting the business and letting you take the orders.



Give One Hand Operation "AUTOPOINT" KNIFE

Press selector button forward to choice of three blade lengths. No wobbly blade. In varied colors, barrel and rounded end in two contrasting colors. Constant reminder of YOU, carrying your name, slogan or trademark.

No. 408 Retail $1.00

Pocket-Level Style "AUTOPOINT" PENCIL

In modern, pocket-level style with rocker-action clip, trim in silvonite finish. Opaque pyroxylin barrel in white or yellow—shows up your name, slogan or trademark beautifully. Finger grip in choice of colors. Delivers years of trouble-free writing. A proved sales producer. Mail coupon.

No. 65 Retail $1.00

Autopoint TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS

"Autopoint" is a trademark of Autopoint Company, Chicago

Autopoint Company
Dept. C-9188, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send me your FREE BOOKLET OF "Autopoint" Business Gifts.
☐ "Autopoint" One Hand Operation Imprinted Knife. ☐ "Autopoint" Pocket-Level Style Imprinted Pencil.
Name .....
Company Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... Zone ... State .....

HOW THE REDS SNATCHED HENRY WALLACE

Continued from page 15

capitalism had a place in the world. All this was done in the hope of expediting and increasing Lend-Lease shipments to Russia.

Stachel raised the question of whether Wallace was to be backed "at all costs." He argued that further clarification was essential, and that action should be postponed until the orders from Moscow could be more clearly interpreted. The comrades were also concerned about Wallace's reported association with Nicholas Roerich, the so-called Guru. The Guru letters were already being talked about in Washington, and we had received complete reports of Wallace's mystical adventures from our excellent sources of information at the capital. The Communist leaders, to my knowledge, had had certain underground relationships with Nicholas Roerich, and they were of the opinion that any admiration of his occult powers was a sign of irresponsibility.

Assurances of Soviet Support

After a few hours this worried group of comrades adjourned, and another meeting was called for three days later. Meanwhile Stachel and Bittelman were to obtain from Hans Berger a clarification of the Kremlin directive.

At this second meeting, held in a hall near the Twelfth Street headquarters, there were present all who had attended the earlier session. In addition, there were Gil Green, then head of the New York State Communist Organization, and Roy Hudson, then head of the party's labor division. Stachel and Bittelman reported that the party need have no further doubts about Wallace; that Berger had said that he was to be supported to the limit and at all costs. It was at this meeting that Bittelman made the statement that the Soviet Union would support Wallace. "For us," he said, "this is decisive."

Bittelman's statement settled everything. Immediately every man present became an enthusiastic Wallaceite. Earl Browder led off with a brief speech urging full and unrestrained support for the Iowan. He was followed by Robert Minor in a similar vein. Minor, who had always said that he would stand or fall with Browder, and who finally fell with him when Browder was deposed as party secretary, took occasion to hail Browder as "the greatest Marxist in the Western Hemisphere," a description that Bittelman greeted with a sly and prophetic smile. Other speakers pointed out that Wallace had "ever been a sincere friend of the Soviet Union."

As far as I know, Wallace was not told that he had been adopted as the darling of the comrades. Later the Communists had their moments of concern, for Wallace soon became, in his own eyes at least, considerably more than a mere successor to Roosevelt. A constant stream of reports on what Wallace was doing and thinking poured into Communist National Headquarters.

One report, transmitted to our Board by Eugene Dennis, said, "Wallace blows hot and cold; when Senator Kilgore, for example, has seen him, he is one way, but when our members get to him he is our way." Actually, the Communists didn't care two whoops about Wallace's views on the domestic situation. Their only real concern was that he should never falter in his support of Russia's foreign policy.

Nearly all of the public sentiment which developed in favor of Wallace during the few weeks prior to the Democratic Convention of 1944 was fomented and organized by the Communists, working under direct orders from Moscow.

Both before the Hitler-Stalin pact and in the period which followed Pearl Harbor, when the Russians were greeting the capitalistic Americans as brothers-in-arms, the party had been very busy. We had strengthened our position in many labor unions, and had gained a controlling voice in several. We had formed a large number of front organizations, and had infiltrated law and other professional groups and community associations. We had gained a foothold in Democratic party organizations in almost every state, and were particularly strong in Ohio and New York, and in California, too, where yeoman service had been performed by the Hollywood party unit of movie actors, writers, producers and directors. Wallace was our front man, whether he knew it or not.

From all of these organizations came a flood of demands to the Democrats, inspired by the Communist members, for Wallace as Roosevelt's running mate. *The Daily Worker*, source of directives to Communists operating inside other groups, gave impetus to the drive. Earl Browder told me that one editorial alone, published on July 12, 1944, had caused 20,000 letters to be written in two days to Democratic politicians, all demanding the nomination of Wallace.

Every Communist in the country recognized this editorial directive as an urgent order to get to work. They immediately began to stimulate their neighbors, associates and fellow workers to write or wire on Wallace's behalf. Nor were the farmers and the people of the small towns neglected. The rural campaign was placed under the direction of an underground agent of the Soviet Union who had been ordered deported in 1936, but was still here eight years later because Russia, where he was born, had refused to accept him. They did not work or write as Communists, mind you. Just as Americans—loyal Americans.

Minority Rule by Deceit

The Communist system of "stirring up" or "mobilizing" the people is one of the most effective methods of minority control of public opinion ever developed. Under the persuasion of Communist agents, thousands of American men and women raised their voices on behalf of issues to which, if they knew the truth, they would be opposed. I worked for the party in Chicago for three years, and we used this technique constantly. I saw clearly how it operated to deceive the American people and, as William Z. Foster, head of the American Communist party, said, "to frighten cowardly politicians."

Every Communist district leader in the United States receives *The Daily Worker* by air mail. He reads it with great care and attention. If he finds an editorial which embodies a command, such as the "suggestion" which I have already mentioned, he immediately calls his staff together, including the comrades in charge of trade unions, professions, and so on. Forthwith they flood Washington with wires and letters. Postcards are prepared on mimeographing machines for those who do not write easily.

The Communists explained away the defeat of Wallace by stating they had been mainly interested in Roosevelt's reelection. They were not dissatisfied with what they had accomplished. And they at once let Wallace know that they had supported him to the limit of their strength. This they did by editorials and articles in *The Daily Worker* and

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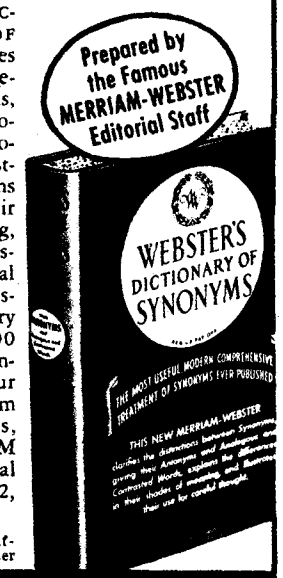
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other publications. These were called to Wallace's attention by Communists and fellow travelers close to him. None reported that he showed any displeasure.

When the confirmation of Wallace as Secretary of Commerce was before the Senate early in 1945, the Communist organization went all out for him to an even greater extent than it had before.

It was during this campaign that Alexander Trachtenberg told a meeting of the National Board that "we are taking Wallace into custody." A few days after Trachtenberg made this statement, two Washington comrades who held high positions in the government told us that good progress was being made in winning Wallace's confidence.

Twice during the year that followed Wallace's confirmation as Secretary of Commerce, the Soviet Union gave evidence of its high regard for him. In April, 1945, Jacques Duclos, General Secretary of the French Communist Party and known in secret Communist circles as "the voice of Moscow to the West," published his famous article attacking Earl Browder, which resulted in Browder losing his job as General Secretary of the American party.

In denouncing Browder for taking a too complacent view of "the trusts," Duclos praised Wallace thus: "It is known that the former Vice-President of the United States, Henry Wallace, has denounced their evil doings and their antinational policy."

The second public assurance that Moscow had not changed its mind about Wallace was in the nature of a rebuke to the American comrades. In September, 1946, during a speech at Madison Square Garden, Wallace remarked that he thought the Soviet Union should try "to understand" the United States. He was promptly booed, to his great bewilderment.

In its issue of September 15th, *The Daily Worker* sharply criticized Wallace. But the next day, September 16th, the Russian newspaper *Pravda* praised Wallace for having detected and opposed America's "imperialistic designs." On September 17th, several Soviet leaders eulogized Wallace over the radio.

On the 19th of September, William Z. Foster spoke highly of Wallace at a meeting in Madison Square Garden, and the Communist audience became wildly enthusiastic. Throughout the evening every mention of Wallace's name was wildly cheered. And at the plenum of the National Committee, held in December, American Communist leaders beat their breasts in groveling apology for the "incorrect and harmful" editorial in *The Daily Worker*. Eugene Dennis said with great feeling that it was "a serious error" and "an unpardonable mistake."

This was the nearest that Wallace ever came to having trouble with the Communists: since then there have been no signs of a rift.

The first official mention of a third party was made by William Z. Foster at a secret meeting of the National Committee on June 18-20, 1945. At that time Foster said the party's goal was a Farmer-Labor party, although the expression was deleted from his published remarks.

Soon after the Potsdam Conference, the Communists came into the open with their plans, and Wallace's ambitions and Communist schemes began gradually to coincide. In December, 1946, an editorial in *Political Affairs* urged the creation of "a people's party which will include the Communists." This editorial singled out Wallace as one who had "contributed a great deal toward checking the G.O.P. advance."

On December 29, 1947, Wallace announced that he would run for President as an independent candidate.

Another voice from the Soviet Union now began to be heard in behalf of Wallace. *The New Times*, published in Moscow as a weekly supplement to the newspaper *Trud*, is circulated in this country in a well-prepared English translation. Copies go to every member of *The Daily Worker* staff, and to every leading Communist. They search it eagerly and thoroughly for directives. They found an important one in the issue of January 21, 1948—a leading article praising Wallace, advocating his election as President and proclaiming the Progressive Citizens of America to be the sole remaining "progressive political organization in the United States."

The Progressive Citizens of America was Communist controlled from the beginning, and several prominent citizens who had been induced to join resigned as soon as they found what they had got into. The National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, which merged to form the P.C.A., were likewise Communist line organizations. In fact, the Independent Committee was conceived in my office at *The Daily Worker*. The work of organization was largely done by fellow travelers, and the party didn't appear at all.

Every American who has read the newspapers or listened to the radio should know what happened at the nominating convention of the Progressive party in Philadelphia last July, when the job of "taking Wallace into custody" was completed. The Wallace campaign has been a masterpiece of Communist chicanery and shenanigans. Through it all has moved with stately tread the figure of Henry Wallace, his graying hair tousled, his speeches and public statements filled with confusion, misinformation and pious platitudes. He is securely confident that he is destined to be the leader of America. And even an occasional Communist will tell you, wonderingly, that he hasn't the slightest idea he is being used. I know. I helped to take Henry into custody.

This is the first of a series of articles on the activities of the Communist party of the United States. The second article will appear in an early issue.

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SHORT SHORT

Duffy Takes A Hand

By JEROME BRONDFIELD

DUFFY, the doorman at Eight Eighty One, touched his cap respectfully as Mrs. Roland Gardner approached. "I'd like to talk to you for a moment, Duffy," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Duffy answered politely. A tall man, he inclined his head slightly as she spoke.

"I have a request to make of you," she began. "It may surprise you, but it's important, and I want you to treat it with strictest confidence—"

"Of course, ma'am."

She shifted the mink scarf on her shoulder. "I'm afraid Ginny has been seeing too much of a certain young man. I've taken steps to put an end to the situation but it's going to take a little time. I'm quite sure you know who I mean."

"I believe I do, ma'am."

"Good. Now, whenever possible I want to know when she is seeing him. I don't think he'll be calling for her but he'll probably be bringing her home. That's where you come in, Duffy. I want you to let me know whenever you see him here." She flashed a quick, frozen smile. "I'm going to count on you, Duffy."

"I understand, ma'am," he said easily.

"That's fine." She stepped into the foyer.

Duffy resumed his post, watching the cars and the taxis stream past on Park Avenue. He wasn't the least bit surprised. After twenty-five years on the job there was little he didn't know about the eddying human currents of Eight Eighty One, nor was there anything that could startle him. It wasn't the first time someone had dragged him into a personal intrigue.

Usually Duffy could roll with the punch but this time he felt it where it hurt. He lifted his cap and ran his fingers contemplatively through his curly gray hair. A wonderful kid, Ginny Gardner. He wondered how someone like Mrs. Roland Gardner rated a daughter like that.

Duffy could remember when they'd brought her home from the hospital twenty years ago. He'd watched her grow—take her first steps—ride off to Central Park on her first bike. He'd given her pennies for her bank. Yes, there'd even been a time when he'd spanked her for sticking chewing gum all over the elevator.

She'd grown up fast, all right, and first thing he knew she was introducing him to friends from finishing school, and to her dates. Duffy liked to imagine he could see outright affection in her lovely blue eyes when she'd present him as "one of the swellest guys in the world," or her "favorite Dutch uncle."

The night she made her debut she had planted a kiss on his cheek as she swept out, a vision in white and ice blue. His Ginny—and now her mother was doing her best to keep her from being happy. Not only that but she expected him to help—

Knowing Laura Gardner, Duffy could understand why young Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible as a prospective son-in-law. He had no family pedigree, no money, no entree to the better circles. And a middle-rung job with an air line, so far as Laura Gardner was concerned, wasn't an acceptable substitute for any of them.

But they were wonderful kids, those two, and Duffy got a great kick out of watching them walk over to Madison or Lexington for a bus or subway on their way to the movies or theater. (Balcony seats.) Seldom a cab. Once in a while he was able to borrow his brother's venerable convertible for something special like a drive in the country.

No, Duffy wouldn't worry about them making a go of it. A burning resentment began to build up within him as he considered Laura Gardner's request. It was all wrong, shamefully wrong, and he wished he could somehow take a silent hand in protest.

Two weeks later, shortly after noon on a Saturday, she approached him again. "Anything, Duffy?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, ma'am."

"She's been seeing him. I know she has."

"Perhaps they've been meeting someplace."

"Quite likely." She opened her purse. "You'll report to me, however," she said, handing him a folded bill.

With his infallible manners he did not look at it, putting it immediately into his pocket. "Of course, ma'am. Thank you."

After she had stepped into her taxi Duffy took a look at the twice-folded bill. It was a twenty. He smiled faintly. She really wanted to be sure of his co-operation.

IT WAS perhaps a half hour later when Duffy saw the convertible pull around the corner and park at the end of the building. Tom Kellogg was alone. Then Duffy saw Ginny coming out of the building. She had a large suitcase in one hand and a hatbox in the other. Duffy sprang forward to help her, but she smiled and shook her head, and Duffy immediately realized why.

"I'll get 'em, Duffy," Tom was saying as he got out of the car.

"So—" Duffy said, looking at them sharply.

"We're eloping, Duffy," Ginny said simply, "but you haven't seen us at all." Then with a quick shake of her head she said, "You don't think it's wrong, do you?"

"You're asking me?" Duffy said softly.

She nodded. Tom had slipped his hand through her arm, as though he wanted to get going.

Duffy didn't have to think very long or hard. "It's wonderful," he said. "You can't miss."

She gave a tiny chirp of delight and Kellogg grinned. "Thanks, Duffy," she said.

"You won't have any trouble?" he blurted.

"Trouble?" Her voice rose on the word. "Getting married—or with Mother?"

"Both, now that you mention it."

"I think I'm old enough and wise enough to know what I'm doing," she said. "And we don't need a waiting period where we're going to be married." She looked up at Tom. "We're sorry if Mother is hurt by this but there'll be nothing she can do about it. Nothing." There was a finality about it that told Duffy all he needed to know.

"Bless you both," he said. And then, in a burst of inspiration that left him tingling slightly, Duffy thought of something. "Ginny, darling," he said, "I'd feel very proud and pleased if"—he smiled broadly—"if you'll let me be the first to give you a wedding present."

"Oh, Duffy," she began. But he'd already reached for the twenty-dollar bill. "Get something real nice—something you'll have around for a long time to remember me, sorta." He took her hand and pressed the folded bill into it. For one bad second Duffy thought she might refuse it, but she was too genuinely decent and considerate.

"Thanks, so much, Duffy," she said softly. "It's so sweet of you."

Then they were gone and Duffy watched the car travel south on Park. Before it got out of sight he began to smile to himself. So Laura Gardner wanted him to turn them in, did she? Slipped him a twenty to make sure. Duffy chuckled as he began to look forward to the whopping big lie he'd be telling. ★★★

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Duffy could understand why young Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible as a prospective son-in-law

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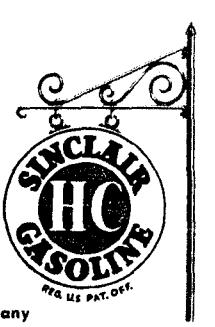

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THE WEDDING PRESENT

Continued from page 17

have been, too, because the farm he's on—not that anyone ever farmed it—is called Baviaansfontein—baboon spring.

"The spring's just near his hut, that's where he gets his water. The farm behind is called Baviaansberg. Baboon Mountain is a good name for it, too, because most of it is in the vertical plane and fine for baboons and rock rabbits, and a few klipspringer and the like. A wild place, indeed, but beautiful with protea shrubs and ferns, with flowers and wild birds."

"Birds," Mr. Herbert said, "birds."

"Some people like them," the third man said.

"I do," Herbert said. "A nice plump partridge, now that takes some beating." He made a little tight, round gesture in front of his stomach to describe a partridge's breast, and said, "And hung just right. Not too high and not too fresh. An' brown with a strip of bacon over it, and nice fresh water cress and mashed potato."

THE barman said, "Baboons, nothing but talk of baboons in here now. Baboons, bavians, *bobbejaans*—English, *Afrikaans*—it's the same every night and I'm sick of it. Just because a man goes to live in the berg."

"There's lots of men living in caves in Table Mountain. Bergies, they call 'em. And women too." Mr. Herbert turned to the third man. "My name's 'Erbert," he said.

"And mine is Clarke," said the other.

"Clarke? Any relation—?"

"Yes. That's why I'm here. I'm his uncle."

"Very tragic," I said. "I mean it must be terrible for the family."

"I don't know," Mr. Clarke said. "I really don't know. It might be worse, you know. No real harm in it, after all—"

"Harm," Herbert snorted, "maybe there is no harm in it, but if he was my nephew—"

"You're from these parts yourself?" Mr. Clarke inquired.

"Me?" said Mr. Herbert. "Certainly not. I couldn't live in a dead-and-alive hole like this. No lights, no pictures, no young ladies. No," he said, "I come through here once every six weeks. I'm a traveler, I am, a salesman." He produced cards and handed them around. "Keep them," he said. "Mr. Alfred Herbert. Representing Steeger and Company, 52 Bond Street, Cape Town. Old firm. Soft goods. Nothing but the best. 'Bestest and softest,' that's what I say—soft goods for soft limbs—and I like the business. Plenty of young ladies, my line," he said. "Plenty; and they like the things I've got to sell." He held invisible panties up in front of his paunch and simpered.

Mr. Clarke said, "He might have gone to prison, for instance—been a criminal, or taken to drink, or got some girl into trouble. No," he said, "that's what I told his mother. It might be much worse. It's just a revulsion from people. He wants to be alone. Pamela understands it."

"Who's she?" I said.

"Girl he's engaged to. Beautiful girl, beautiful."

"Well if I was engaged to a beautiful girl—" Mr. Herbert said.

"Quite, Mr. Herbert," Clarke said. "Quite. But then it takes all sorts to make a world, does it not?"

"Not monkey lovers, it doesn't," Herbert said. "And give me another brandy, Willy."

"I'm a journalist, Mr. Clarke," I said. "I wonder if you'd tell me—"

"We don't want any more publicity," he said.

"All right," I said. "Off the record, then. I'm interested—curious—and curiosity is the basis of knowledge—it all boils down to curiosity in the end. But how did it all begin, Mr. Clarke? I mean was there anything in his childhood—?"

"That is what we have all been thinking about. Things that might explain it."

"And?"

"And there are certain factors which seem to add up. I'm even responsible for it, anyway, which is why I've come to talk to him. Not an easy job."

"Talk to him?" I said. "Where?"

"Here. He comes here every Friday for provisions. And so I said I'd come and bring Pam."

"Where is she?" Herbert said. "I'd like to see her."

"Out in the car. Ladies aren't allowed at the bar in South Africa, you know."

"You were saying it was your fault," I said.

"Only in a way," Mr. Clarke said. "But when he was about six I was in Namaqualand and just as I was on my way back I met a Boer with a baby baboon. 'Want to buy the *klein bobbejaan?*' he said. And I said, 'No, what would I do with it?' And he said, 'Fine for the kids, Mister,' and then I thought of Nobby. He always expected me to bring him something strange, when I went on a trip."

"So you called him Nobby even when he was a kid," Herbert said.

"We were all called Nobby," Mr. Clarke said. "His dad, me and my other brother. All Clarkes seem to be. Very confusing sometimes."

"See?" Herbert said to me. "Just what I said, like redheads being called Red in America."

"Yes," I said.

MR. CLARKE went on, "I thought Nobby'd like him. Mad about animals, he was. So I bought him for ten bob. Well, he did like him. They were as thick as thieves, those two, never left each other. Find 'em in bed together unless they were watched. Frightened his mother out of her life—"

"Treacherous, eh?" Mr. Herbert said.

"Treacherous? Certainly not, Mr. Herbert. But the baboon would take him climbing. Led him up the big gum tree at the back of the house and the two of them sat there, sixty foot up, with their arms about each other, and Ella—that's my sister-in-law, his mother—wept and wrung her hands. 'All your fault,' she said and I said, 'Don't let him see you're frightened. Make him nervous.'

" 'Frightened, you silly fool,' she said, and then she slapped my face. Just nerves. Very nervous women are about their children."

"Bachelor," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Anyway when they did come down—and they only came because they were hungry—Nobby said, 'It's nice up there, swaying and looking out over the hills.' His mother covered her face with her hands and began to cry. He wanted us all to come up with him and Bobby—that was the baboon's name—and see how nice it was. But what was I saying?"

"About what his mother wanted when they did come down."

"Oh, yes, she wanted Bobby shot. I said, 'You couldn't do that,' and his father agreed with me. 'You see,' I said, 'if you did that it would be murder to the boy and he'd never forgive us.'

" 'He's only six,' his mother said, 'he's just a little boy, he'd forget.'

" 'That's just it,' I said, 'he's a boy. Kill that baboon,' I said, 'and you'll kill something in your son.'

" 'Then what shall I do?'

" 'Tell him it's all right. That it must

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be wonderful up there but that you don't like heights. And ask him not to go too high. But you'll never keep those two on the ground.'

"So she did what we said, and they compromised. There was a sort of arrangement between Ella and Nobby and the baboon not to go too high—only as high as the roof, and that was bad enough. Of course, afterward he joined the Alpine Club and became quite well known as a climber. So there you have it," he said. "The baboon's my fault, and because of him he learnt to like climbing; and because he liked climbing and being high up, he grew to love nature—the birds and the flowers, the buck and the rock rabbits. There's only one animal he doesn't like," Clarke said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Dogs," he said.

"Something wrong with a man who does not like dogs," Herbert said.

"Why doesn't he?" I said. "Bitten as a child?"

"No," Mr. Clarke said. "He says they are too slavish, for one thing. That they aren't real animals; been selected by man for too long. And they chase things. He doesn't like things to be chased."

"Had a wonderful ratter once," Herbert said. "Fox terrier called Tiger. All white with a spot over one eye. Everybody said, well, why didn't you call him Spot? And I said no originality in it, that's why. I'm an original, I am—"

"Nobby's all right," the barman interrupted, "even if he is a little touched in the head. So might anybody be, after what he's done and what's been done to him. But I'm sick of baboons. Today Nobby, yesterday it was the trap man."

"Who's he?" Herbert asked.

"Man who's been making traps to catch baboons for the farmers round about. Quite an argument, there was, about them being humane or not."

"I hope he doesn't come tonight," Mr. Clarke said. "Might be trouble. Nobby's against traps and all that."

"I told him not to come," the barman said. "I said, 'The baboon man's coming'—that's what we call Nobby. 'Comes to fetch his groceries, so you'd better not be around. Might be trouble.' Those were my very words. And he said, 'Baboon man, who's he? Like to meet him.' So I told him the story and all he said was, 'Must be crackers, that chap—nuts.' And I said, 'Most of us is nuts about something—fishing, or golf or girls—' "

"Girls," Herbert said. "Mad about the girlies, that's me. And they're mad about me."

"That's right," the barman said. "Always letters from girls waiting for him here."

"Waiting for me everywhere," Mr. Herbert said. He turned as the door opened.

"Scented," the barman said. "That's how I know. I smell 'em." He looked up at the newcomer and said, "Well, gentlemen, there he is."

THE man came up to the bar, and the barman said to him, "I thought I told you not to come. We don't want trouble here and this is Mr. Nobby's night. We like him in these parts and don't want 'im upset."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Clarke said.

"Nothing at all," the barman said. "We like him and he likes us."

"And the baboon?" Mr. Herbert said.

"Likes everybody," the barman said.

"That shows 'e's off 'is 'ead," Herbert said. "Proves it."

"My name's Fenton," the stranger said, looking from Herbert to Clarke. "I'm here trapping baboons. I've invented a simple trap. I put one up for a farmer and he pays me for doing it and gives me a reward for the first ten baboons I catch. That's as well as the government reward."

"What sort of trap is it?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"Just a strong wire cage with two or more compartments, each six by six by four. I bait it with oranges or mealies."

"We call that corn in the States," Herbert said, "and very nice it is, too—green, with plenty of butter and salt."

"When they eat the bait," Fenton went on, "the door falls and they're caught."

"Then what do you do?"

"Shoot 'em with a two two."

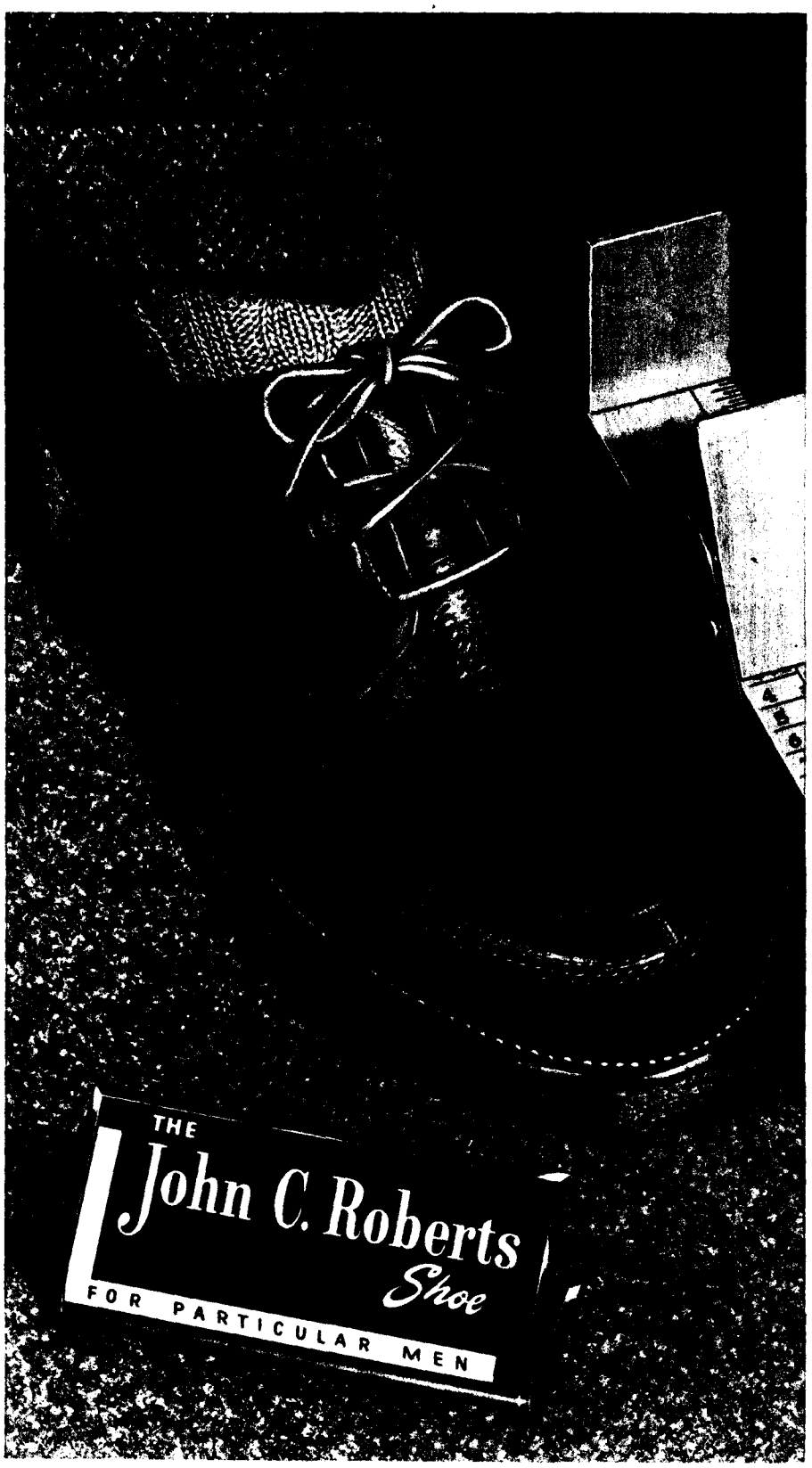
"Must be fun," Herbert said.

"The argument," Fenton went on, "was that it was cruel because they might be left to starve in the trap. But if you leave them overnight the other baboons will clear out, and you won't catch another for weeks. And shooting them that way seems better to me than wounding them at long range."

"Quite," Mr. Clarke said. "It does seem better. But on the other hand I believe in living and letting things live."

"Not vermin," Mr. Herbert said.

"Who defines vermin?" Clarke said. "Does God say these animals are vermin



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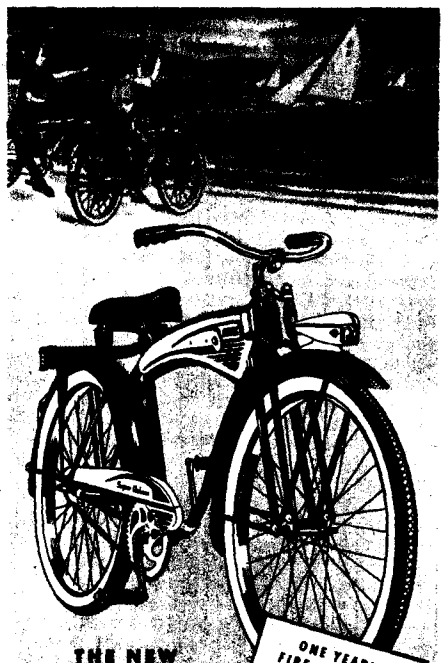

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and those are not? It's a dangerous thing to define vermin, Mr. Herbert. You see, people get the habit of judging first animals and then their own kind. According to the way some people see it, Jews and Negroes are vermin. According to others, rich men, gentlemen—even businessmen like yourself—are vermin. You see what I mean, I trust. It's just the point of view."

Herbert snorted, "And what's that got to do with a pack of monkeys except that they're Communists, too, just like I said?"

WHILE he was talking, a tall thin man who looked like a gypsy had come in and stood staring around. That's Nobby, I'll bet, I thought.

Only the barman and I saw him. The bar faced the door and I had turned to look back for a moment without knowing why. He was a striking-looking boy of about twenty-four, dark with black eyes; very sunburned and thin, but not thin from lack of food—it was just that there was no fat on him. He had come in softly like a cat: One minute he had not been there, and the next he was.

Fenton said, "Well, it's none of my affair. They're classified as vermin and a reward is paid on them, and farmers want to get rid of them so I trap 'em and sell my traps. It's my way of making a living and it keeps me in the open air. It's a nice life; bit of sport and change."

"Nice girlies on the farms," Herbert said. "Corn-fed, as they say in the States, fine big girls."

"I wish they paid on size, though," Fenton said. "I got a big one today. One of the biggest I've ever seen. Old male, he was, and he looked me right in the eyes when I shot him. Wasn't more than five yards away from him."

No one else had seen young Nobby yet. I looked at him quickly. He was standing still and he was quite pale and his black eyes looked bigger and blacker. They made two holes in his skull. As I looked, he took hold of himself and came forward.

"Evening," he said. "You shot a big baboon, did you, Mr.—?"

"Fenton's the name."

"Mr. Fenton?"

"Yes I did. One of the biggest I've ever killed. Hard to get the big ones, you know. They're wily. But this one, why you'd have thought he was tame."

"Did you notice, by any chance, if he had lost the outside finger—the little finger—of his left hand?"

"Funny you should ask that," Fenton said, "because he had. Had he caused you any trouble?"

"No more trouble than one's friends usually cause one, Mr. Fenton," Nobby said. His face was white now under the tan. "Trouble, for instance, when you hear they have been murdered."

"What are you talking about?"

"You shot my friend, Fenton. That was Bobby, my friend. He lost that finger rescuing his wife when she was trapped by a big *perlemoen* and drowning. And you only caught him because his baby had got into your damn' trap and he was trying to get him out when the door fell behind him. The little chap was too light to spring it. But Bobby knew what it was all right, and that's how you got him."

"Well, I'm damned," Fenton said. "And I certainly never guessed he belonged to anyone."

"He didn't," Nobby said. "He wasn't my baboon."

"Then what's the trouble if he wasn't yours? I thought you said he was tame."

"He was," Nobby said.

"But he wasn't yours. I mean he didn't belong to you."

"He didn't belong to anyone. He was wild."

"Then you've got no case," Fenton said. "I mean if he'd belonged to you—was a tame one—it would be different. But he was just a wild one, belonged to no one."

"So something has to belong to someone?"

"Certainly, it has."

"An animal, a baboon, or a buck, or even a tree, has no rights of its own, eh? It can't be free. It has to have a contract of some kind before it has legal status and the right to live."

"You're crazy," Fenton said. "I don't understand what you're talking about. But just to put things right I'll give you the reward. I don't want any trouble." He put his hand in his pocket.

Nobby was getting a queer look in his eyes and his lip was twitching, so that I pushed in front of Fenton and said, "I'm very interested in all this, Mr. Clarke. I wonder if you'd tell me how it all began. I mean your association with the baboons."

"Drink this," his uncle said and pushed a whisky and soda into his hand.

"Highball," Herbert said. "Nothing like a highball—that's what we called them in the States—bourbon, rye—"

"Began," Nobby said vaguely. "It began when I was at the cottage. I went there when I got out of the Army. Very nervous state I was in, like lots of the chaps. You know, had to be alone. The war was a terrible thing," he said. "Terrible. The fires and flying through the night, and the loss of your friends and then shot down and a prisoner. Trapped," he said, "caged like an animal. So when I got out I went to our cottage by the sea. It was winter and no one was living near by. It's very isolated anyway, but in winter it's practically cut off after every big rain.

"Anyway, there I was all alone with some books and things. I read, I did a bit of painting, collected shells—I have a fine collection of shells—and watched the baboons. A big troop near there and in the evening if the tide was low they'd be down among the rocks getting shellfish—winkles, clams, limpets and the like. The *strandloopers*, I called them. Like children they were, scampering over the rocks, looking in the pools, and the baby baboons splashing each other like kids.

"Well, that's the way it was.

"THEN one night it was bright moonlight—I had been for a walk and just turned in when I heard screaming down by the sea. Terrible screams of horror they were, and terror. Like a woman," he said. "Frightful. I put on some clothes and ran to the sea. As I ran some big baboons passed me running my way. Baboons, I thought, that's what it is. One of them's in trouble and the big boys are going down to see. That's what I called the big old males—the big boys. There were five of them and one extra—the big leader—six in all.

"They passed me, naturally, and when I got there they were squatted on the rocks round two baboons that were in the water. One had its hand caught by a shell—like a damn' big round limpet—it had been trying to get off a rock. The other one of the big boys—the sixth—was trying to help it. His left hand was bleeding badly by now—that's when he lost his finger. Then he put it up to his mouth and sucked it.

"So it's a female, I thought, and her mate. That accounted for the other males coming. When he'd failed to rescue her himself he'd called them down from the cliffs where they lived more than a mile away. Very rarely do baboons leave their sleeping places at night, but of course it was nearly as light as day with the big round moon cutting a wide silver path across the ocean. But the tide was coming in and it wouldn't be long before the baboon was drowned, unless someone did something, so I shouted, 'It's all right, Bobby, I'll get her out for you.' "

"He always called them Bobby," Mr. Clarke said, "I mean, after that first one

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I got him. He called him Bobby because it was short for *bobbejaan.*"

"I always call them that," Nobby said. "I mean when I see one I say, 'There goes a Bobby.' Somehow I always felt I might come across him again one day. But anyway I said, 'It's okay, Bobby, it's okay, don't you worry.' But he was worrying—barking and coughing, almost wringing his bloody hands. He was wet, too—soaked, and trembling. Must have been in the water pulling at her a long time. He'd even smashed one of his teeth biting at the shell. You know the things—conical shell nearly a foot across, very pretty inside, all colors, green, pink, blue, mother-of-pearl—that's why they call them *perlemoen.*"

"Abalone," I said. "Abalone, they call them in America. Get 'em on the West Coast, make nice ash trays and things." I wanted Herbert to know that I'd been in America too.

"That's it," he said, "same thing, I suppose. But a man can get caught by them. The whole thing is just one great muscle clinging to the rock. You've got to catch them unawares to get them loose. They're very good to eat. But this one was aware, all right. There it was clamped on the bobby's wrist and she was pulling and struggling. She had stopped screaming now I had come, but still pulled and every now and then a wave would come and lap at her.

"The water was well over her belly by now and a big wave, if one came in, would have gone over her head. Lucky it was calm, but you get big waves here sometimes even when it's calm. They just come up for no reason. Anyway, it wasn't far to the cottage, so I ran back. As I ran I wondered what I'd got I could use. I didn't have many tools. Just the car tools with a hammer among them, luckily. And that's what I brought back, the hammer and two tire levers.

"When I got to the rocks again the big baboon was beside her again with his arms around her. I wondered if he would let me near. I wondered if she would bite. As I came up he coughed, showing his big dogteeth about the size of a great Dane's. I said, 'It's okay, Bobby, it's okay,' but I wasn't so sure. And even if he didn't go for me, she might bite me. The other baboons on the rocks came nearer till they were all round me. The biggest one of all, the chief baboon leader, was nearest to me. The other five were a little behind. They were big too, but not as big as the leader, who was enormous; but all were very big old-dog baboons—old men.

"When I went nearer still they all barked and then the leader gave a louder bark. Like an order, almost, and they were still and silent watching me in the moonlight. Except for the husband—he was muttering, growling, making little choking noises which were meant to console and encourage her.

"It all came back to me then," he said. "I recognized what he was saying. He was saying in baboon language, it was okay. I began to talk to him the way I talked to Bobby when I was a kid. Instead of saying okay in English I said it in baboon. That's what Mother always called it. 'That child will talk baboon,' she'd say. Anyway as soon as I did the other baboons all barked. I barked back at them and then they all closed in. I wasn't at all afraid because they were talking as they came, and I talked back.

"THEY said, *What is it all about? What are you going to do?* I said, *I'm going to fix it up, I'm going to get her out.* I raised the hammer for them to see. The husband put out his hand to touch it. I let him. Then I tapped the shell so that they could see what I was going to do. I was afraid that when I raised the hammer they might think I was going to hit her on the head. So I raised it again and brought it slowly down onto the shell. They all watched. Their heads went up as I raised the hammer again, and followed it down—like people watching the ball at a tennis match. Then I gave the shell a big crack. It took three to break it.

"I was standing in the water beside the trapped baboon while I worked. She flinched like a man when I struck, but said nothing, did not even struggle. But she could feel the *perlemoen* weakening its hold, because after the second blow she talked. She said, *That's better. That's good.* And the men talked. They said, *Stay quiet. He'll get you out.* Then I used the tire lever, and in another minute she was free.

"I took the *perlemoen* home with me. Eat it, I thought. Eat it for lunch tomorrow; and it wasn't till afterward I thought any of it at all odd. I mean funny that I'd got out of bed to rescue a baboon trapped by a shell and had been talking baboon to them the way I'd talked to Bobby when I was a kid. I'd thought he and I just had a way of getting on together, understanding the sounds we made to each other, but he'd taught me baboon talk. Not advanced, of course. Not the way I know it now. But baby baboon talk, which may be

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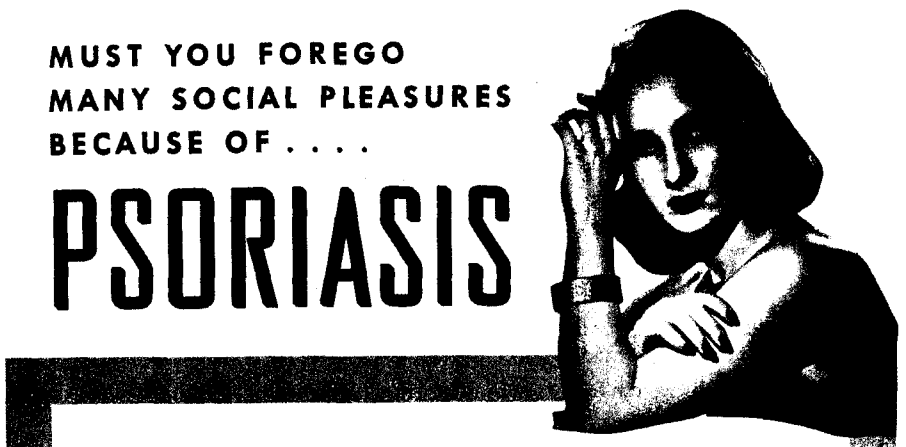

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why the baboon I rescued was not afraid of me. Bit of luck, hey? She couldn't believe a man who talked like a baby baboon could do her harm. And he was the same, Bobby was—her husband. After a bit I could do anything with him."

"He certainly didn't seem afraid," Fenton, the trap man, said. "Cheeky. A cheeky one, he is, I thought. Looked right at me till I put up the two two and then he covered his face with his hands. That's when I noticed his finger had gone."

The man did not know when to keep his mouth shut. Put your foot in properly, you have, I thought.

"And then you shot him," Nobby said, "in a cage. Shot my friend where he couldn't do anything. Outside and without a gun you'd have been afraid of him. He could have killed you. Just torn you to pieces. But you had him behind wire, so you could torture him."

"—Only took two shots—"

"Torture him the way men torture each other now, and murder each other." Nobby was trembling with rage and moving forward very quietly.

I don't even know, if anyone else noticed him moving. But I'm a very observant man and while he spoke he had come two feet nearer to Fenton. I noticed, too, that his uncle had left the bar. Nice time to go, I thought. Wish I'd gone too. There's going to be trouble.

"Two shots," Nobby said. "There was another friend of mine. An American pilot, and they took six to kill him, but they were just using him as a target. They said he'd attempted to escape so they let him run. More sporting as it were. And he's only one. No end to it all—shooting, killing. So one more won't matter, will it, Mr.—?"

"Fenton."

"—Mr. Fenton? Not one more. Because I'm going to kill you. I'm going to tear you to little pieces like Bobby would've done."

He lowered his body by bending his knees. His hands hung low. If he hadn't been a man I'd have said he was going to spring. I believe he was going to spring. All that climbing with the baboons had changed his muscular development, brought new muscles—muscles that are almost atrophied in man—back into play.

BUT as he crouched a girl stepped in front of him. She was a little thing not more than five feet high with greeny-gray eyes and brown hair; brown face too; brown as a gypsy she was. He straightened up when he saw her. Mr. Clarke was back too. So you fetched the dame, I thought. Pretty intelligent of you, Mr. Clarke, I thought, because the boy's going crackers. Something was just going to snap when she came in and took the tension off.

"A good thing you got her, Mr. Clarke," I said.

He said, "Yes, Pam understands him. I wish he'd marry her."

"She—you mean she wants to marry him?" Herbert asked. "Why, he's nuts. A pretty little thing like that—"

"No gentleness, no peace, Pam," Nobby said, "no rest, no quiet, just cages and traps and murder!"

The barman said, "Ladies aren't allowed here. I could lose my license. No ladies. That's the law."

"Then get a policeman," Herbert said. "If it wasn't for 'er you'd need one, to my way of thinking, to pick up the corpse. Pretty corpse Mr. Fenton would have made."

"Come with me," Pam said. She took Nobby by the arm.

"With you?" Nobby said. "Not to town. I couldn't do that. My friend," he said, "they'll need me more than ever now—to get them out of the traps, to break the traps, to—" His voice rose.

"Who said to town, Nobby?" the girl broke in. "We'll go to the shack. I brought my things. I'm coming up to the shack with you."

"With the baboons all round? You won't be afraid?"

"When a woman marries, Nobby, her husband's friends are her friends."

"Baboons," Herbert said. "A girl like her—why anybody—Baboons. . . ."

The girl said, "Come, Nobby." She put out her hand. He took it.

"I'll bring the stuff," his uncle said. He picked up the box of groceries.

I got hold of half a bag of mealies. He bought a bag each week but divided it into two parts to make it easier to handle on the mountain path. I was pretty proud at the way I managed it on the flat. We came back for the rest of the stuff.

Herbert said, "She's going with him?"

"Yes," I said.

He said, "I thought maybe it was just a trick to let Fenton get away. Scared the daylights out of him, young Nobby did."

"No," I said. "She's going, isn't she?" I asked Mr. Clarke.

"Yes," he said, "and she'll save him. Wonderful girl, that—"

"To the bloody monkeys," Herbert said. "That girl. Why," he said, "why, they aren't even married."

PAM had come back into the bar. The barman said again, "Ladies aren't allowed in the bar."

"I know," Pam said. Then she turned to Herbert and said, "You're quite right about us not being married, Mr. Herbert, but we will be. Tomorrow. Would you like to come to the wedding?"

"I could be a witness," Herbert said.

"You could indeed," Clarke said, "you and me."

"And me," I said, "I want to come."

"Of course," Pam said.

Herbert picked up his suitcase. "Presents," he said, "presents." He opened the case. "Silk," he said. He held the things up against himself. "Silk," he said again, "nothing but the best at Steegers. And I tell you what I'll do, I'll give her the bloody samples, that's what I'll do. Silk to wear on 'er 'oney-moon with the baboons in the mountain—"

"Thank you, Mr. Herbert," Pam said.

"And I can kiss the bride?"

"Of course," she said, "everyone kisses the bride." She put up her face.

He kissed her and she said, "Nobby says they'll be waiting for us."

"Who will?" Herbert said.

"The baboons, Mr. Herbert. He says they come to help carry things up from the car."

"Well, I'm damned," Herbert said. "Do you believe that, Mr. Clarke?"

"I don't know," Clarke said. "It's not natural, but he has a way with animals."

"And girls," Herbert said. "Fancy a girl going—"

"The mealies are for them," Pam said. "It's been a bad year, you know, very dry, and even a bag a week doesn't go very far among so many."

"I'll make the arrangements," Mr. Clarke said.

"Yes," she said, "please do." Then she smiled at us all and said, "Good night." She said a special good night to the barman and he said, "Good night, Miss," and added, "But ladies aren't allowed in here, you know."

She said, "I know and I'm going."

She said good night and smiled again. I've never seen a girl look so happy.

"She's 'appy," Herbert said.

"Going to the baboons," I said. *"Straight up the uphill path"*—which I thought pretty good. But they were all too busy thinking their own thoughts to notice. Thinking about tomorrow, no doubt. I was. And about the baboons coming down to meet the car.

THE END

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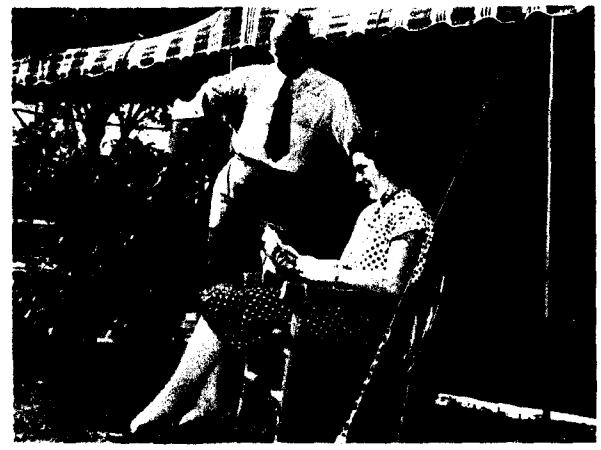

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In this editorial Collier's restates for this new era and a new generation its faith in the enduring American principles that made the United States the promised land to so many millions of immigrants and that offers hope now more than ever to the oppressed around the world.—Ed.

THE WORLD IS at the moment more than commonly grim. Political problems, particularly world political problems, are exceedingly difficult. The Russians are disagreeable and threatening. Some of our own people, Henry Agard Wallace, for instance, seems to be much more of a dupe of the Communists than you would expect a healthy Iowa boy to have turned out to be.

We can't, however, blame all of our troubles on the Russians or the chuckleheaded Americans who try to kiss the Communists into submission. Many other types are making mischief after their own fashion.

Many like to fish in troubled waters. Many hope to profit by muddying the waters. There are hell-raisers North and hell-raisers South who hope to get something for themselves out of embittering race relations. There are selfish arrogant men in business, in labor unions, even some in farm organizations, willing to make any amount of trouble for others in order to get mean advantages for themselves.

Collier's thinks the time has come to heed the normal rather than the abnormal. Collier's thinks that the American people have no problems that cannot be solved by patience, intelligence, good will and courage. Collier's thinks that instead of being on the verge of catastrophe the United States and all the world may be at the beginning of one of the truly golden ages of mankind. In cherishing these beliefs we do not think we are ignoring reality or committing the fallacy of wishful thinking.

The number one fact is that for the first time in history Americans, in particular, and the world in general, know how to produce enough so that honest, industrious, reasonable people everywhere can earn for themselves the essentials of a good life. There is no settled spot on the globe at which it is not now possible, granted peace, for busy intelligent men and women to sustain themselves decently.

This has not always been true. It is emphatically now true, and very especially in the United States, that the means exist whereby we can produce and distribute enough so that all races and classes may live decently and well and develop whatever capacities they possess.

Collier's thinks to live at such a time of infinite promise is a very great privilege for citizens and institutions, including magazines. Collier's looks forward to aiding all that it can in making available these new opportunities for a good life for all.

Moreover, we don't despair about peace. We know that one nation can inflict war on other nations or upon the world if it pleases. We know that a few fanatic men in Moscow can or could attack the United States or any European country. We hope Russia will not embark upon any such adventure.

We are sure that great skill, great patience, great good will must be used if we are not to blunder into war. We think that the chances are good that our leaders will have the wisdom and the character so to manage our affairs that war will be avoided and a peace of good will gradually won.

Collier's aims to aid in every sound measure to preserve the peace and to safeguard the free life that is the crowning glory of mankind. So in spite of the tumult and confusion of the day, Collier's looks ahead to that better time we hope not far away when the energies of all, their imagination, and their skill will be used to create more and more good things to feed the bodies and souls of men.

Such is our faith. Such is our purpose. . . . W.L.C.

★★★ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane, and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ★★★

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